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H. M. Powell,
Toronto, 1931.

MEMOIRS OF CONSTANT

JOSEPHINE

DENTONIA PARK TORONTO

MEMOIRS OF CONSTANT

FIRST VALET DE CHAMBRE OF THE EMPEROR

ON THE

PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON

HIS FAMILY AND HIS COURT

TRANSLATED BY

ELIZABETH GILBERT MARTIN

WITH A PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

BY

IMBERT DE SAINT-AMAND

VOL. II.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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MEMOIRS OF CONSTANT

CHAPTER I

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THE sum fixed on for the toilet of His Majesty was twenty thousand francs, and he was very angry because this sum was greatly exceeded the year of the coronation. It was with great trembling that the different budgets for the household expenses were submitted to him. He was constantly retrenching and curtailing, and recommending all sorts of reforms. I recollect that on asking a place worth three thousand francs for some one, which he granted me, he exclaimed: "Three thousand francs! but are you well aware that that is the revenue of one of my communes? When I was sub-lieutenant I did not spend that." This expression was constantly cropping up in the warnings given by the Emperor to persons with whom he was familiar, and "*when I had the honor to be a sub-lieutenant*" was often on his lips, and always for the purpose of making exhortations or economical comparisons.

Apropos of these presentations of budgets, I recall one circumstance which ought to find a place in my Memoirs, because it is wholly personal to me, and because, moreover, it may give an idea of the manner in which the Emperor understood economy. It started from the notion, often very correct, in my opinion, that in his public expenses, even granting the probity of people (I admit it was a supposition the Emperor was little inclined to make), the same things might be done for much less money. Hence when he required diminutions, he did not wish to apply them to the number of objects of expense, but to the prices set upon these objects by the purveyors. I shall have occasion to cite elsewhere several examples of the influence exerted by this idea on the conduct of His Majesty with regard to the responsible agents of his government. For the present I will set down here what relates to me: one day when the different private budgets were being settled, the Emperor scolded a good deal over the cost of the stables, and struck off a considerable sum. The grand equerry, to accomplish the required reductions, deprived several members of the household of their carriages, and mine was included in the reform. Some days after this measure was carried out, His Majesty charged me with some commission for which a carriage was required. I told him that as I no longer had mine I was unable to obey his orders. The Emperor then exclaimed that this was not his intention, and that M. de

Caulaincourt understood retrenchments badly; and when he saw the Duc de Vicenza again, he told him he did not wish to have anything touched that concerned me.

In the mornings the Emperor sometimes read the current new books and novels. When a work displeased him, he threw it into the fire. It would be an error to believe that it was only bad books that were burned in this fashion. When the author was not one of those whom he liked, or if he spoke too well of a foreign people, that was a sufficient reason for committing the volume to the flames. I saw His Majesty throw a volume of the Baroness de Staël's book on Germany into the fire. If he found us reading in the evenings, in the little salon where we awaited the time of his retiring, he would look at our books, and if they were novels they were burned without mercy. His Majesty seldom failed to add a little lecture to the confiscation, and to ask the delinquent *if a man could not read something better than that.* One morning when he had run through and thrown into the fire a work by I know not what author, Roustan stooped to pull it out, but the Emperor opposed this, saying: "Let the trash burn; it is all it is fit for."

The Emperor did not ride gracefully, and I think his seat would not always have been firm if such pains had not been taken never to give him any but perfectly trained horses. There were no precautions on this point that were not taken. The horses

intended for the personal use of the Emperor passed through a rude novitiate before arriving at the honor of carrying him. They were accustomed to suffer every sort of torture without making the least movement; they were struck over the head and ears with a whip; drums were beaten, pistols fired, and firecrackers set off close beside them; flags were shaken before their eyes; heavy packets, sometimes even sheep and pigs, were thrown between their legs. It was essential that even in the midst of the most rapid gallop (the Emperor liked no other pace) he should be able to bring his horse to a dead stop. Nothing, in a word, would serve him but thoroughly broken horses. M. Jardin senior, His Majesty's equerry, acquitted himself of his difficult task with great address and skill; hence the Emperor prized him highly.

His Majesty was very particular about his horses being handsome, and in the latter years of his reign he mounted none but Arabians. There were several of these noble animals that the Emperor had an affection for, among others *La Styrie*, which he rode at Mont Saint-Bernard and Marengo. After the latter campaign, he desired to have his favorite end his life in the luxury of repose. Marengo and the Great Saint-Bernard were a sufficiently well-filled career. The Emperor had also for many years an Arabian horse of rare instinct, which pleased him much. During all the time that he awaited his rider, it would have been difficult to discover in him the least grace; but as soon as he heard the drums beat-

ing a salute, which announced the presence of His Majesty, he would draw himself up proudly, shake his head in every direction, paw the ground, and so long as the Emperor was on his back he was the most beautiful horse that could be seen. His Majesty esteemed good equerries highly; therefore no pains were spared to give his pages the most careful education in this respect. Besides being instructed to ride with solidity and grace, they also practised vaulting exercises which, one would think, would be needed only in the Olympic Circus. It was, in fact, one of M. Franconi's equerries who was entrusted with this part of the education of the pages.

The Emperor, as has been said elsewhere, took no pleasure in hunting, except in so far as was necessary to conform to the exigencies of the usage which makes this royal exercise an essential accompaniment of the throne and the crown. Yet I have seen him pursue it occasionally for a time long enough to persuade one that it did not bore him. He hunted one day in the forest of Rambouillet from six in the morning until eight in the evening. It was a stag that caused this extraordinary excursion, and I remember that even then they did not succeed in running it down. In one of the imperial hunts at Rambouillet, at which the Empress Josephine was present, a stag pursued by the huntsmen threw itself under the carriage of the Empress. This refuge did not betray it; for Her Majesty, touched by the tears of the poor animal, asked the Emperor to spare it. The stag was

spared, and the good Josephine herself fastened a silver collar about its neck, which was to attest its deliverance and protect it from the attacks of all hunters.

There was one of Her Majesty's ladies who one day showed less humanity than she, and the reply she made the Emperor singularly displeased the latter, who loved gentleness and pity in women. They had been hunting for some hours in the wood of Boulogne; the Emperor came up to the carriage of the Empress Josephine, and began to chat with this lady, who bore one of the most ancient and noble names in France, and who, without having desired it, people said, had been placed near the Empress. The Prince de Neufchâtel came to say that the deer was at bay.

"Madame," said the Emperor gallantly to Madame de C——, "what shall be done with the deer? I leave his fate in your hands." "Do what you like with it, Sire," she replied. "I hardly interest myself in it." The Emperor looked coldly at her, and said to the chief huntsman: "Since the deer has the misfortune not to interest Madame de C——, it does not deserve to live; kill it." And thereupon His Majesty turned rein and departed. He had been shocked by such a response, and he repeated it in the evening, on returning from the chase, in terms not very flattering to Madame de C——.

We read in the *Memorial of Saint-Helena* that the Emperor, having been upset and wounded by a boar on a hunting excursion, had a large contusion

on one finger in consequence. I never saw it, nor did I ever have any knowledge of such an accident happening to His Majesty.

The Emperor did not rest his gun well against his shoulder, and as he would have it heavily loaded and rammed down, he never discharged it without making his arm black and blue. I used to rub the bruised place with eau de Cologne, and His Majesty thought no more about it.

The ladies followed the chase in open carriages. A table was usually laid for breakfast in the forest, and all who took part in the hunt were invited to it.

The Emperor once tried falconry in the plain of Rambouillet. This performance had been commanded in order to try the falconry which the King of Holland (Louis) had sent as a present to His Majesty. All the household made an event of seeing this chase, of which they had heard so much; but it seemed to please the Emperor much less than hunting and shooting, and the falconry was never used again.

His Majesty was very fond of the theatre. He had a marked preference for French tragedy and Italian opera. Corneille was his favorite author; I always found some volume of the works of this great poet on his table. Very often I have heard the Emperor repeating, as he walked up and down his room, some lines from *Cinna*, or this tirade from the *Death of Cæsar:*

"Cæsar, thou art to reign. Behold the day august,
When the Roman people, always to thee unjust," etc.

On the stage at Saint-Cloud, the evening's spectacle often consisted merely of pieces and fragments. They would take one act from one opera, and another from another, which was very unsatisfactory for spectators whom the first piece had begun to interest. Frequently, too, they played comedies, and then the household were delighted. The Emperor himself enjoyed them much. How often I have seen him ready to die with laughing on seeing Baptiste the younger in *Les Héritiers*. Michaut also amused him greatly in *La Partie de chasse de Henri IV*.

I no longer remember in what year it was that, during a journey of the court to Fontainebleau, the tragedy of *The Venetians*, by M. Arnault senior, was represented before the Emperor. That evening at the couchee, His Majesty talked about the piece with Marshal Duroc, and supported his criticisms by many reasons. The motives for praise as well as for censure were alleged and discussed; the grand marshal spoke little; the Emperor never was silent. Although a very poor judge of such matters, it was a very amusing as well as a very instructive thing for me to listen to the Emperor discoursing thus concerning the old or new pieces which were played before him. I am certain that his observations and remarks could not but have been profitable to the authors, had they been there, like me, to hear them. For me, if I gained anything, it was to be able to speak here a little (although very little) more pertinently about them than a blind man about colors; however, lest I

should speak badly, I will return to things belonging to *my department.*

It has been said that His Majesty took a great deal of tobacco, and that in order to be able to take it more quickly and frequently, he put it in a waistcoat pocket lined with skin for this purpose; these are so many errors; the Emperor never put tobacco in anything but his snuff-boxes, and though he consumed a great deal, he took but very little. He brought his pinch to his nostrils as if simply to smell it, and then he let it fall. It is true that the place where he had been was often covered with it; but his handkerchiefs, incontrovertible witnesses in such matters, were scarcely soiled, although they were very white and of very fine lawn; certainly these are not the marks of a snuff-taker. He often contented himself with putting an open snuff-box under his nose to breathe the odor of the tobacco it contained. His boxes were narrow, oval, hinged, of black shell lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals in gold or silver. He had had round snuff-boxes, but as it took both hands to open them, and as he sometimes let fall either the box or the cover in this operation, he became disgusted with them.

His snuff was rasped very large and was usually composed of several kinds of tobacco mixed together. Sometimes he amused himself by feeding it to the gazelles he had at Saint-Cloud. They were very fond of it, and although they could not be wilder

than they were with every one else, they approached His Majesty without fear.

The Emperor only once had the whim of trying to smoke a pipe; it was on the following occasion: the Persian ambassador (or perhaps the Turkish ambassador who came to Paris under the Consulate) had presented His Majesty with a very handsome Oriental pipe. One day he took a notion to try it, and had everything necessary made ready. The fire having been applied to the recipient, the question was now to communicate it to the tobacco, which could never have been done in the way His Majesty set about it. He contented himself with alternately opening and closing his mouth, without the slightest inspiration. "How the deuce!" he exclaimed at last; "it can't be done." I made him observe that he was managing it badly, and showed him how it should be done. But the Emperor constantly returned to his species of yawning. Tired of his vain efforts, he told me in the end to light the pipe. I obeyed and returned it to him. But hardly had he inhaled one puff, when the smoke, which he did not know how to eject from his mouth, began to circulate round the palate, went down his throat and came out through the eyes and nose. As soon as he could recover breath: "Take that away! what a stench! oh, the swine! it turns my stomach!" He felt unwell, in fact, for at least an hour, and renounced forever a *pleasure* "the habit of which," said he, "was good for nothing but to enliven idlers."

As concerned his clothes, the Emperor was particular about nothing but the fineness of the material and that they should be large enough. His dress-coats and all others, including the famous gray greatcoat, were all made of the finest Louviers cloth. Under the Consulate he followed the existing fashion by having his coat-tails extremely long. Later, the fashion having changed, they were worn much shorter, but the Emperor adhered singularly to the length of his, and I had great difficulty in inducing him to give them up. Even then it was only by a trick that I managed it. Every time I ordered a new coat for His Majesty, I recommended the tailor to shorten the tails by a good inch, until at last, without the Emperor's noticing it, they ceased to be ridiculous. On this point he did not renounce his old habits so easily as on all others, and he was especially determined not to have his clothes tight; hence he did not always present a very elegant appearance. The King of Naples, of all Frenchmen the one most particular about his dress, which was almost always in the best taste, sometimes bantered him about his toilet. "Sire," said he to the Emperor, "Your Majesty dresses too much like a daddy [*trop à la papa*]. Pray, Sire, give your faithful subjects the example of taste." "To please you," replied the Emperor, "wouldn't it be necessary for me to dress like a dandy, a coxcomb, in a word, like His Majesty the King of Naples and the Two Sicilies? I cling to my old habits, for my part."

However, when these discussions on the toilet were renewed at the time of His Majesty's marriage with the Empress Marie-Louise, the King of Naples entreated the Emperor to let him send him his tailor. His Majesty, who was then seeking every means of pleasing his young wife, accepted the offer of his brother-in-law. I went the same day to Léger, who made King Joachim's clothes, and brought him with me to the château, advising him to make the coats to be ordered from him as loose as possible, being certain beforehand that, unlike M. Jourdan, if the Emperor *did not get into them* with the greatest ease, he would not take them. Léger paid no attention to my advice; he took his measures very close. The two coats were perfectly well made, but the Emperor found them inconvenient. He only put them on once, and Léger was thenceforward dispensed from working for His Majesty. Another time, long before this period, he had ordered a very beautiful coat of maroon velvet, with diamond buttons. He came down thus dressed to Her Majesty the Empress's drawing-room, but with a black cravat. The Empress Josephine had prepared a magnificent lace collar for him, but nothing I could say would induce him to wear it.

The Emperor's vests and breeches were always of white cashmere. He changed them every morning. They were washed only three or four times. Two hours after leaving his chamber, it often happened that his breeches were all spotted with ink, thanks

to his habit of wiping his pen on them and shaking ink all around him by striking his pen against the table. However, as he dressed in the morning for the whole day, he did not change his toilet on that account, but remained in this state until night. I have already said that he wore none but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and fine, were lined with silk. The whole inside of his boots was lined with white fustian. Whenever one of his legs itched, he rubbed it with the heel of the boot or shoe with which the other leg was shod, thus heightening the effect of the spilled ink. His shoe buckles were of gold, oval in form, and either plain or faceted. He wore gold buckles on his garters also. Under the Empire I never saw him wear trousers.

As a result of the Emperor's fidelity to his old habits, his shoemaker, in the early days of the Empire, belonged to the École Militaire. From that period his shoes were cut after his first measures, without taking new ones; hence his shoes, like his boots, were always badly made and ungraceful. He wore them pointed for a long time; I contrived to have them made in the duck-bill shape that was then the fashion. His old measures finally became too small, and I induced His Majesty to have others taken. I hastened at once to his shoemaker, a great simpleton who had succeeded to his father. He had never seen the Emperor, although he worked for him, and he was completely stupefied on learning

that he would have to appear before His Majesty; his head swam. How could he dare to present himself before the Emperor? What costume must he wear? I encouraged him, and said that he would need a French black coat, with breeches, a sword, a hat, etc. Thus adorned he repaired to the Tuileries. On entering His Majesty's chamber, he made a profound salute, and remained much embarrassed. "Is it not you," said the Emperor, "who made my shoes when I was at the Military School?" "No, Your Majesty the Emperor and King, it was my father." — "And why is it no longer he?" "Sire the Emperor and King, because he is dead." — "How much do you make me pay for my shoes?" "Your Majesty the Emperor and King pays eighteen francs?" — "It is very dear." "Your Majesty the Emperor and King might pay much dearer for them if he liked." The Emperor laughed a good deal at this nonsense and had his measure taken. His Majesty's laughter had completely disconcerted the poor man; as he drew near, with his hat under his arm and making a thousand salutes, his sword got caught between his legs, broke in two, and made him fall on his hands and knees. This was more than His Majesty could stand, and his laughs redoubled; at last the worthy shoemaker, disembarrassed of his rapier, easily took the Emperor's measure and withdrew, making many excuses.

All of His Majesty's body-linen was extremely fine and marked with a crowned *N*. He did not

wear braces at first, but afterwards made use of them and found them very convenient. Next his skin he wore waistcoats of English flannel. The Empress Josephine had twelve cashmere waistcoats made for his use in summer.

Many persons have believed that the Emperor had a cuirass under his coats while travelling or with the army. This is absolutely false; His Majesty never put on a cuirass, nor anything resembling one, either under his coats or over them.

The Emperor never wore jewellery; he carried neither purse nor money in his pockets, but merely his handkerchief, his snuff-box, and his sweetmeat box. On his coats he wore nothing but a star and two crosses, that of the Legion of Honor, and that of the Iron Crown. Under his uniform and on his vest, he had a red ribbon, the two ends of which could scarcely be seen. When there was a drawing-room at the château, or when he held a review, he wore this grand cordon on his coat.

His hat, the shape of which it would be useless to describe, since there are so many portraits of His Majesty, was of extremely light and fine beaver, lined with silk and wadded. It had neither tassels, fringe, nor feathers, but simply a narrow, flat silk cord which supported a small tricolored cockade.

The Emperor had several Bréguet and Meunier watches; they were repeaters, very simple, without ornaments or cipher, the faces covered with glass, and the cases gold. M. Las Cases speaks of a

watch covered on both sides with a gold case and marked with a *B*, which the Emperor always carried. I never knew of any like it, and yet I was the depositary of all his jewels; I even had charge during several years of the crown diamonds. The Emperor often broke his watch by sending it flying, as I have said before, on some piece of furniture in his bedchamber. He had two repeaters of Meunier's making, one in his carriage and one in the head of his bedstead. He caused them to strike with a little green silk cord; he had even a third, but it was old and bad and could not be used. This was the one which had belonged to Frederick the Great, and which he had brought from Berlin.

His Majesty's swords were very simple, the hilts of gold, with an owl on the pommel. He had two made like that which he wore at the battle of Austerlitz. One of them was given to the Emperor Alexander, as will be seen later, and the other to Prince Eugène in 1814. That which the Emperor had at Austerlitz, and on which he had engraved the name and date of that memorable battle, was to be enclosed in the column of the Place Vendome. His Majesty had it still, I think, at Saint-Helena.

He had also several sabres which he had carried in his first campaigns, and on which he had had engraved the names of the battles in which he had used it. They were distributed to different generals by His Majesty the Emperor. I will speak later of this distribution.

No one ever knew the hour of the Emperor's departure when he was about to leave his capital to rejoin his armies or for a simple excursion into the departments. It was necessary in advance to send on different routes a complete service for the chamber, the kitchen, and the stables; sometimes they waited for three weeks or a month, and when His Majesty was gone, the services remaining on the routes he had not taken were recalled. I have often thought that the Emperor acted in this way in order to disconcert the schemes of those who were spying his proceedings, and to mislead the politicians. The day on which he was to start, no one but he knew it; everything went on as usual. After a concert, a play, or some other entertainment which had brought together a large number of persons, His Majesty would say to his coachman: "I start at two o'clock." Sometimes it was earlier, sometimes later, but they always started at the hour he had fixed. The order was instantly transmitted by each head of the service; all was found ready at the appointed time, but the château was left upside down. I have elsewhere given a description of the confusion which immediately preceded and followed the departure of the Emperor. Wherever His Majesty lodged while on a journey, he caused his own expenses and those of his household to be paid before leaving; he made presents to his hosts and gave gratuities to the domestics of the house. On

Sundays, the Emperor heard the Mass said by the curé of the place he was in, and always gave twenty napoleons, sometimes more, according to the needs of the poor of the commune. He questioned the curés a good deal about their resources, those of their parishioners, and the spirit and morality of the population, etc. He seldom failed to ask the number of births, deaths, and marriages, and if there were many young fellows and girls of marriageable age. If the curé answered in a satisfactory manner, and if he had not taken too long to say his Mass, he could rely on the good graces of His Majesty; his church and his poor fared well for it, and for himself the Emperor left on his departure, or else had sent, a brevet as chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In general, His Majesty liked to have people answer him with assurance and without timidity; he even put up with being contradicted; they might give him an inexact answer without risk; that happened nearly always and he paid little attention to it, but he never failed to leave those who spoke to him in a hesitating or embarrassed manner.

Wherever the Emperor resided, he always had on duty, by day as well as by night, a page and an aide-de-camp who slept on folding beds. He had also in the antechamber a quartermaster of cavalry and a brigadier of the stables, to go, when he required it, and bring forward the equipages which they were careful to keep always in marching order;

horses all saddled and bridled, and carriages with two horses came out of the stables at the first sign from His Majesty. They were relieved from service every two hours, like sentinels.

I said just now that His Majesty liked prompt responses and those which showed a quick intelligence. Here are two anecdotes which seem to me to support this assertion.

One day when the Emperor was holding a review on the Place du Carrousel, his horse reared, and in the efforts His Majesty made to hold him, his hat fell off. A lieutenant (his name, I think, was Rabusson), at whose feet the hat had fallen, picked it up and stepped from the ranks to offer it to His Majesty. "Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor, still occupied in quieting his horse. "In what regiment, Sire?" asked the officer. The Emperor looked at him then with more attention, and perceiving his mistake, said with a smile: "Ah! that is right, sir; in the guard." A few days later the new captain received the brevet which he owed to his presence of mind, but which he had well merited before by his bravery and capacity.

At another review, His Majesty perceived, in the ranks of a regiment of the line, an old soldier whose arm was decorated with three chevrons. He recognized him also as having served in the army of Italy, and approaching him he asked: "Well, my lad, why haven't you the cross! You do not look like a bad fellow." "Sire," responded the *vieux moustache*

with a sad gravity, "they have passed me over three times for the cross." "They won't do so a fourth time," returned the Emperor; and he ordered Marshal Berthier to put the man on the next list for promotion, and in fact he soon became a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

CHAPTER II

The Pope leaves Rome to come and crown the Emperor — He crosses Mont Cenis — His arrival in France — Religious enthusiasm — Meeting of the Pope and the Emperor — Finesses of etiquette — The Emperor's respect for the Pope — The Pope's entry into Paris — He lodges at the Tuileries — Delicate attentions of the Emperor and the Pope's gratitude — The new eldest son of the Church — Portrait of Pius VII. — His sobriety not imitated by the members of his suite — The Pope's stay in Paris — Eagerness of the faithful — The Pope's visit to the public establishments — The Pope's benediction — The Sovereign Pontiff and the little children — Costume of the Holy Father — The Pope and the Countess de Genlis — The venders of chaplets — December 2, 1804 — Commotion in the château of the Tuileries — Levee and toilet of the Emperor — The purveyors and their bills — The Emperor's costume on his coronation day — Constant fulfilling the functions of first chamberlain — The coronation mantle and the grenadier's uniform — Jewels of the Empress — Crown, diadem, and girdle of the Empress — The sceptre, the hand of justice, and the sword of the coronation — The Pope's carriage — The first papal chamberlain and his mount — The coronation carriage — Singular mistake of Their Majesties — The coronation procession — The religious ceremony — The coronation music — M. Lesueur and the Boulogne march — Josephine crowned by the Emperor — The Emperor's vexation and what caused it — The coronation oath — The gallery of the archbishopric — The throne of Their Majesties — Illuminations — Presents offered by the Emperor to the church of Notre-Dame — The discipline and the tunic of Saint-Louis — The Emperor's coronation medals — Public rejoicings.

POPE PIUS VII. had quitted Rome in the beginning of November. His Holiness, accompanied by General Menou, administrator of Piedmont,

arrived on Mont Cenis in the morning of November 15. The Mont Cenis road had been staked out and levelled, and all dangerous points provided with barriers. The Holy Father was greeted by M. Poitevin-Maissemy, prefect of Mont Blanc. After a short visit to the hospice, he crossed the mountain in a sedan chair, escorted by an immense crowd who hastened to receive his blessing.

On November 17, His Holiness resumed his carriage and thus accomplished the remainder of his journey always in the same company. The Emperor went to meet the Holy Father, and they encountered each other on the Nemours road, in the forest of Fontainebleau. The Emperor alighted from his horse, and the two sovereigns entered Fontainebleau in the same carriage. They say that in order that neither might take precedence of the other, they got into it simultaneously, His Majesty by the right-hand door, His Holiness by the left. I do not know whether the Emperor resorted to precautions and finessing to avoid compromising his dignity, but I do know very well that it would have been impossible to show more regard and attention than he did to the venerable old man. The day following his arrival at Fontainebleau, the Pope made his entry into Paris with all the honors ordinarily rendered to the chief of the Empire; a lodging had been prepared for him at the Tuileries, in the Pavilion of Flora; and in consequence of the delicate and affectionate care instituted by His Majesty from the first in

order to receive the Holy Father well, the latter found his apartment arranged and furnished exactly like that he occupied at Rome. He warmly expressed his surprise and gratitude for an attention which he himself, so they say, described as *quite filial;* intending at the same time an allusion to the respect the Emperor had shown him on all occasions, and to the new title of eldest son of the Church, which His Majesty was about to take along with the imperial crown.

By His Majesty's orders I went every morning to inquire after the health of the Holy Father. Pius VII. had a beautiful and noble countenance, an air of angelic goodness, and a sweet and sonorous voice. He talked little, slowly, but with grace; he had an extreme simplicity and an incredible sobriety; toward others he was indulgent and not rigorous. Thus, in what concerns good cheer, the persons of his suite did not make a point of imitating him, but profited largely, on the contrary, by the order the Emperor had given to furnish all that should be asked for. The tables intended for them were abundantly and even magnificently supplied; which did not prevent a basket of Chambertin being asked for every day for the private table of the Pope, who dined alone and drank nothing but water.

The stay of nearly five months which the Holy Father made in Paris was a time of edification for the faithful, and His Holiness must have carried back with him the best idea of a population which, after

THE MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND PIUS VII AT FONTAINEBLEAU

having ceased to practise and to behold for more than ten years the ceremonies of the Catholic religion, had resumed them with inexpressible avidity. When the Pope was not detained in his apartments by the delicacy of his health, which demanded the greatest precautions on account of the difference between the climate and that of Italy, and the severity of the weather, he visited the churches, the museums, and the establishments of public utility. When the weather prevented him from going out, persons who asked that favor were presented to Pius VII. in the large gallery of the Napoleon museum. I was begged one day by some ladies of my acquaintance to conduct them to this audience of the Holy Father, and it was a pleasure to me to accompany them.

The long gallery of the museum was occupied by a double row of men and women. The great majority of these were mothers of families and had their children around them or in their arms, in order to present them for the Pope's blessing. Pius VII. rested his eyes on these groups of children with a sweetness and kindliness truly angelic. Preceded by the governor of the museum, and followed by the cardinals and noblemen of his household, he advanced slowly between the two ranks of the faithful kneeling along his path, often stopping to lay his hand on the head of a child, to address some words to a mother, or to give some one his ring to kiss. His costume was a simple white soutane, without any ornament. Just as the Pope came near us, the director of the museum pre-

sented a lady who, like the others, was awaiting the benediction of His Holiness on her knees. I heard the director name this lady, Madame the Countess de Genlis. The Holy Father, after presenting his ring, raised her, and affably addressed her in some flattering words, complimenting her on her works and the happy influence they had exerted in the re-establishing of the Catholic religion in France.

The venders of chaplets and rosaries ought to have made their fortunes that winter. There were shops where more than a hundred dozens were sold daily. During the month of January alone, this branch of industry was said to have made a clear profit of forty thousand francs for a merchant of the rue Saint-Denis. All those who presented themselves at the audiences of the Holy Father, or who pressed around him when he went out, had chaplets blessed for themselves, for all their relatives, and for their friends in Paris or in the provinces. The cardinals distributed an incredible quantity of them also in their visits to various hospitals, asylums, the Hôtel des Invalides, etc. Even when they visited private houses they were asked for them.

The ceremony of the coronation of Their Majesties had been fixed for December 2. Everybody in the château was up very early in the morning of this great day, especially those connected with the service of the wardrobe. The Emperor rose at eight o'clock. It was no small affair to put on His Majesty the rich costume he had had made ready for the occa-

sion; and while I was dressing him, he was not sparing in maledictions and apostrophes against embroiderers, tailors, and furnishers of every description. As fast as I would hand him some article of his costume: "This is fine," he would say (and my ears came into play), "*monsieur le drôle*, but we shall see the bills." This was his costume: silk stockings embroidered in gold, with the imperial crown above the clocks; half-boots of white velvet, laced and embroidered in gold; breeches of white velvet embroidered in gold on all the seams, with diamond buttons and buckles on the garters; the vest also of white velvet embroidered in gold and with diamond buttons; the coat of crimson velvet, with trimmings of white velvet, embroidered on all the seams, closed in front to the bottom, and sparkling with gold. The half-mantle was also crimson, lined with white satin, covering the left shoulder and attached to the right over the breast with a double clasp of diamonds. Formerly, in similar circumstances, it was the grand chamberlain who put on the shirt. It seems His Majesty had not thought of this law of etiquette, and it was simply I who performed this office, as I had always been accustomed to do. The shirt was one of His Majesty's ordinary ones, but of very beautiful lawn; His Majesty never wore any but very fine body linen. The cuffs, however, had been replaced with superb lace; the cravat was of the most perfect muslin, and the collarette of magnificent lace; the toque was of black velvet surmounted by two white aigrettes;

the band was of diamonds, with the *regent* for button. Thus dressed, the Emperor left the Tuileries, and it was only at Notre-Dame that he put the grand coronation mantle on his shoulders. It was of crimson velvet strewn with golden bees, lined with white satin and ermine, and fastened by gold bullion; it must have weighed at least eighty pounds, and though it was upheld by four great dignitaries, the Emperor was crushed by it. Hence, on returning to the château, he disembarrassed himself as quickly as possible of all this rich and uncomfortable pageantry, and putting on his grenadier's uniform, he incessantly repeated: "At last I breathe!" He was certainly much more at his ease on a day of battle.

The jewels used at the coronation of Her Majesty the Empress, and which consisted of a crown, a diadem, and a girdle, came from the ateliers of M. Margueritte. The crown had eight branches which came together under a globe of gold surmounted by a cross. The branches were adorned with diamonds, four of them shaped like palm leaves, and the other four like myrtle leaves. Above the curve was a cordon incrusted with eight enormous emeralds. The band which rested on the forehead sparkled with amethysts. The diadem was composed of four rows of pearls of the finest water, interlaced with foliage in diamonds perfectly assorted and mounted with an art that was as admirable as the richness of the material. Above the forehead were several large brilliants, a single one of

which weighed one hundred and forty-nine grains. The girdle was a ribbon of gold enriched with thirty-nine rose diamonds.

The sceptre of His Majesty the Emperor had been made by M. Odiot. It was of silver enlaced by a golden serpent and surmounted by a globe on which Charlemagne was represented sitting. The hand of justice and the crown, and likewise the sword, were of exquisite workmanship. It would take too long to describe them. They came from the ateliers of M. Biennais.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the Pope left the Tuileries to repair to Notre-Dame, in a carriage drawn by eight dapple-gray horses. On the roof was a tiara with all the insignia of the papacy in gilded bronze. The first chamberlain of His Holiness preceded the carriage, riding on a mule and carrying a silver-gilt cross.

There was an interval of about an hour between the arrival of the Pope at Notre-Dame and that of Their Majesties. They left the Tuileries at eleven o'clock precisely, their departure being announced by numerous salvos of artillery. Their Majesties were in a carriage dazzling with gold and costly paintings, and drawn by eight light-bay horses caparisoned with extraordinary richness. On the roof was a crown supported by four eagles with outspread wings. The panels of this universally admired carriage were of glass instead of wood, so that the back was very much like the front. This

resemblance occasioned a mistake on the part of Their Majesties, and on entering it they sat down on the front seat. It was the Empress who first noticed this error, over which both she and her husband laughed heartily.

I will not undertake to describe the cortège, although my recollections of it are still fresh and complete; but I should have too many things to say. Imagine ten thousand cavalrymen in splendid uniforms, defiling between two ranks of equally brilliant infantry, each line being nearly half a league in length. Think of the number of the equipages and their richness, the beauty of the horses and the uniforms, of that multitude of musicians playing the coronation marches to the sound of bells and of cannon; then add the effect produced by the concourse of four or five thousand spectators; and even thus you will still be far from having a just idea of this astonishing magnificence.

The weather is seldom fine in the month of December, but on this day the skies seemed favorable to the Emperor. At the moment he entered the archbishop's palace a rather heavy fog which had hung on all the morning, disappeared and permitted the sun to add the lustre of his rays to the splendor of the cortège. This singular circumstance was noticed by the spectators and increased their enthusiasm.

All the streets through which the procession passed had been scrupulously cleaned and sanded;

according to their tastes and their means the inhabitants had decorated the fronts of their houses with draperies, tapestries, colored paper, and some with garlands of evergreens. Nearly all the shops on the quay des Orfèvres were decked with festoons of artificial flowers.

The religious ceremony lasted nearly four hours, and must have been inexpressibly fatiguing for the principal actors. The chamber servants were obliged to remain constantly in the apartment prepared for the Emperor at the archbishop's palace. The curious, however (and that included all of us), left it from time to time, and could thus see the ceremony at their leisure.

I think I have never heard such fine music. It was composed by MM. Paesiello, Rose, and Lesueur, chapel masters to Their Majesties; the orchestra and choruses combined the first talent of Paris. Two orchestras of four choirs, composed of more than three hundred musicians, were directed, the one by M. Persuis, the other by M. Rey, both of them chief musicians to the Emperor. M. Lais, His Majesty's first singer, MM. Kreutzer and Baillot, his first violinists, had added all that the imperial chapel, the opera, and the great lyric theatres possessed of superior talent, whether instrumental or vocal. The military bands were innumerable, and under the orders of M. Lesueur; these executed heroic marches, of which one, commanded by the Emperor from M. Lesueur for the army of Boulogne, still ranks, in the judg-

ment of connoisseurs, among the finest and most imposing of musical compositions. For my part, this music made me turn pale and tremble; I shuddered from head to foot in listening to it.

His Majesty would not have the Pope put his crown on his head; he placed it there himself. It was a diadem of oak and laurel in gold. His Majesty afterwards took the crown intended for the Empress, and after holding it over her a few moments, placed it on the head of his august spouse, on her knees before him. She was shedding tears of emotion, and on rising fixed a glance of tenderness and gratitude on the Emperor, who returned it, but without losing the gravity required by so imposing a ceremony in the presence of spectators; and yet, in spite of this constraint, their hearts comprehended each other in the midst of this brilliant and noisy assembly. Certainly, the idea of the divorce was not then in the Emperor's mind, and for my part, I am sure that this cruel separation would never have taken place if Her Majesty the Empress could still have had children; or even if the young Napoleon, son of the King of Holland and Queen Hortense, had not died at the time the Emperor was thinking of adopting him. Yet I must own that the fear, or rather the certainty, of not having from Josephine an heir to his throne, reduced the Emperor to despair; and I have often heard him suddenly interrupt his work with the vexed exclamation: "To whom shall I leave all this?"

After the Mass, His Excellency Cardinal Fesch, grand almoner of France, carried the book of the Gospels to the Emperor, who from his throne pronounced the imperial oath in a voice so firm and distinct that all who were present heard it. It was then that, for perhaps the twentieth time, the cry of: *Long live the Emperor!* came from every mouth. The *Te Deum* was chanted, and Their Majesties left the church with the same pomp with which they had entered it. The Pope remained in the church for a quarter of an hour after the sovereigns, and when he rose to retire universal acclamations saluted him from the chancel to the door.

It was half-past six o'clock when Their Majesties returned to the château, and the Pope did not come until seven. To enter the church, Their Majesties passed, as I have said, through the archbishop's palace, the buildings of which communicated with Notre-Dame by means of a wooden gallery. This gallery, covered with slates and hung with superb tapestries, ended at a portal, also in carpenter's work, established in front of the principal entrance of the church, and in a style in perfect harmony with the Gothic architecture of this beautiful cathedral. This flying portal rested on four columns decorated with inscriptions in gilded letters which represented the names of the thirty-six principal cities of France, the mayors of which had been deputed to be present at the coronation. On the upper part of these columns Clovis and Charlemagne were painted in relief,

sitting on their thrones, sceptre in hand. In the centre of the frontispiece were represented the arms of the Empire, shadowed by the flags of sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honor. On the two sides were two turrets surmounted by golden eagles. The under part of this portico, as well as the gallery, were vaulted, painted sky-blue, and bestrewn with stars.

The throne of Their Majesties was raised upon a semicircular platform, covered with a blue carpet studded with bees. Twenty-two steps led up to it. This throne, draped in red velvet, was surmounted by a canopy of the same material, the left wing of which shaded the Empress, the princesses, and their ladies of honor, and the right one of the two brothers of the Emperor, the archchancellor and the arch-treasurer.

Nothing could be more magnificent than the spectacle afforded by the garden of the Tuileries on the evening of this beautiful day. The grand parterre surrounded by porticoes in lanterns, from each arcade of which hung garlands of colored lamps; the grand alley decorated with colonnades surmounted by stars; orange trees of fire on the terraces; each tree of the other alleys illuminated by lanterns; finally, to crown the illumination, an immense star suspended over the Place de la Concorde, dominating all the other fires. It was a palace of fire.

On the occasion of the coronation, His Majesty

made magnificent presents to the metropolitan church. Among other things was remarked a chalice in silver-gilt ornamented with bas-reliefs, designed by the celebrated Germain; a ciborium, two cruets with their tray, a holy-water vase, and an offertory plate; all in silver-gilt and curiously wrought. By His Majesty's orders, transmitted through the minister of the interior, there was also sent to M. d'Astros, canon of Notre-Dame, a case containing the crown of thorns, a nail, and a fragment of the wood of the true cross; a little bottle containing, it was said, some of our Saviour's blood; an iron discipline which had been used by Saint-Louis, and also a tunic that had belonged to that king.

In the morning, Marshal Murat, governor of Paris, had given a magnificent breakfast to the German princes who had come to Paris to be present at the coronation. After the breakfast, the marshal-governor had them taken to Notre-Dame in four six-horse carriages, with an escort of a hundred men on horseback commanded by one of his aides-de-camp. This cortège was particularly noticed on account of its elegance and richness.

The morrow of this great and memorable ceremony was a day of public rejoicings. From early morning, an innumerable throng of people, favored by splendid weather, swarmed over the boulevards, the wharves, and the squares, where an infinite variety of diversions had been arranged. Heralds-at-arms passed through the public places at an early hour, throwing to the

crowd which pressed upon them medals struck in memory of the coronation. These represented on one-side the figure of the Emperor, his forehead encircled by the crown of the Cæsars, with the legend: *Napoleon Emperor.* On the reverse was a figure in the costume of a magistrate, surrounded with appropriate emblems, and that of an ancient warrior raising on a buckler a crowned hero covered with an imperial mantle. Below this was engraved: *The Senate and the people.* As soon as the heralds had passed, the rejoicings began, and were prolonged far into the evening.

On Place Louis XV., then called Place de la Concorde, four large, square galleries had been erected in carpenter's and joiner's work, for dancing. Stages for pantomime and farce had been placed at regular intervals along the boulevards; groups of singers and musicians executed national airs and warlike marches; greased poles, rope-dancers, and games of every kind stayed the spectators at every step, and caused them to await without impatience the moment for the illuminations and the fireworks.

The illuminations were admirable. From the Place Louis XV. to the extremity of the boulevard Saint-Antoine, there was a double cordon of colored lamps in garlands. The former Garde-Meuble, the palace of the Corps Législatif, glittered with lights; the Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin gates were covered with lanterns from top to bottom.

In the evening, all the sight-seers went to the quays

and bridges to see the fireworks, which were set off from the Pont de la Concorde (now Pont Louis XVI.),[1] and surpassed in brilliancy all that had been seen until then.

[1] Since that epoch the bridge has again been called Pont de la Concorde.

CHAPTER III

Ceremony of the distribution of the eagles — Allocution of the Emperor — The oath — The grand review and the rain — Banquet at the Tuileries — Panegyric of the conscription made by the Emperor — Grand receptions — Fête at the Paris Hôtel-de-Ville — Well-regulated distribution of comestibles — The fire-ship — Passage of Mont Saint-Bernard in the midst of flames — Toilet and service of gold plate offered to Their Majesties by the city of Paris — M. Garnerin's balloon — Curious incident — Air voyage from Paris to Rome in twenty-four hours — M. Garnerin's billet and the letter of Cardinal Caprara — The boatmen and the floating house — Fifteen leagues an hour — History of an air balloon — Intrepidity of two women — Rewards given by the city of Paris — Kindness of the Emperor and his brother Louis — Pardon granted by the Emperor — Statue erected to the Emperor in the session hall of the Corps Législatif — The Empress Josephine and Gluck's chorus — Happy coincidence — The statue unveiled by Marshals Murat and Masséna — Fragment of an eulogy of the Emperor delivered by M. de Vaublanc — Bouquet and ball — Profusion of flowers in January.

ON Wednesday, December 5, three days after the coronation, the Emperor made the distribution of flags on the Champ-de-Mars.

The façade of the Military School was decorated by a gallery composed of tents placed on a level with the apartments of the first story. The middle tent, fixed upon four columns, bore gilded figures representing Victory, covered the throne of Their Majesties. It

was an excellent precaution, for on that day the weather was horrible. A thaw had suddenly set in, and everybody knows what a Parisian thaw is like.

Around the throne were placed the princes and princesses, the great dignitaries, the ministers, the marshals of the Empire, the great officers of the crown, the ladies of the court, and the council of state.

The gallery was divided to right and left into sixteen compartments decorated with military ensigns and crowned by eagles. These sixteen compartments represented the sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honor. The right was occupied by the Senate, the officers of the Legion of Honor, the Court of Cassation, and the chiefs of the national accounts. On the left were the tribunal and the Corps Législatif. At each end of the gallery was a pavilion; that on the city side was called the imperial tribunal, and was destined for the foreign princes. The diplomatic corps and foreigners of distinction occupied the other.

The descent from this gallery into the Champ-de-Mars was by an immense staircase, the first step of which served as a bench below the tribunes and was lined with the presidents of cantons, prefects, sub-prefects, and members of the municipal council. On the two sides of this staircase were colossal figures of France making peace and France making war. On the steps were ranged colonels of regiments and presidents of the electoral colleges of the departments, who bore the imperial eagles.

The cortège of Their Majesties left the Tuileries at

noon, in the order adopted for the coronation. The chasseurs of the guard and the squadron of Mamelukes marched in front; the picked legion of mounted grenadiers followed; the municipal guard and the grenadiers of the guard formed the line. Their Majesties having entered the Military School, received the homage of the diplomatic corps who had been introduced for that purpose into the grand apartments of the school. Afterwards the Emperor and Empress put on once more the coronation ornaments and sat down upon their throne, to the roar of repeated discharges of artillery and universal acclamations.

At a given signal, the deputations of the army, spread out over the Champ-de-Mars closed up in serried columns and approached the throne to the blare of drums. The Emperor having risen, the greatest silence was restored, and in a loud voice the Emperor pronounced these words:

"Soldiers, behold your flags! these eagles will always serve you as a rallying-point; they will be wherever your Emperor deems their presence necessary for the defence of his throne and his people.

"You swear to sacrifice your life to defend them, and to maintain them constantly, by your courage, on the path of victory: you swear it!"

"*We swear it!*" repeated all together the colonels and the presidents of the colleges, waving the flags they held in air. "*We swear it!*" repeated in turn the whole army, while the bands played the celebrated march known as *The Flag March.*

This movement of enthusiasm communicated itself to the spectators, who, in spite of the rain, were thronging in crowds on the benches which encircled the Champ-de-Mars. Presently the eagles were taken to the places destined for them, and the army defiled by divisions in front of Their Majesties.

Although no effort had been spared to give this ceremony all possible magnificence, it was not brilliant; the motive only was imposing; but how satisfy the eye through torrents of melted snow, in the midst of a sea of mud, which was the aspect the Champ-de-Mars presented on that day? The troops had been under arms since six o'clock in the morning, exposed to the rain, and forced to receive it without any appearance of utility! That, at least, was the way in which they considered the question. The distribution of flags was to these men nothing but a review, pure and simple, and certainly it is a different thing in a soldier's eyes to receive the rain on a battle-field, and on a fête day with a well-polished musket and an empty cartridge box.

The cortège returned to the Tuileries at five o'clock. There was a grand banquet in the gallery of Diana. The Pope, the sovereign elector of Ratisbonne, the princes and princesses, the great dignitaries, the diplomatic corps, and many other persons were invited.

The table of Their Majesties, laid in the middle of the gallery upon a platform, was covered by a magnificent canopy. The Emperor seated himself on the

right of the Empress and the Pope on her left. The pages waited on the table. The grand chamberlain, the grand equerry, and the colonel-general of the guard remained standing before His Majesty; the grand marshal of the palace on the right, and in front of the table, and lower down, the prefect of the palace; on the left and opposite the marshal, the grand master of ceremonies also remained standing.

On either side of the table of Their Majesties were those of their imperial highnesses, of the diplomatic corps, of the ministers and great officers, and finally that of the Empress's lady of honor. After dinner there was a drawing-room, a concert, and a ball.

The next day after the distribution of the eagles, His Imperial Highness Prince Joseph presented the presidents of the electoral colleges of the departments. The presidents of the district colleges and the prefects were introduced afterwards and received by His Majesty.

The Emperor conversed with the majority of these functionaries on the needs of each department, thanking them for their zeal in supporting him, and then especially recommending to them the execution of the law on conscriptions. "Without the conscription," said His Majesty, "there can be neither power nor national independence. . . . All Europe is subjected to the conscription. Our success and the strength of our position depend upon our having a national army; we must carefully adhere to this advantage."

These presentations lasted for several days. His Majesty received in turn, and always with the same ceremonial, the presidents of the high courts of justice, the presidents of the general councils of the departments, the sub-prefects, the colonial deputies, the mayors of the thirty-six principal cities, the presidents of cantons, the vice-presidents of the chambers of commerce, and the presidents of consistories.

Some days later, the city of Paris offered to Their Majesties a fête whose brilliancy and magnificence surpass all possible description. The Emperor, the Empress, the princes Joseph and Louis, went to it together in the coronation carriage. Batteries placed on the Pont-Neuf announced the moment when Their Majesties set foot on the flight of steps leading to the Hôtel-de-Ville. At the same instant buffets laden with pieces of fowl, and fountains of wine attracted to the principal square of each of the twelve municipalities of Paris an immense multitude, nearly every individual of which had his share in the distribution of eatables, thanks to the precaution of the authorities not to give a single piece except upon the presentation of a billet. The front of the Hôtel-de-Ville was illuminated by colored lamps. What struck me most was the sight of a war vessel pierced for eighty cannons, whose bridges, masts, sails, and shrouds were outlined by illuminations. The bouquet of the fireworks, to which the Emperor himself applied the match, represented Mont Saint-Bernard belching

forth a volcano in the midst of its snow-covered rocks. Upon it could be seen the figure of the Emperor blazing with light, ascending on horseback, at the head of his army, the craggy summit of the mount. There were more than seven hundred persons at the ball, without the slightest disorder. Their Majesties retired early.

The Empress, on entering the apartment which had been prepared for her at the Hôtel-de-Ville, had found there a gold toilet service, completely furnished and of the greatest richness. When it was brought to the Tuileries, it was for several days the favorite toy and the subject of all Her Majesty's conversations. She wanted everybody to admire this piece of furniture, and in fact no one needed to be urged to do so. Their Majesties permitted this toilet set, and a service likewise presented to the Emperor by the city of Paris, to be exposed to public curiosity during several days.

After the fireworks a superb balloon was sent up, the whole circumference of which, as well as the car and the cords which attached it to the balloon, were decorated with luminous garlands of colored lamps. It was a magnificent spectacle, this enormous mass rising slowly but lightly into the air; for some time it remained suspended over Paris, as if waiting until public curiosity should be satisfied; then, seeming to have found a more rapid current of air at the height it had attained, it disappeared, before the wind, in a southerly direction. Seeing it no

longer, people ceased to think about it; but fifteen days later a very singular incident recalled universal attention to this balloon.

One morning while I was dressing the Emperor (it was, I think, either New Year's day or the day before), one of His Majesty's ministers was introduced, and the Emperor having asked him what was the news of Paris, as he was accustomed to do of those whom he saw early in the morning, the minister replied: "I left Cardinal Caprara very late yesterday, and I heard the strangest thing from him." — "What was it ? what was it about?" And His Majesty, doubtless fancying that some political matter was in question, was making ready to lead his minister into his cabinet before completely finishing his toilet, when His Excellency hastened to add: "It was nothing very serious, Sire. Your Majesty has not forgotten that some one was speaking lately, at Her Majesty the Empress's drawing-room, of the chagrin of that poor Garnerin, who has not been able up to the present to find the balloon he launched on the day of the fête offered to the Emperor by the city of Paris; this very day he is about to receive news of his aerostat." — "Where did it fall?" asked the Emperor. "At Rome, Sire." — "Ah! that is curious, in fact." "Yes, Sire, Garnerin's balloon has shown your imperial crown within twenty-four hours to the two capitals of the world." Thereupon the minister related to His Majesty the following details, which were made public at the

time, but which I think sufficiently interesting to induce my readers to pardon me for recalling here.

"The balloon bearing this letter was launched at Paris, the 25th Frimaire, in the evening (December 16), by M. Garnerin, licensed aeronaut of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and ordinary aeronaut of the French government, on the occasion of the fête given by the city of Paris to His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, to celebrate his coronation. Persons finding this balloon are requested to inform M. Garnerin, who will repair to the spot."

In writing this billet, the aeronaut doubtless expected to be notified the next day that his balloon had descended either in the plain of Saint-Denis or in that of Grenelle; for it is to be presumed that he hardly thought of a journey to Rome when he promised *to repair to the spot.* More than fifteen days elapsed without his receiving the notification he had expected, and he had probably given up hopes of his balloon when he received a letter in these terms from the Nuncio of His Holiness:

"Cardinal Caprara has just been commissioned by His Excellency Cardinal Gonsalvi, secretary of state of His Holiness, to remit to M. Garnerin the copy of a letter dated December 18; he hastens to send it to him, and even to adjoin the copy of the accompanying despatch. The said Cardinal seizes this occasion to express to M. Garnerin all his esteem."

To this letter was joined a translation of the

report made to the cardinal secretary of state at Rome by M. le Duc de Mondragone, and dated from Anguillora, near Rome, December 18:

"Yesterday evening, about the twenty-fourth hour, there was seen passing through the air a globe of astonishing size, which, having fallen on the lake of Bracciano, seemed to be a house. Boatmen were sent out to bring it to land; but they could not succeed, being beaten back by an impetuous wind accompanied by snow. Early this morning they contrived to bring it ashore. This globe is of gummed taffeta covered with a net; the gallery of iron wire is slightly broken. It seems to have been illuminated by lanterns and colored lamps, some vestiges of which remain. Attached to this globe the following notification [that which appears above] was found."

Hence this balloon, having started from Paris December 16, at seven in the evening, and having descended the next day, the 17th, near Rome, at the end of the twenty-fourth hour, that is, at the close of the day, had traversed France, the Alps, etc., and gone over a distance of three hundred leagues in twenty-two hours. Its speed then must have been fifteen leagues an hour; and what is remarkable, it was loaded with decorations weighing five hundred pounds.

The history of the previous excursions of this balloon is given to stimulate curiosity. Its first ascension took place in the presence of Their

Prussian Majesties and all the court. It carried M. Garnerin, his wife, and M. Gaertner, and descended on the frontiers of Saxony. The second experiment was made at Saint Petersburg before the Emperor, the two Empresses, and the court. The balloon carried M. and Madame Garnerin, and came down in a marsh at no great distance. This was the first time that the spectacle of a balloon ascension had been seen in Russia. The third experiment was likewise made in Saint Petersburg, in presence of the imperial family. M. Garnerin went up with General Lwolf. These two voyagers were borne over the Gulf of Finland, during three-quarters of an hour, and descended at Krasnosalo, twenty-five versts from Saint Petersburg. The fourth experiment took place at Moscow. M. Garnerin rose to a height of more than four thousand fathoms and came down, at the end of seven hours, some three hundred versts from Moscow, on the line of the old Russian frontier. The same balloon was used for the ascension made at Moscow by Madame Garnerin and Madame Toucheninolf, in the midst of a frightful storm and discharges of lightning which killed three men at three hundred paces from the balloon at the moment when it rose. These ladies descended, without accident, twenty-one versts from Moscow.

The city of Paris gave a reward of six hundred francs to the boatmen who rescued the balloon from Lake Bracciano. The balloon was brought to Paris and deposited in the archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

I was a witness, that very day, of the kindness with which the Emperor received the petition of a poor woman whose husband (who was, I think, a notary) had been condemned to a long imprisonment for I do not know what fault. Just as the carriage of Their Imperial Highnesses was passing in front of the Palais-Royal, two women, one already aged, the other about sixteen or seventeen, sprang out of the door, crying: "Pardon for my husband!" "Pardon for my father!" The Emperor at once shouted an order for his carriage to be stopped, and put out his hand to take the petition, which the elder of the two ladies would give to no one but him. He spoke to her at the same time in a compassionate manner, expressing with touching interest his fear lest she might have been hurt by the horses of the marshals who were riding beside the carriage. While this kindliness of his august brother was exciting the utmost enthusiasm in the spectators of the scene, Prince Louis, who was on the front seat of the carriage, had leaned out to reassure the trembling young girl, making her promise to console her mother and rely on the interest of the Emperor. Suffocated by their emotion, neither mother nor daughter could make any response, and just as the cortège began to move forward, I saw the former on the point of fainting. She was taken into an adjoining house, where she came to herself only to shed tears of gratitude and joy along with her daughter.

The Corps Législatif had decreed that a statue in

white marble should be erected to the Emperor in the assembly hall, in commemoration of the drawing up of the Civil Code. On the day of the inauguration of this monument, Her Majesty the Empress, Princes Joseph, Louis, Borghese, Bacciochi and their wives, other members of the imperial family, deputations from the principal orders of the State, the diplomatic bodies and many foreigners of note, the ministers, the marshals of the Empire, and a considerable number of general officers, repaired toward seven o'clock in the evening to the palace of the Corps Législatif.

At the moment when the Empress entered the hall, the entire assembly rose, and a band placed in an adjoining hall began Gluck's well-known chorus, *Que d'attraits! que de majesté!*[1] . . . Hardly were the first strains of this chorus recognized, when every one greeted with enthusiasm its felicitous appropriateness, and shouted applause from every side.

On the invitation of the president, Marshals Murat and Masséna lifted the veil covering the statue, and all eyes were turned on the image of the Emperor, his forehead crowned with a wreath of laurel blended with oak and olive leaves. When silence had succeeded to the applause excited by this spectacle, M. Vaublanc ascended the tribune and delivered a speech which was vigorously applauded by an assembly whose sentiments it faithfully expressed.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "you have signal-

[1] What charms! what majesty!

ized the completion of the Civil Code of the French people by an act of admiration and gratitude; you have awarded a statue to the illustrious prince whose firm and constant will has caused the accomplishment of the great work, while at the same time his vast intelligence has shed the most vivid light upon this noble portion of human institutions. First Consul then, Emperor of the French to-day, he appears in the temple of laws, his head adorned with the triumphal crown with which victory so often encircled it as a presage of the royal diadem, and covered with the imperial mantle, the noble attribute of the first among human dignities.

"Doubtless, on this solemn day, in presence of the princes and the great ones of the State, and of the august person whom the Empire distinguishes by his inclination to do good still more than by the high rank of which this virtue makes him so worthy; in this fête of glory to which we should like to assemble the whole French people, you will permit my feeble voice to lift itself for a moment and to remind you of the immortal actions by which Napoleon opened this immense career of power and honor. If praise corrupts weak souls, it is the aliment of great ones. The splendid actions of heroes are a promise made by them to their country. To recall them is to remind them that we expect still more of those grand thoughts, those generous sentiments, those glorious deeds so nobly recompensed by public admiration and gratitude. . . .

"Victorious in three-quarters of the world, peace-maker of Europe, legislator of France, thrones bestowed, provinces added to the Empire, is this enough of glory to merit both the august title of Emperor of the French and this monument erected in the temple of laws? Well, I myself am going to efface these brilliant souvenirs which I have just recalled. In a louder voice than that which resounded in his praise, I am about to say to you: Annihilate in thought this glory of the legislator, this glory of the warrior, and say to yourselves: before the 18th Brumaire, when fatal laws had been promulgated, and destructive principles, proclaimed anew, were already sweeping men and things away with a rapidity which it would soon have been impossible to arrest, who was it that suddenly appeared like a beneficent star, who came to abrogate those laws, to close the yawning abyss? You live, all of you, then, menaced by the evil of the times; you live, and you owe it to him whose image you behold. You hasten hither, unfortunate proscripts, you breathe the sweet air of your fatherland, you embrace your fathers, your children, your wives, your friends, and you owe it to him whose image you behold. It is not now a question of his glory, I no longer bear witness to it; I invoke humanity on one side and gratitude on the other; I ask you to whom you owe a happiness so great, so extraordinary, so unforeseen. . . . You will all of you reply with me: It is to the great man whose image you behold."

When the president's turn came, he repeated a similar eulogy in scarcely different terms. There were few persons at that time who dreamed of finding these praises exaggerated; perhaps they have changed their opinions since.

After the ceremony, the Empress, conducted by the president, passed into the hall of conferences, where Her Majesty's table had been laid under a magnificent canopy of crimson silk. Tables comprising nearly three hundred covers, and served by Robert, the restaurant-keeper, had been laid in different halls of the palace. To the dinner succeeded a brilliant ball. The most remarkable thing about this fête was its unimaginable luxury of flowers and shrubs, which could hardly have been got together without great expense, considering the severity of the winter. The *Lucrèce* hall and that of the *Réunion*, where the quadrilles were danced, were like an immense parterre of oleanders, lilacs, jonquils, lilies, and jasmines.

CHAPTER IV

My marriage with Mademoiselle Charvet — Presentation of my wife to Madame Bonaparte — General Bonaparte opening letters addressed to his courier — General Bonaparte wishes to see M. and Madame Charvet — M. Charvet follows Madame Bonaparte to Plombières — Establishment of M. Charvet and his family at Malmaison — Madame Charvet Madame Bonaparte's private secretary — Mesdemoiselles Louise and Zoe Charvet favorites of Josephine — Phantasmagoria at Malmaison — Games of Bonaparte and the ladies of Malmaison — M. Charvet quits Malmaison for the château of Saint-Cloud — The former porters and floor-polishers of the Queen are not displaced — The fire at the château and the death of Madame Charvet — The Empress wishes to see Mademoiselle Charvet — She wishes to be a mother to her and to find her a husband — The Empress complains to M. Charvet of not seeing his daughters — A dot promised to my wife — Money wasted and failure of memory on the part of the Empress Josephine — Kindly recommendation of the Empress — My sister-in-law, Mademoiselle Josephine Tallien, and Mademoiselle Clémence Cabarus — Madame Vigogne and the protégés of the Empress — Madame Vigogne's presence of mind — Visit to the Empress.

IT was on January 2, just a month after the coronation, that I formed a union with the eldest daughter of M. Charvet, which has made thus far, and will, I hope, make to the end, the happiness of my life. I have promised the reader to speak very little of myself; and, in fact, what interest could those details of my private life possess which have

no reference to the great man in view of whom I have undertaken to write my Memoirs? Nevertheless I will ask permission at this point to go back a little to this epoch which is the most interesting of all to me, and which, besides, has shaped my existence. Doubtless it is not forbidden to a man who searches and recalls his souvenirs, to count for something those which more particularly concern himself. Moreover, even among the most personal events of my life, there are still circumstances to which Their Majesties were not strangers, and which, consequently, it is most important to know, if one wishes to form a complete estimate of the characters of the Emperor and the Empress.

My wife's mother had been presented to Madame Bonaparte during the first Italian campaign, and had pleased her; for Madame Bonaparte, who was so perfectly kindly and who had also known misfortune, knew how to compassionate the afflictions of others. She promised to interest the General in the fate of my father-in-law, who had just lost a place in the treasury. During this time Madame Charvet was in correspondence with a friend of her husband, who was, I think, General Bonaparte's courier. The former opened and read the letters addressed to his courier, and he asked who was the young woman who wrote to him with so much wit and intelligence. In fact, Madame Charvet was very well worthy of this double eulogy. My father-in-law's friend took occasion from this question to relate the misfortunes of

the family. On his return to Paris the General said that he would like to see M. and Madame Charvet. Consequently they were presented, and Madame Bonaparte was delighted to learn that her protégés had also become those of her husband. It was decided that M. Charvet should follow the General to Egypt. But on arriving at Toulon, Madame Bonaparte asked that my father-in-law should accompany her to the baths of Plombières. I have previously described the accident that happened at Plombières, and M. Charvet's mission to Saint-Germain to withdraw Mademoiselle Hortense from boarding-school. On returning to Paris he hunted through all the environs to find a country house, which the General had commissioned his wife to buy in his absence. When Madame Bonaparte had decided upon Malmaison, M. Charvet, his wife, and their three children were established in this charming residence. My father-in-law devoted his whole attention to the interests of the benefactress of his family, and Madame Charvet often served as private secretary to Madame Bonaparte, for her correspondence.

Mademoiselle Louise, who became my wife, and Mademoiselle Zoe, her younger sister, were Madame Bonaparte's favorites; especially the second, who spent more time than Louise at Malmaison. The kindness of their noble benefactress had rendered this child so familiar that she habitually thee-d and thou-d Madame Bonaparte, to whom she

said one day: "Thee is very happy, I think. Thee has no mamma to scold thee when thee tears thy frocks."

During one of the campaigns which I made in the train of the Emperor, I one day wrote to my wife to ask her for some details of the life which she and her sister led at Malmaison. She wrote me, among other things (I transcribe a passage of her response): "We sometimes played parts in buffooneries beyond my conception. One evening the salon was divided in two by a gauze, behind which was a bed draped in the Greek style, and on this bed a sleeping man wrapped in large white draperies. Near the sleeper, Madame Bonaparte and other ladies beat time (and besides not always exactly) on bronze vases, which made a terrible music. During this racket, one of those gentlemen held me by the middle of the body up from the ground, and I moved my arms and legs in regular time. The concert of the ladies awoke the sleeper, who opened big eyes on me and seemed to be frightened by my gestures. He rose and moved rapidly away, followed by my brother, who crawled on his hands and feet, I think to imitate a dog that this strange personage was supposed to have. As I was then quite a child, I have only a confused idea of all this, but Madame Bonaparte's company appeared to be very much amused by it."

When the First Consul went to live at Saint-Cloud, he said some flattering things to my father-in-law, and gave him the conciergerie of the château.

It was a place of confidence, the details and responsibility of which were considerable. M. Charvet was commissioned to reorganize the service, and, by the First Consul's orders, he selected from among the former servants of the Queen for the places of porters, floor-polishers, and château servants. Those incapacitated for duty were pensioned.

When the fire broke out at the château, in 1802, as I have previously related, Madame Charvet, who was in delicate health, had a great fright. It was not thought advisable to bleed her. She had an unfortunate delivery, and died before she was thirty. Louise had been away at school for some years; her father recalled her that she might keep house for him. She was then twelve years old. One of her friends has kindly communicated to me a letter written her by Louise shortly after our marriage, from which I make the following extract:

"On my return from boarding-school, I went to see Her Majesty the Empress (then Madame Bonaparte) at the Tuileries. I was in deep mourning. She took me on her lap, comforted me, said she would be my mother and would find me a husband. I cried, and said I did not want to be married. '*Not at present,*' returned Her Majesty, '*but that will happen, you may be sure.*' I was not persuaded, however, that this mortification must come to me. I received some more caresses, and came away. When the First Consul was at Saint-Cloud, it was at my father's apartment that all the heads of the

different services assembled. For my father is much beloved by the household, of which he is the oldest member. M. Constant, who had seen me as a child at Malmaison, found me sufficiently sensible at Saint-Cloud to ask me of my father, with the approbation of Their Majesties. It was decided that we should be married after the coronation. I was fourteen years old a fortnight after our marriage.

"My sister and I were always received with extreme kindness by Her Majesty the Empress, and when, fearing to weary her, we did not go to see her for some time, she complained about it to my father. She admitted us to her morning toilet. They laced her stays and dressed her before us. There was no one in her chamber but her women and some persons of the household, who, like us, count among their sweetest moments those in which they could see this adored princess. Familiar talk is almost always full of charm. Her Majesty sometimes told anecdotes, not a word of which either of us recalls."

Her Majesty the Empress had promised Louise a dowry; but the money intended for it had been spent otherwise, and my wife had nothing but a few little jewels, and two or three pieces of stuff. M. Charvet was too delicate to remind Her Majesty of her promise; now, one never got anything from her without that; for she could neither economize nor refuse. Some time after my marriage the Emperor asked me what the Empress had given my wife, and seemed

extremely dissatisfied when I told him; doubtless because the sum asked from him for Louise's dowry had received another destination. On this subject His Majesty the Emperor had the kindness to assure me that henceforward it should be his business to provide for my fortune, that he was satisfied with my services, and that he would prove it to me.

I have said above that it was my wife's younger sister who was the favorite of Her Majesty the Empress. Nevertheless, she did not receive, when she married, a richer dowry than that of Louise. But the Empress wished to see my sister-in-law's husband, and she said to him with a truly maternal accent: "Sir, I recommend my daughter to you, and I beg you to make her happy. She deserves it, and I shall think very ill of you if you do not know how to appreciate her." When my sister-in-law, escaping from Compiègne, in 1814, with her mother-in-law, went to Evreux for her delivery, the Empress, who heard of it, sent her first valet de chambre to her with all she thought necessary for a young woman in that condition. She even reproached her for not having alighted at Navarre.

My sister-in-law had been educated in the same boarding-school as Mademoiselle Josephine Tallien, god-daughter of the Empress, who has since married M. Pelet de La Lozère, and another daughter of Madame Tallien, Mademoiselle Clémence Cabarus. The school was directed by Madame Vigogne, widow of the colonel of that name, and an old friend of the Em-

press, who had induced her to take a boarding-school, and promised to secure her as many pupils as she could. The institution prospered under the direction of this lady, who was of distinguished intelligence and perfect manners. She often brought to the Empress the protégés of the latter, and other young persons who had deserved this reward. It was a powerful means to excite emulation in these children, whom Her Majesty covered with caresses and to whom she made little presents. One morning when Madame Vigogne had dressed to go and see the Empress, as she was coming downstairs to go to her carriage, she heard piercing screams from one of the class-rooms. She ran thither, and beheld a young girl whose clothes were all in flames. With a presence of mind worthy of a mother, Madame Vigogne at once enveloped the child in the train of her long dress, and put out the fire. But the hands of the courageous teacher were cruelly burned. She went in this condition to make her call upon Her Majesty the Empress, and related to her the wretched accident which had caused it. Her Majesty, who was easily moved by all that was fine and generous, was so affected that she wept with admiration. One of Her Majesty's physicians was charged to give the first attentions to Madame Vigogne and her young pupil.

CHAPTER V

Portrait of the Empress Josephine — The Empress's levee — Details of the toilet — Audiences of the Empress — The breakfast of the Empress — The Empress at billiards — Promenades in the closed park — The Empress with her ladies — The Emperor surprising the Empress in the salon — Dinner of the Empress — The Emperor keeps it waiting — The princes and ministers at the Emperor's table — The Empress on a hunting day — All the ladies at the table of Their Majesties — The Empress comes to pass the night with the Emperor — Details concerning the awakening of the august spouses — The Empress's taste for jewels — Marie-Antoinette's jewel-press too small to contain those of Josephine —Josephine's jealousy — Memory of the Empress — The Empress restores harmony between the Emperor's brothers — Characteristic kindness of the Empress to a valet de chambre — The Emperor's severity ; he wishes to send away M. Frère — The valet restored to favor — Forgetfulness of a benefit — Generosity of the Empress — Affection of the Empress for Eugène and Hortense — Details concerning the vice-queen (Auguste-Amèlie of Bavaria) — Josephine's love for her grandchildren — A word about the divorce — Prince Eugène's letter to his wife — My trips to Malmaison after the divorce — The Emperor's commissions for the Empress Josephine — The Empress desires to see the Emperor — Visit to Josephine before the Russian campaign — Visit to the Empress after that campaign — Details concerning the budget of the Empress after the divorce — Council presided over by the Empress in a linen dress — Storeroom for precious objects belonging to the Empress — A division of them made between her children and the brothers and sisters of the Emperor — M. Denon — Cabinet of antiques at Malmaison — M. Denon and the Empress's collection of medals — Visit of the Empress to the Emperor while I was making his toilet.

THE Empress Josephine was of medium height and singularly well made: there was a suppleness and lightness in her movements which gave an almost aerial grace to her bearing, yet without detracting from the majesty of a sovereign. Her expressive physiognomy translated all the impressions of her soul, without ever losing the charming sweetness which was its basis. In pleasure as in sadness, she was beautiful to behold. You smiled in spite of yourself on seeing her smile. . . . If she was sad, you were so likewise. Never did any woman justify more fully than she the saying that *the eyes are the mirror of the soul.* Hers, of a deep blue, were almost always half closed by her long lids, slightly arched, and fringed by the most beautiful lashes in the world; and when she looked thus, one felt drawn toward her by an irresistible power. It would have been difficult for the Empress to impart any severity to this seductive glance; but she could, and at need knew how to render it imposing. Her hair was very beautiful, long, and silky; and its pale chestnut color blended admirably with that of her skin, dazzling with delicacy and freshness. At the beginning of her supreme power, the Empress still liked to put a red madras handkerchief on her head in the mornings, which gave her a most piquant, creole-like appearance.

But what contributed more than anything else to the all-pervading charm of the Empress was the ravishing sound of her voice. How many times

it has happened to me, as to so many others, to stop suddenly on hearing this voice, solely to enjoy the pleasure of listening to it! Perhaps it could not be said that the Empress was a beautiful woman; but her face, so full of sentiment and kindness, and the angelic grace diffused over her whole person, made her the most attractive of women.

During her residence at Saint-Cloud, Her Majesty habitually rose at nine o'clock, and made her first toilet, which lasted until ten; then she passed into a salon where the persons who had solicited and obtained the favor of an audience were assembled. Sometimes also at this hour and in the same salon, Her Majesty received her purveyors. At eleven o'clock, when the Emperor was absent, she breakfasted with her first lady of honor and some other ladies. Madame de La Rochefoucauld, her first lady of honor, was hump-backed, and so small that when she placed herself at table it was necessary to add to the cushion already on her chair another very thick one of violet satin. Madame de La Rochefoucauld knew how to redeem her physical deformities by her wit, keen and brilliant but a trifle caustic, by the highest breeding, and the most exquisite court manners.

After the breakfast the Empress would have a game of billiards; or, when the weather was fine, she would walk in the garden or the enclosed park. This recreation only lasted a short time, and Her Majesty, on returning to her apartments, employed

herself at her embroidery frame in chatting with her ladies, who were also busy with some sort of needlework. When it happened that there were no unexpected visitors, between two and three o'clock the Empress rode out in an open carriage, and on her return the grand toilet was made. Sometimes the Emperor was present at it. Occasionally, also, the Emperor came to surprise Her Majesty in the salon. Then he was always sure to be amusing, amiable, and gay.

Dinner was served at six; but more often than not the Emperor forgot it and kept the table waiting indefinitely. More than one dinner was eaten between nine and ten o'clock in the evening. Their Majesties dined together, either alone or in company with a few guests, princes of the imperial family, or ministers. Unless there were either concert, reception, or play, everybody retired at midnight; then the Empress, who liked to sit up late, played at backgammon with one of the chamberlains. Usually it was the Count de Beaumont who was thus honored.

On hunting days the Empress and her ladies followed the chase in open carriages. There was a costume for that purpose. It was a sort of green riding-habit, with a toque ornamented with white feathers. All the ladies who followed the hunt dined with Their Majesties.

When the Empress came to pass the night in the apartment of the Emperor, I went in, as usual, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

It was seldom that I did not find the august pair already awake. The Emperor generally asked me for some tea or an infusion of orange leaves, and rose at once. The Empress would smilingly say to him: "Are you getting up already? Stay a little longer." "Well, are not you sleeping?" His Majesty would answer; then he would roll her up in the coverings, pat her cheeks and shoulders, and laugh as he kissed her.

At the end of a few minutes the Empress would rise in her turn, slip on a morning-gown, and read the journals, or else go down to her apartment by the private stairs. She never left that of His Majesty without addressing me some words, invariably expressive of kindness and the most touching good will.

Elegant and simple in her dress, the Empress submitted with reluctance to the necessity of ostentatious toilets. Jewels were the only things she cared much about; she had always liked them; hence the Emperor gave them to her often and in great abundance. It was a pleasure to her to adorn herself with them, and a still greater one to show them.

One morning when my wife had gone to see her at her toilet, Her Majesty related to her that, when she was newly married to M. de Beauharnais, being enchanted with the ornaments he had given her, she used to carry them in her pockets (pockets were an essential part of women's dress in those days) and display them to her young friends. As the Empress

was speaking of her pockets, she ordered one of her ladies to go and find a pair to show to my wife. The lady to whom she addressed herself could hardly repress her longing to laugh at this singular request, and she assured Her Majesty that nothing of the sort was now to be found in her linen-room. The Empress responded regretfully that she was sorry, as it would have given her pleasure to see once more a pair of her old pockets. The years had brought great changes. The jewels of the Empress Josephine could hardly have been contained in the pockets of Madame de Beauharnais, no matter how long and deep they might have been. The jewel-press which had belonged to Queen Marie-Antoinette, and which had never been quite full, was too small for the Empress; and when she wanted one day to show all her ornaments to some ladies who expressed a wish to see them, a large table had to be set up to lay the jewel cases on; and the table not sufficing, several other pieces of furniture were covered with them.

Kind to excess, as everybody knows, sensitive beyond expression, generous to prodigality, the Empress formed the happiness of all who surrounded her. Cherishing her husband with a tenderness which nothing could change, and which was as keen at her last sigh as when Madame de Beauharnais and General Bonaparte made the avowal of their mutual love, Josephine was long the only woman loved by the Emperor, and she deserved to be so always. How touching was the

accord of the imperial couple during several years! Full of deference, of attention, and of unreserve for Josephine, the Emperor loved to kiss her neck, her face, to give her little pats and call her *my big dunce*. True, this did not prevent his being guilty of some infidelities toward her, but without failing in other respects in his conjugal duties. On her part, the Empress adored him, and tormented herself to find means of pleasing him, of divining his intentions, so as to anticipate his slightest wishes.

At first she made her husband jealous. Strongly prejudiced against her during the Egyptian campaign by indiscreet reports, the Emperor had explanations with the Empress after his return which did not always terminate without cries and acts of violence; but calm was soon restored and seldom disturbed afterwards. The Emperor could not resist such charms and so much sweetness.

The Empress had a prodigious memory, which the Emperor often laid under contribution; she was an excellent musician, played the harp very well, and sang with taste. Her tact was perfect, and she had an exquisite sentiment of what was befitting, and the sanest, most infallible judgment it is possible to imagine; of a temper always sweet and uniform, as obliging to her enemies as to her friends, she restored peace wherever there had been quarrelling or discord. When the Emperor was angry with his brothers or with other persons, as frequently happened, the Empress would say a few

words and all would be settled. When she asked a pardon, the Emperor seldom failed to grant it, no matter how serious might have been the fault committed. I could cite many examples of pardons thus solicited and obtained. One fact which is almost personal to me will sufficiently prove that the intercession of this good Empress was all-powerful.

The first valet de chambre of Her Majesty had somewhat overheated himself at breakfast with some friends. The nature of his duties obliged him to assist at meals and to stand behind the Empress in order to change the plates. On this day, excited by the vapors of the champagne he had taken, he unfortunately let drop some offensive words, pronounced it is true in an undertone, but by an unlucky chance overheard by the Emperor. His Majesty gave M. Frère a terrible look which made him sensible of the gravity of his fault, and when dinner was over, the Emperor ordered the imprudent valet's dismissal in a tone which left nothing to be hoped for and admitted of no reply.

M. Frère was an excellent servant, a gentle, upright, and honest man. His present fault was the first of this kind with which he could be reproached, and consequently it deserved some indulgence. Some applications were made to the grand marshal, but he refused his intercession, knowing so well the inflexibility of the Emperor. Several other persons to whom the poor fellow went

to beg them to speak for him, answered as the grand marshal had done; so that M. Frère came in despair to bid us adieu. I ventured to undertake his cause; I hoped that by choosing the favorable moment I might succeed in inducing His Majesty to reconsider. The order of dismissal required M. Frère to quit the palace within twenty-four hours; I advised him not to obey, but to remain carefully hidden in his chamber, which he did. That evening, at the couchee, His Majesty spoke to me of what had occurred and showed much anger; I thought silence was the most prudent thing for me, and I waited. The next morning, the Empress had the goodness to send me word that she would be present at her husband's toilet, and that if I thought proper to broach the question, she would abet me with all her might. In effect, seeing the Emperor in a rather good humor, I spoke of M. Frère, and depicting to His Majesty the poor man's regrets, I laid before him the reasons which might excuse the levity of his conduct. "Sire," said I, "he is a good man who has no fortune and who supports a numerous family. If he leaves the service of Her Majesty the Empress, no one will believe that it is for a fault due to wine rather than to him, and he will be ruined forever." To these words, as to many other entreaties, the Emperor replied only by interruptions that showed entire aversion to the pardon I was soliciting. Happily the Empress kindly joined me, and said

to her husband in her touching and expressive voice: "My dear, if you will forgive him you will please me." Emboldened by this powerful patronage, I began my entreaties anew, to which the Emperor replied brusquely, addressing both the Empress and me: "In a word, you wish it? Well, let him stay, then."

M. Frère thanked me with all his heart; he was hardly able to believe the good news I brought him. As to the Empress, she was made happy by the joy experienced by this faithful servant, who gave her to the end of his life proofs of his entire devotion. I have been assured that in 1814, at the time of the Emperor's departure for the island of Elba, M. Frère was not the last to blame my conduct, the motives of which he did not know. I am unwilling to believe it; for it seems to me that in his place, if I had thought myself unable to defend an absent friend, I should at least have kept silence.

As I have said, the Empress was extremely generous. She distributed a great deal in charity; many émigrés lived solely on her benefactions. She kept up a very active correspondence with the sisters of charity who nurse the sick, and sent them a multitude of things. Her valets were despatched in all directions to carry to the poor the assistance of her inexhaustible beneficence. A great many other persons were sent daily on similar missions, and all these alms, all these multiplied and widely diffused

gifts were made of inestimable worth by the grace with which they were offered and the discernment with which they were distributed. I could cite a thousand examples of this delicate generosity.

M. de Beauharnais, at the time of his marriage with Josephine, had a natural daughter named Adèle. The Empress cherished her as if she had been her own child. She took the greatest care of her education, endowed her generously, and married her to a prefect of the Empire.

If the Empress showed so much affection for a child which was not hers, it is impossible to form an idea of her love and devotion for Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène. It is true to say that her children fully returned it, and that never in the world has there been a better or happier mother. She was proud of her two children, and always spoke of them with an enthusiasm which seemed very natural to those who had known the Queen of Holland and the Viceroy of Italy. I have told how, when made an orphan in his tenderest years by the revolutionary scaffold, young Beauharnais had gained the heart of General Bonaparte by coming to ask him for his father's sword. It is also known how this action gave the General a desire to see Josephine, and what resulted from this interview. When Madame de Beauharnais had become the wife of General Bonaparte, Eugène entered the military career, and at once attached himself to the fortunes of his stepfather, who summoned him to his side in Italy in

the capacity of aide-de-camp. He was chief of squadron in the chasseurs of the consular guard when, at the immortal battle of Marengo, he shared all the dangers of him who took so much pleasure in calling him his son. A few years later, the chief of squadron had become Viceroy of Italy, heir-presumptive of the imperial crown, a title which in truth he did not long retain, and husband of the daughter of a king.

The Vice-Queen (Auguste-Amélie of Bavaria) was as good and beautiful as an angel. I was at Malmaison one day when the Empress had just received the portrait of her daughter-in-law, surrounded by three or four children, one on her shoulder, the other at her feet, a third in her arms; all of them had angelic faces. On seeing me, the Empress deigned to call me to come and admire this gathering of charming heads. I saw that she had tears in her eyes while talking to me. These portraits were well executed, and I afterwards had occasion to perceive that the resemblances were perfect. Then the question was what toys and rarities to buy for these dear children. The Empress went herself to select the presents she intended for them, and had them packed under her own eyes.

A valet de chambre of the Prince has assured me that at the time of the divorce, Prince Eugène wrote his wife a very melancholy letter. Perhaps he expressed in it some regret for not being the Emperor's adopted son. The Princess answered with tender-

ness; she said to him, among other things: "It is not the heir of the Emperor that I married, and that I love, it is Eugène de Beauharnais." The Prince read this phrase and several others before the person from whom I have the fact, and who was affected even to tears by them. Such a woman merited more than a throne.

After that event, so terrible to the heart of the Empress, who could never be consoled for it, the excellent princess never left Malmaison again, except to make several journeys to Navarre. Each time that I returned to Paris with the Emperor, I had scarcely arrived when my first care was to go to Malmaison. I seldom carried a letter from the Emperor; he only wrote to Josephine on grand occasions. "Tell the Empress that I am well and that I desire that she may be happy." That was what His Majesty almost always said to me when he saw me about to start. As soon as I arrived, the Empress left everything else to come and talk to me; I often remained an hour, and even two hours, with her; during this time nothing but the Emperor was spoken of; I had to tell her all he had suffered on the journey, if he had been sad or gay, well or ill. She wept over the details I gave her, recommended a thousand precautions for his health and the cares with which she wished me to surround him. Afterwards she would deign to question me about myself, my fate, the health of my wife, her former protégée; then she would dismiss me with a letter for His

Majesty, begging me to say to the Emperor how happy she would be if he came to see her.

Before the departure for Russia, the Empress, uneasy about this war, of which she utterly disapproved, again renewed her recommendations. She presented me with her portrait, saying: "My good Constant, I rely on you; if the Emperor were sick you would let me know, wouldn't you? Do not hide anything from me, I love him so!" Assuredly, the Empress had a thousand means of getting news of His Majesty, but I am persuaded that if she had received a hundred letters a day from persons surrounding the Emperor, she would have read and re-read them all with the same avidity.

When I returned to Saint-Cloud or the Tuileries, the Emperor would ask me how Josephine was, and if I had found her gay; he received with pleasure the letters that I brought, and hastened to open them. Every time that, being on a journey or at the campaign in His Majesty's suite, I wrote to my wife, I would speak of the Emperor, and the good princess was enchanted to have my wife show her the letters. Everything, in a word, which had the least relation to her husband interested the Empress to a degree that thoroughly proved the singular tenderness she always felt for him, after as well as before their separation.

Too generous, and unable to adapt her expenses to her resources, it often happened that the Empress found herself obliged to send her purveyors away

empty-handed on the very days she had herself set for the payment of their accounts. This once came to the Emperor's ears, and there was a very lively discussion on the subject between the two, which ended in the decision that thereafter no merchant or purveyor should come to the château without a letter from the lady of the bedchamber or the private secretary. This well-considered resolution was executed with much exactness up to the time of the divorce. At the close of this explanation the Empress wept a good deal, and promised to be more economical; the Emperor pardoned her, embraced her, and peace was made. This, I think, was the last quarrel of the sort that disturbed the imperial couple.

I have been told that after the divorce, there having occurred a deficit in the budget of the Empress, the Emperor addressed some reproaches to the steward of Malmaison, which very naturally reached Josephine. This good mistress, keenly afflicted by the unpleasantness to which her steward had been subjected, and not knowing how to establish a better state of things, assembled a household council, at which she chose to preside in a linen robe made without any trimmings. This linen robe had been made in a great hurry and was never worn again. The Empress, whom the necessity of giving a refusal always reduced to despair, was continually besieged by merchants who assured her that they had made such or such a thing expressly for her use, and implored her not to send it back, because they would

not know where else to place their goods. The Empress kept all they brought; but then followed the necessity of paying for them.

The Empress was always extremely polite toward all the members of her household; it never happened that a reproach fell from her mouth, which opened only to say flattering things. If any one of her ladies gave her cause for dissatisfaction, the only punishment she inflicted was an absolute silence on her own part, which lasted one, two, three, eight days more or less, according to the gravity of the fault. Well, this penalty, so easy in appearance, was cruel to the greater number of them: the Empress knew so well how to make herself beloved!

In the days of the Consulate, Madame Bonaparte often received from cities conquered by her husband, or from persons who desired to obtain her good offices with the First Consul, packages of costly furniture and curiosities of every kind, pictures, stuffs, etc. At first, these gifts greatly flattered Madame Bonaparte; she was as pleased as a child to see the cases opened and find out what was inside; she helped herself to unpack and carry all these pretty things. But the packages soon became so considerable, and were so often repeated, that it became necessary to have an apartment to put them in, of which my father-in-law kept the key. There the cases remained intact until it should please Madame Bonaparte to have them opened.

When the First Consul decided to take up his residence at Saint-Cloud, my father-in-law had to leave Malmaison and install himself at the new palace, the master of which wished him to superintend the furnishing. Before departing, my father-in-law rendered an account to Madame Bonaparte of all that he had had in his charge. At this time the cases, which filled two rooms from floor to ceiling, were opened in her presence. Madame Bonaparte was amazed at such riches; it was nothing but marbles, bronzes, and magnificent pictures. Eugène, Hortense, and the sisters of the First Consul had a good share of them; the rest were employed in decorating the apartments of Malmaison.

The taste the Empress had for jewels extended for some time to antique curiosities, engraved stones and medals. M. Denon encouraged this whim, and in the end persuaded the good Josephine that she was a perfect connoisseur in antiques and ought to have a cabinet at Malmaison, with a curator, etc. This proposition, which flattered the self-love of the Empress, was favorably received. The site was chosen, M. de M—— was chosen for curator, and the new cabinet was enriched by levies on the rich furnishing of the apartments of the château. M. Denon, who had given this idea, undertook to make a collection of medals; but this taste, coming so suddenly, vanished as it came; the cabinet was taken to make a company salon, the antiques were relegated to the antechamber of the bath-room, and

M. de M——, having no longer anything to take care of, lived habitually at Paris.

Some time after this, two ladies of the palace took the notion to persuade Her Majesty the Empress that nothing would be more beautiful or more worthy of her than a set of assorted antique stones, Greek and Roman. Several chamberlains supported this invention, which did not fail to please Her Majesty; she greatly loved everything which bordered on originality. One morning, therefore, as I was dressing the Emperor, I saw the Empress enter. After some moments of conversation, "Bonaparte," said she, "these ladies have advised me to have a set of antique stones; I have come to beg you to tell M. Denon to choose some very fine ones for me." The Emperor burst into peals of laughter, and at first flatly refused. Then arrived the grand marshal of the palace, whom the Emperor informed of the request presented by the Empress and asked his opinion. The Duc de Frioul found the thing very reasonable and united his persuasions to those of the Empress. "It is an egregious folly," said the Emperor, "but, after all, one must submit to what women desire. Duroc, go to the cabinet of antiques yourself and choose what will be necessary."

The Duc de Frioul soon came back with the most beautiful stones in the collection. The crown jeweller mounted them magnificently; but the weight of the set was enormous, and the Empress never wore it.

Although I may be accused of tiresome repetitions,

I will say that the Empress seized with extreme eagerness every opportunity of doing good. One morning when she was breakfasting alone with His Majesty, the cries of an infant were suddenly heard coming from a private staircase. The Emperor became gloomy, he frowned and asked brusquely what this meant. I went to inquire, and I found a newly born baby, carefully and neatly wrapped up, lying in a sort of upright cradle, with its body encircled by a ribbon to which a folded paper was attached. I came back to say what I had seen: "Oh! Constant, bring me the cradle," said the Empress at once. The Emperor at first refused, and expressed his surprise and dissatisfaction that any one should have been able to enter thus into the interior of his apartments. Her Majesty the Empress thereupon observing that it must have been some one belonging to the household, he turned and looked at me as if to ask if it were I who had had this idea. I shook my head in the negative. At this moment the infant began to cry again, and the Emperor could not avoid smiling, even while complaining and saying: "Josephine, send the little monkey away." The Empress, wishing to profit by this return of good humor, sent me for the cradle, which I brought. She caressed the newly born, quieted it, and read the paper, which was a petition from the parents. Then she approached the Emperor and urged him to caress the baby a little also, which he did without requiring too much persuasion; for the Emperor himself liked

to play with infants. Finally Her Majesty the Empress, after having placed a roll of napoleons in the cradle, sent the baby to the concierge of the palace, so that it might be returned to its parents.

Here is another of Her Majesty's good deeds; I had the happiness of being a witness of this one also: Some months before the coronation, a little girl of between four and five years had been rescued from the Seine, and a charitable lady, Madame Fabien Pillet, had hastened to give an asylum to the poor orphan. At the time of the coronation, the Empress, being informed of this fact, desired to see the child, and after looking at it compassionately for some moments, and sincerely and gracefully offering her protection to Madame Pillet and her husband, she told them that she would be responsible for the little girl's future; then with that delicacy and that affectionate tone which were natural to her, the Empress added: "Your good action has given you too many rights over the poor little thing for me to prevent you from finishing your good work yourselves. Hence I ask your permission to defray the expenses of her education; but it is you who will put her in a school and watch over her; I will be merely her second benefactress." It was the most touching thing in the world to see Her Majesty, as she uttered these delicate words, pass her hand through the hair of the *poor little thing*, as she had just called her, and kiss her forehead with motherly kindness. M. and Madame Pillet withdrew, deeply affected by this touching scene.

CHAPTER VI

General Junot appointed ambassador to Portugal — Anecdote concerning this general — Junot's fits of passion — While governor of Paris, he beats the employees of a gaming-house — The Emperor reprimands him in words of evil omen — Junot's skill with the pistol — Madame Bonaparte's chambermaid the rival of her mistress — Josephine's indulgence — Brutality of an English jockey — Constant's second journey to Lombardy — Contrast between this journey and the first one — Baptism of the second son of Prince Louis — The three sons of Hortense the Emperor's godchildren — Sojourn of the Emperor at Brienne — Mesdames de Brienne and de Loménie — Souvenirs of the Emperor's childhood — The dinner, whist, etc. — The field of La Rothière — Mother Marguerite — The Emperor pays her a visit, chats with her, and asks her for some breakfast — A happy and good-natured scene — New anecdote concerning the Duc d'Abrantès — Junot and his former schoolmaster — The Emperor and his former prefect of studies — The Emperor's benefits at Brienne — Passage through Troyes — Stay at Lyons — The crossing of Mont Cenis — Their Majesties' litters — Halt at the hospice — Benefits accorded to the monks by the Emperor — Stay at Stupinigi — Visit from the Pope — Arrival at Alexandria — Review in the plain of Marengo — Interview between the Emperor and Prince Jérôme — Cause of the Emperor's dissatisfaction — Jérôme and Miss Patterson — Jérôme goes to Algiers to deliver the Genoese prisoners — Napoleon's affection for Jérôme.

WHEN General Junot was appointed ambassador to Portugal, I was reminded of a rather comic anecdote which had highly amused the Emperor. At the camp of Boulogne, the Emperor had

made it the order of the day that all military men must give up powder and cut their hair *à la Titus*. Many grumbled, but all ended by submitting to the orders of the chief, excepting an old grenadier belonging to the corps commanded by General Junot. Unable to decide on the sacrifice of his ringlets and his queue, this hero swore that he would only resign himself to it in case his general would cut off the first lock with his own hands. None of the officers who busied themselves about the matter having been able to obtain any other reply, it was reported to the General. "Don't let that be an objection," replied the latter; "bring the rascal to me." The grenadier was summoned, and General Junot gave the first snap of the shears to a greasy and powdered lock; then he gave twenty francs to the old fellow, who went away quite satisfied to let the regimental barber finish the operation. The Emperor, having heard of this adventure, laughed heartily and strongly approved General Junot, whom he complimented on his condescension.

A thousand similar traits might be cited of the good nature blended with military roughness which characterized General Junot. Some of another sort which did less honor to his brains might also be cited. He was so unaccustomed to self-restraint that he often fell into rages which more frequently than not resulted in his forgetting his rank and the reserve it should have imposed on him. Everybody has heard of his adventure in the gambling-house

where he tore up the cards, upset the furniture, and beat the bankers and croupiers to indemnify himself for the loss of his money. The worst of it was that he was governor of Paris at the time. On being informed of this scandal, the Emperor sent for him and asked in great anger if he had sworn to live and die a fool. This might, in the sequel, have been taken for a prediction, when the unhappy General died in a fit of mental alienation. He replied in not very measured terms to the reprimands of the Emperor and was sent to the army of England, perhaps to give him time to cool down. It was not merely in gaming-houses that the governor of Paris thus compromised his dignity. Other adventures of a still gayer kind have been related to me, but I must forbid myself to repeat them. The fact is that General Junot piqued himself far less on respecting the proprieties than upon being one of the most skilful shots with the pistol in the army. When riding in the country, he would often spur his horse to a gallop, holding a pistol in each hand, and he never failed of his aim as he passed the heads of the ducks and fowls he selected as targets. He cut off a little branch of a tree at twenty-five paces, and I have even heard (I am far from guaranteeing the reality of this feat) that he had once, with the consent of the party whose life his imprudence thus imperilled, shot through the middle a clay pipe scarcely three inches long, which a soldier was holding between his teeth.

In the first journey that Madame Bonaparte made to Italy to rejoin her husband, she stopped for some time in Milan. At this time she had in her service a chambermaid called Louise, tall and very handsome, and who bestowed many well-paid-for favors on the brave Junot. As soon as her waiting on her mistress was finished for the day, Louise, still more adorned than Madame Bonaparte, would drive through the city and the environs in an elegant equipage, and often eclipsed the wife of the Commander-in-Chief. On their return to Paris, the latter obliged his wife to dismiss the fair Louise who, abandoned by her inconstant lover, fell into great poverty. I have since often seen her come to the Empress Josephine to ask assistance, which was always kindly granted. This young woman, who had dared to rival Madame Bonaparte in elegance, ended, I believe, by marrying an English jockey who made her very unhappy, and she died in the most miserable condition.

The First Consul of the French Republic, on becoming Emperor of the French, could no longer content himself in Italy with the title of President. Hence deputies from the Cisalpine Republic again crossed the mountains, consulted together in Paris, and offered His Majesty the title of King of Italy, which he accepted. A few days after his acceptance the Emperor set out for Milan, where he was to be crowned. I returned with the greatest pleasure to that beautiful country, of which I had retained the

most agreeable souvenirs in spite of the fatigues and dangers of war. The circumstances were now very different. It was as a sovereign that the Emperor was about to cross the Alps, Piedmont, and Lombardy, every gorge, every river, and every defile of which it had been necessary to carry by force of arms on our first journey. In 1800, the escort of the First Consul was an army; in 1805, it was a wholly pacific cortège of chamberlains, pages, ladies of honor, and officers of the palace.

Before his departure the Emperor held at the baptismal font at Saint-Cloud, with Madame-Mère as godmother, Prince Napoleon-Louis, second son of Prince Louis, His Majesty's brother. All three of the sons of Queen Hortense had the Emperor for godfather, if I mistake not. But the one he liked best was the eldest of the three, Prince Napoleon-Charles, who died at the age of five, Prince-Royal of Holland. I shall speak later on of this lovely child, whose death was the despair of his father and mother, one of the Emperor's greatest chagrins, and may be considered as the cause of the gravest events.

After the baptismal festivities, we started for Italy. The Empress Josephine made the journey. Whenever it was possible, the Emperor liked to take her with him. For her part, she would have liked always to accompany her husband, whether it were possible or not. The Emperor usually was bent on keeping his journeys very secret, and he would ask at midnight for horses to go to Mayence or to Milan,

precisely as if it were a matter of an excursion to Saint-Cloud or Rambouillet.

I do not know on which of these journeys it was that His Majesty had decided not to take the Empress Josephine. The Emperor dreaded less that train of ladies and women who formed the suite of Her Majesty, than the annoyances occasioned by the packages and cases by which they were ordinarily accompanied. He wanted to travel faster and without pomp, and to spare the cities through which he passed an enormous increase of expense. Hence he ordered that everything should be in readiness for a start at one o'clock in the morning, an hour at which the Empress was usually asleep; but in spite of all precautions, some indiscretion made the Empress aware of what was going on. The Emperor had promised that she should accompany him on his next journey. And yet he had deceived her and was going without her! . . . At once she called her women; but impatient with their slowness, Her Majesty sprang out of the foot of the bed, slipped on the first article of clothing that came under her hand, ran out of the chamber in slippers and without stockings. Crying like a little child that is being taken back to school, she ran through the apartments, descended the stairs with rapid steps, and threw herself into the Emperor's arms just as he was about getting into the carriage. It was high time, for in another minute he would have been off. As nearly always happened when he saw his wife in tears, the Emperor was moved; she per-

ceived it, and already she was crouching down in the bottom of the carriage; but Her Majesty was not half-dressed. The Emperor covered her with his pelisse, and before starting himself gave orders that at the first relay his wife should find all that she might need.

Leaving the Empress at Fontainebleau, the Emperor went on to Brienne, where he arrived at six in the evening. Mesdames de Brienne and de Loménie and several ladies of the city were awaiting him at the foot of the château steps. He entered the salon and gave a most gracious reception to all who were presented to him. Thence he passed into the gardens, conversing familiarly with Mesdames de Brienne and de Loménie, and recalling with a surprising fidelity of memory the least particulars of the sojourn he had made in childhood at the military school of Brienne.

His Majesty admitted his hosts and several persons of their circle to his table. After dinner he played whist with Mesdames de Brienne, de Vandeuvre, and de Nolivres; and at the game as at the table, the conversation of the Emperor appeared animated and interesting, and he displayed a gaiety and affability which charmed everybody.

His Majesty spent the night at the château of Brienne, and rose early to go and visit the field of La Rothière, formerly one of his favorite excursions. He took the greatest pleasure in going over these places where he had passed his earliest youth. He pointed them out with a kind of pride, and each of

his movements, each of his reflections, seemed to say: "See where I started from, and where I have arrived."

His Majesty walked ahead of the persons who accompanied him, and pleased himself by being the first to name the different places where he found himself. A peasant, seeing him thus at a distance from his suite, called out to him familiarly: "Eh! citizen, will the Emperor be along presently?" "Yes," replied the Emperor himself; "be patient."

The evening before, the Emperor had asked Madame de Brienne about Mother Marguerite, as an old woman was called who occupied a thatched cottage in the middle of the wood, and to whom the pupils of the military school had been accustomed to pay frequent visits. His Majesty had not forgotten this name, and seemed as much pleased as surprised to find that she who bore it was still living. Continuing his morning ride, the Emperor galloped to the door of the cottage, alighted from his horse, and entered the house of the good peasant. The sight of the latter had been enfeebled by age; and besides the Emperor had changed so much that, even with good eyes, it would have been difficult for her to recognize him. "Good day, Mother Marguerite," said the Emperor, bowing to the old woman, "are you not curious to see the Emperor?" "Yes indeed, my good sir; I am very curious, so much so that here is a little basket of fresh eggs that I am going to carry to Madame; and then I will rest at the château to try and see the Emperor. The trouble

is, I shall not see him so well to-day as of old when he came to drink milk at Mother Marguerite's. He was not the Emperor then; but it's all the same; he made the others march; faith! you ought to see him. The milk, the eggs, the brown bread, the broken dishes, he took care that I should be paid for them, and he began himself by paying his own scot." —"How! Mother Marguerite," returned the Emperor, smiling, "you have not forgotten Bonaparte?" "Forgotten, my good sir; do you suppose one forgets a young man like that, who was good, serious, and even sad sometimes, but always good to poor people? I am only a peasant woman; but I could have predicted that that young man would make his way. — "He has not made it very badly, has he?" "Faith! no."

While this short dialogue was going on, the Emperor had at first turned his back to the door, and consequently to the light, which could only enter there. But His Majesty had gradually approached the old woman, and when he was close to her, the Emperor, whose face was then illumined by the light from outside, began to rub his hands and to say, trying to recall the tone and manners of his early youth when he came to the peasant's house: "Come, Mother Marguerite! some milk and some fresh eggs; we are dying with hunger." The good woman seemed trying to collect her memories, and began to look at the Emperor with great attention. "Well, mother, you were very sure just now of recognizing

Bonaparte? We two are old acquaintances." While the Emperor was saying these last words to her, the peasant had fallen at his feet. He lifted her with the most touching kindness, and said: "Truly, Mother Marguerite, I have a schoolboy's appetite. Have you nothing to give me?" The good woman, who was beside herself with happiness, served His Majesty with eggs and milk. His repast finished, His Majesty gave his old hostess a purse full of gold, saying: "You know, Mother Marguerite, that I like to have people pay their scot. Adieu, I shall not forget you." And, while the Emperor was remounting his horse, the good old woman on the threshold was promising with tears of joy to pray to God for him.

At his levee His Majesty had been speaking with some one of the possibility of finding some of his old acquaintances, and an anecdote concerning General Junot had been related which greatly diverted him. The General on his return from Egypt finding himself at Montbard, where he had spent several years of his childhood, had diligently hunted up his companions in school and boyish tricks, and had found several with whom he chatted in a gay and familiar way about his early frolics. Afterwards they went to revisit the different localities, each of which awakened in them some souvenir of their youth. On the public square of the city, the General perceived an old man walking along with a magisterial air and carrying a large cane. He immediately ran up to

him, threw his arms about his neck, and almost stifled him with repeated caresses. The promenader, disengaging himself with difficulty from these ardent embraces, gazed in wonder at General Junot, not knowing to what he should attribute such expressive tenderness on the part of a military man wearing the uniform of a superior officer and all the marks of high rank. "What!" cried the latter, "don't you recognize me?" "Citizen general, I beg you to excuse me, but I have not an idea." — "Zounds! my dear master, have you forgotten the laziest, the most unruly, the hardest to discipline of all your pupils?" "A thousand pardons, might you be M. Junot?" — "Himself," replied the General, renewing his embraces and laughing with his comrades at the singular marks by which he had been recognized. As for His Majesty the Emperor, if the memory of one of his old masters had failed him, it would not have been by such signs that it would have been revived; for everybody knows that he distinguished himself at the Military School by his assiduity at his tasks and the regularity and gravity of his conduct.

A meeting of the same sort, saving the difference of souvenirs, awaited the Emperor at Brienne. While he was visiting the old Military School, which had fallen into ruins, and pointing out to those who surrounded him the site of the study-halls, dormitories, refectories, etc., some one presented to him an ecclesiastic who had been sub-prefect of one of the classes of the school. The Emperor recognized him

at once, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. His Majesty conversed for more than twenty minutes with this gentleman, and left him penetrated with gratitude.

Before leaving Brienne to return to Fontainebleau, the Emperor obtained from the mayor a note of the most pressing needs of the commune, and on his departure left a considerable sum for the poor and the hospitals. At Troyes, as in every place he passed through, the Emperor left marks of his generosity. The widow of a general officer, retired at Joinville (I am sorry to have forgotten the name of this venerable lady who was more than an octogenarian), came to Troyes, in spite of her age, to ask assistance from His Majesty. Her husband having served only before the Revolution, his retiring pension had been withdrawn by the Republic, and she was in the greatest destitution. The brother of General Vouittemont, mayor of a commune in the neighborhood of Troyes, had the kindness to consult me as to the measures he ought to take in order to introduce this lady to the Emperor, and I advised him to have her inscribed on the list of His Majesty's private audiences. I myself took the liberty of speaking of Madame de —— to the Emperor, and the audience was granted. I do not pretend to claim the merit of this; for His Majesty was easily accessible when travelling.

When the good lady came to her audience with M. Vouittemont, whose municipal scarf gave him the

right of entry, I happened to meet them. She stopped to thank me for the very slight service which she claimed I had rendered her, and told me she had been obliged to pawn the six silver forks and spoons she still had left in order to defray the expenses of her journey; that on arriving at Troyes in a wretched farm carryall, covered with a cloth thrown over the hoops, and which had shaken her up dreadfully, she had been unable to find any room in the taverns, which were all crowded on account of the presence of Their Majesties, and would have been obliged to sleep in her carryall but for the obligingness of M. Vouittemont, who had resigned his room and offered her his services. In spite of her more than eighty years and her distress, this worthy lady told her story with an air of gentle gaiety, and as she ended it, she cast a grateful look at her guide, on whose arm she was leaning.

At this moment the usher came to tell that her turn had arrived, and she went into the audience room. M. Vouittemont waited for her while chatting with me. When she returned, she told us, restraining her emotion with great difficulty, that the Emperor had kindly taken the memoir she presented, read it attentively, and immediately handed it to a minister who was near him, recommending him to do what was right about it before night. She received the next morning the brevet for a pension of three thousand francs, the first year of which was paid that very day.

At Lyons, where Cardinal Fesch was archbishop, the Emperor stayed at the archiepiscopal palace. During the sojourn of Their Majesties, the Cardinal put himself to much trouble in order that his nephew should have whatever he might desire without the least delay. In his ardor to please, Monsignor addressed himself to me several times a day, so as to be sure that he lacked nothing. Hence everything went well, and even very well. The Cardinal's zeal was noticed by all the members of the household. For my part, I thought I observed that this zeal acquired new force whenever there was question of paying all the expenses occasioned by the visit of Their Majesties, which were considerable. His Eminence obtained, I think, very good interest on his advance of money, and his generous hospitality was largely indemnified by the generosity of his guests.

The crossing of Mont Cenis was not nearly as difficult as that of Mont Saint-Bernard had been. However, the road ordered by His Majesty was not yet begun. The carriages had to be taken to pieces at the foot of the mountain and transported on mule-back. Their Majesties crossed the mount partly on foot and partly in litters of the greatest beauty, which had been prepared at Turin. That of the Emperor was lined with crimson satin and trimmed with gold galloon and fringe; that of the Empress with blue satin with silver fringe and trimmings. The snow had been carefully swept up and removed. On arriving at the convent, they were received with

much cordiality by the good monks. The Emperor, who held them in singular esteem, conversed a good deal with them and did not go away without leaving behind many and rich tokens of his munificence. Hardly had he arrived at Turin when he issued a decree relative to the improvement of their hospice, and he continued to aid them until his downfall.

Their Majesties halted for some days at Turin, where they inhabited the former palace of the kings of Sardinia, which was made an imperial residence by a decree issued during our actual stay, as also the château of Stupinigi, situated at a little distance from the city.

The Pope rejoined Their Majesties at Stupinigi. The Holy Father had quitted Paris almost at the same time that we did, and before his departure had received magnificent presents from the Emperor. There was an altar of gold, with the most richly wrought chandeliers and sacred vessels, a superb tiara, Gobelin tapestries and Savonnerie carpets; and a statue of the Emperor in Sèvres porcelain. The Empress had likewise presented His Holiness with a vase of the same manufacture, ornamented with paintings by the best artists. This masterpiece was at least four feet high and two and a half feet wide at the opening. It had been made expressly to be offered to the Holy Father, and represented, as well as I can remember, the ceremony of the coronation.

Each of the cardinals of the Papal suite had

received a box of beautiful workmanship, with the portrait of the Emperor enriched with diamonds; and all the persons in the service of Pius VII. had had more or less valuable presents. All of these different objects had been successively brought into the apartments of the Emperor by the purveyors, and I had taken note of them, by His Majesty's orders, as fast as they arrived.

On his side, the Holy Father had also caused very beautiful gifts to be accepted by all officers of His Majesty's household who had done him any personal services during his stay in Paris.

From Stupinigi we went to Alexandria. The day after his arrival the Emperor rose very early, visited the fortifications of the city, went over all the positions of the battle-field of Marengo, and did not return to the house until seven o'clock in the evening, after having tired out five horses. Some days later, he wished the Empress to see this famous plain, and, by his orders, an army of twenty-five or thirty thousand men was there assembled. In the morning of the day fixed for the review of these troops, the Emperor issued from his apartment clad in a long-waisted blue coat with tails, much worn and even torn in various places. These holes were the work of moths and not of balls, as has been wrongly said in certain Memoirs. His Majesty had on his head an old hat bordered by a wide gold band, blackened and ravelled by time, and at his side a cavalry sabre such as were worn by the generals of

the Republic. They were the coat, hat, and sabre he had worn the very day of the battle of Marengo. I afterwards lent this suit to M. David, first painter to His Majesty, for his picture of the crossing of Mont Saint-Bernard. A vast amphitheatre had been erected in the plain for the Empress and the suite of Their Majesties. The day was magnificent, as nearly all the days of May are in Italy. After having gone through the lines, the Emperor sat down beside the Empress, and distributed crosses of the Legion of Honor to the troops. Afterwards he laid the first stone of the monument he had ordered to be raised in the plain to the memory of the heroes who had died in the battle. When His Majesty, in the short speech he made on this occasion to his army, pronounced in a loud but profoundly moved voice the name of Desaix, *who died gloriously here for the country*, an audible shudder of anguish was heard in the ranks of the soldiers. For my part, I was affected to tears, and with my eyes fixed upon this army, these flags, that costume of the Emperor, I had to turn from time to time toward the throne of the Empress to rid myself of the notion that we were still living on the 14th of June, of the year 1800.

I think that it was during this sojourn in Alexandria that Prince Jérôme Bonaparte had an interview with the Emperor in which the latter addressed some serious and sharp admonitions to his young brother. Prince Jérôme came out of the cabinet in visible agi-

tation. The Emperor's dissatisfaction arose from the marriage contracted by his brother, at the age of nineteen, with the daughter of an American merchant. His Majesty had broken this marriage on the ground of minority, and had issued a decree forbidding officers of the civil state to place upon their registers the transmission of the act of celebration of the marriage of M. Jérôme to Miss Patterson. For some time the Emperor treated him coldly and kept him at a distance; but a few days after the interview at Alexandria, he sent him to Algiers to reclaim, as subjects of the Empire, two hundred Genoese retained in slavery. The young prince acquitted himself very happily of this humane errand, and returned to the port of Genoa in August with the captives whom he had delivered. The Emperor was satisfied with the manner in which his brother had followed his instructions, and he said on this occasion that "Prince Jérôme was very young, very giddy, that he needed some lead in his brains, but that nevertheless he expected to make something of him." This brother of His Majesty belonged to the small number of persons whom he particularly loved, although he had often given him very just reasons for being angry with him.

CHAPTER VII

The Emperor's stay at Milan — Employment of his time — Prince Eugène Viceroy of Italy — The Emperor and Empress breakfast in the isle of Olona — Four happy people — Reunion of the Ligurian Republic with the French Empire — The Emperor's journey to Genoa — Senator Lucien at the house of his brother — The Emperor wishes his brother to divorce his wife — Lucien's response — Anger of the Emperor — Lucien's emotion — Lucien goes back to Rome — Silence of the Emperor at his couchee — The real cause of the dissension between the Emperor and his brother Lucien — Details concerning the first quarrels between the two brothers — Bold answer of Lucien — Grain crossing the strait of Calais — Twenty millions of profit and the embassy of Spain — Lucien's reception at Madrid — Friendship of Charles IV. for Lucien — Lucien's love for a princess — Details of Lucien's first marriage related by a person of his own house — Espionage — The mayor of the tenth district and the civil registers — Prevention of marriage — A hundred post-horses engaged and the departure for Plessis-Clamant — The assistant curé — The curé taken from brigade to brigade — Arrival of the curé at the Tuileries — The curé in the cabinet of the First Consul — Details of the enmity between Lucien and Madame Bonaparte — Amour of Lucien for Mademoiselle Méseray — Generosity of Count Lucien — A word about our stay at Genoa — Fêtes given to the Emperor — Departure from Turin for Fontainebleau — The old woman of Tarare — Anecdote related by Doctor Corvisart.

THEIR Majesties remained more than a month at Milan, and I had plenty of leisure to visit that beautiful capital of Lombardy. There was a continual round of fêtes and pleasures throughout their

stay. It seemed as if the Emperor alone had any time to devote to work. As usual, he shut himself up with his ministers, while all the members of his suite and his household, when their duties no longer detained them near His Majesty, hastened to take part in the games and diversions of the Milanese. I shall not enter into any details concerning the coronation. It was very nearly a repetition of what had been done at Paris some months before. All ceremonies of this kind resemble each other, and there is nobody who is not acquainted with even their slightest details. Among all these festive days, there was one of real happiness for me, that on which Prince Eugène, whose kindness to me I have never forgotten, was proclaimed Viceroy of Italy. Certainly, no one was more worthy than he of so lofty a rank, if to obtain it nothing were required but nobility, generosity, courage, and skill in the art of governing. Never did a prince desire more sincerely the prosperity of the people confided to his administration. Thousands of times have I seen how happy he was, and what a sweet gaiety animated all his features, whenever he had diffused happiness around him.

The Emperor and Empress went one day to breakfast in a little island of the Olona, in the environs of Milan. In walking about, the Emperor met a poor woman whose thatched hut was quite near the place where the table of Their Majesties had been laid, and he asked her a number of questions. "Sir," she replied (not knowing the Emperor), "I am very poor

and the mother of three children whom I have great difficulty in bringing up, because my husband, who is a day-laborer, does not always have work." — "How much do you need," inquired the Emperor, "to make you perfectly happy?" "Oh! sir, I would need a great deal of money." — "But still, goody, how much do you need?" "Ah! sir, unless we have twenty louis we shall never get ahead, but what likelihood is there that we shall ever have twenty louis?"

The Emperor presented her on the spot with a sum of three thousand francs in gold, and he ordered me to undo the rolls and throw the whole into the good woman's apron. At the sight of such a great quantity of gold, the latter turned pale, tottered, and I saw that she was ready to faint. "Ah! it is too much, sir, it is really too much. And yet you would not make fun of a poor woman?"

The Emperor reassured her by saying that it was all right, and that with this money she could buy a little field, a flock of goats, and bring her children up well. His Majesty did not make himself known; he liked to maintain his incognito when bestowing benefits. I know of a great many actions like this one in his life. It seems that his biographers have taken pains to pass them over in silence, and yet, it seems to me, that it is by such traits that one could and ought to paint the character of the Emperor.

Some deputies from the Ligurian Republic, with

the Doge at their head, had come to Milan to entreat the Emperor to unite Genoa and its territory to the Empire. His Majesty was not inclined to repel such a request, and by a decree he had made of the states of Genoa three departments of his kingdom of Italy. The Emperor and Empress left Milan to visit these departments and some others.

We had been at Mantua for some time, when one evening, toward six o'clock, Grand Marshal Duroc came to give me an order to remain alone in the little salon which preceded the chamber of the Emperor, and apprised me that Count Lucien Bonaparte would arrive presently. I saw him come, in fact, at the end of a few minutes. When he had announced himself, I brought him into the bedchamber, and then knocked at the door of the Emperor's cabinet to let him know. After saluting each other, the brothers shut themselves up in the chamber. A very lively discussion soon broke out between them, and as I was obliged to remain in the little salon, although against my will, I heard a great part of the conversation. The Emperor was urging his brother to a divorce, and promising him a crown if he would consent to it. M. Lucien responded that he would never abandon the mother of his children. This resistance keenly irritated the Emperor, whose expressions became hard and even insulting. Finally, after this interview had lasted more than an hour, M. Lucien came out in a fright-

ful state, pale, discomposed, and his eyes red and filled with tears. We did not see him again, for on leaving his brother he returned to Rome.

The Emperor remained disagreeably affected by his brother's resistance, and did not open his lips at his couchee. It has been claimed that the quarrel between the two brothers was occasioned by the elevation of the First Consul to the Empire, which M. Lucien disapproved. This is an error: it is very true that the latter had proposed to continue the Republic under the government of two consuls, who would have been Napoleon and *Lucien*. The one would have taken charge of war and foreign relations, the other of all that referred to interior affairs; but although the ill-success of his plan may have afflicted M. Lucien, the eagerness with which he accepted the title of senator and count of the Empire sufficiently proves that he cared very little for a republic of which he was not one of the chiefs. I am certain that M. Lucien's marriage with Madame J—— was the only cause of the quarrel. The Emperor disapproved this union, because the lady was reputed to have been very gay, and had been divorced from her husband, who had failed and fled to America. This failure, and above all the divorce, wounded Napoleon deeply; he had always had a great repugnance for divorced persons.

The Emperor had already desired to elevate his brother to sovereign rank by marrying him to the Queen of Etruria, who had recently lost her hus-

band. M. Lucien had refused this alliance several times. Finally the Emperor grew angry and said to him: "You see where you are led by your obstinacy and your ridiculous love for a . . . *femme galante.*" "At least," replied M. Lucien, "*mine is young and pretty,*" making allusion to the Empress Josephine, who *had been* both one and the other. The hardihood of this response pushed the Emperor's anger to extremes; they say he had his watch in his hand at the time, and that he threw it violently on the floor, exclaiming: "Since you will listen to nothing, very well, I will break you like that watch."

Differences had occurred between the two brothers even before the establishment of the Empire. Among the facts which caused the disgrace of M. Lucien, I have often heard the following cited:

When M. Lucien was minister of the interior, he had received orders from the First Consul not to allow any grain to leave the territory of the Republic. Our storehouses were full and France abundantly provided for; but it was otherwise in England, where there was already a great dearth. It is not known how the affair was managed, but the greater part of our grain crossed the strait of Calais. It is said that it was sold for twenty millions. On learning this, the First Consul took the portfolio of the interior from his brother, and appointed him to the embassy of Spain.

At Madrid, M. Lucien was very well received by the King and the royal family, and became the inti-

mate friend of Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace. It was during this mission, and in accord with the Prince of the Peace, that the treaty of Badajos was concluded, a result for which Portugal, it was said, paid thirty millions. It has also been said that this sum, paid in gold and diamonds, was divided between the two plenipotentiaries, who did not think proper to account for it to their respective courts.

Charles IV. loved M. Lucien tenderly, and had the greatest veneration for the First Consul. After having carefully examined several Spanish horses which he intended for the First Consul, he said to his first equerry: "You are happy; I envy your good luck! You are going to see the great man and talk to him; why can't I take your place!"

During his embassy, M. Lucien had paid homage to a lady of the highest rank, and had received from her a medallion portrait encircled by very fine brilliants. I have seen this portrait a hundred times; he wore it hanging round his neck from a beautiful black hair chain. Far from making a mystery of it, he affected, on the contrary, to display it, and would lean forward so that one might see the rich medallion swaying on his breast.

Before his departure from Madrid, the King also made him a present of his portrait in miniature, likewise encircled by diamonds. These stones, reset and made into an ornament for a bonnet, passed to the second wife of M. Lucien. This is the way the story of M. Lucien's marriage with Madame J——

was related to me by a person living in M. Lucien's own house:

The First Consul was informed daily, and without delay, of what occurred in the houses of his brothers. An exact account was given him of the least particulars and the most minute details. M. Lucien, wishing to marry Madame J——, whom he had known in the house of Count de L——, with whom she was on the best of terms, sent word between two and three o'clock in the afternoon to M. Duquesnoy, mayor of the tenth district, that he wished him to come to his house in the rue Saint-Dominique at eight o'clock that evening, bringing with him the marriage register. Between five and six o'clock M. Duquesnoy received from the château of the Tuileries an order not to take the registers outside the municipal building, and especially not to perform any marriages before the names of the intended couple should have been posted, conformably with the law, during eight days.

At the designated hour, M. Duquesnoy arrived at the house and asked a private interview with the Count, to whom he communicated the order emanating from the château. Beside himself with wrath, M. Lucien sent on the spot to engage a hundred post-horses for himself and all his company, and without delay, himself and Madame J——, the company and all his servants, set out in carriages for the château of Plessis-Clamant, a pleasure-house half a league below Senlis. The curé of the place, who was also assistant mayor, was immediately sent for. At midnight

he performed the civil marriage, and then, putting his priestly vestments over his scarf as a state official, he gave the fugitives the nuptial benediction. A good supper was afterwards served, at which the *assistant curé* was present; and as he was returning to his presbytery toward six o'clock in the morning, he saw a post-chaise at his door guarded by two cavaliers. On entering his house he found there an officer of gendarmerie, who politely invited him to accompany him to Paris. The poor curé thought he was ruined; but he had to obey under penalty of being conducted to Paris from brigade to brigade by the gendarmerie.

He mounted therefore into the fatal chaise, which was carried away on the gallop by two good horses, and was landed at the Tuileries. Led into the cabinet of the First Consul, the latter said to him in a terrific voice: "So it is you, sir, who marry members of my family without my consent, and without having made the publications you were bound to make in your double character as curé and assistant! Do you know that you ought to be dispossessed, interdicted, and prosecuted before the courts?" The unlucky priest saw himself already at the bottom of a dungeon. However, after a sharp rebuke, he was sent back to his presbytery. But the two brothers were never reconciled.

Notwithstanding these differences, M. Lucien always counted on his brother's affection in order to obtain a kingdom. I guarantee the authenticity

of the following fact, which was related to me by a person worthy of credit. At the head of his household M. Lucien had a friend of his childhood, of the same age as himself, and likewise a native of Corsica. He was named Campi, and enjoyed unlimited confidence in the house of the Count. The day on which the *Moniteur* gave the list of the new French princes, M. Campi was walking in the fine gallery of paintings formed by M. Lucien, with a young secretary of the latter, and the following conversation took place between them: "Of course you have read the *Moniteur* to-day?" "Yes." — "You saw there that all the members of the family are decorated with the title of French princes, the Count alone excepted."—"What does that matter? there are kingdoms."—"The sovereigns take such good care to preserve them that I hardly see any vacancies."—"Oh! well, we can make some; all the sovereign families of Europe are used up, and we shall have some new ones." Thereupon M. Campi held his peace, and commanded the young man to do likewise if he wished to remain in the good graces of the Count. Hence it was not until long afterwards that the young secretary spoke of this interview. This confidence, without being remarkably piquant, nevertheless gives an idea of the degree of faith that need be given to the pretended moderation of Count Lucien, and to the epigrams with which he is credited against the ambition of his brother and his family.

There was no one in the château who did not

know of the enmity that existed between the Empress Josephine and M. Lucien Bonaparte; and in order to pay court to the former, the old habitués of Malmaison, now become the courtiers of the Tuileries, used to tell her all the most piquant news they could obtain concerning the Emperor's younger brother. It was in this way that I one day chanced to hear a grave personage, a senator of the Empire, giving the Empress in the gayest manner in the world some very circumstantial details concerning one of M. Lucien's passing love affairs. I do not guarantee the authenticity of the anecdote, and in writing it down I experience more embarrassment than the senator in relating it. I even carefully refrain from entering into a multitude of details which he gave without blushing, and without scaring his auditor; for my aim is to make known what I myself know of the interior of the imperial family and the habits of those who were nearest the Emperor, and not to excite scandal, although I could justify myself for doing so by the example of a dignitary of the Empire.

M. Lucien then (I do not know in what year), sought the good graces of Mademoiselle Méseray, a pretty and witty actress of the Théâtre Français. The conquest was not difficult, in the first place, because it never had been so for any one, and in the second, because the actress knew that the Count was rich and believed that he was prodigal. Her lover's first attentions must have confirmed her in this opinion.

She asked for a house; one was given her, richly and elegantly furnished, and the contract was sent to her the day on which she took possession. Each visit of the Count enriched with some new ornament the wardrobe or the jewel-case of the actress. This lasted for some months, at the end of which M. Lucien tired of his bargain, and began to consider how he should get rid of it without too great loss. Among other presents, he had given Mademoiselle Mèseray a pair of diamond sprays of very great value. In one of their last interviews, but before the Count had shown any signs of relaxed ardor, he saw these sprays on her toilet table, and taking them in his hands: "Really, my dear," said he, "you are wronging me. Why do you not show me more confidence? I have a grudge against you for wearing old-fashioned jewels like these." "What do you mean? It is not six months since you gave them to me." — "I know it, but a woman who respects herself, a woman of good taste, ought not to wear anything that is six months old. I will keep the ear-pendants and take them to Devilliers [the Count's jeweller] and have them mounted as I wish." The Count, very affectionately thanked for such a delicate attention, put the sprays in his pocket, along with one or two other ornaments which also came from him and which he did not think sufficiently stylish, and the quarrel broke out before he had brought anything back.

Mademoiselle M—— thought herself well off in

her furniture and even in her house, when one morning the real proprietor came to ask if it were her intention to renew her lease. She recurred to her deed as owner, which she had not yet thought of unfolding, and found that it was only the engrossed copy of an inventory of fixtures, at the bottom of which was the receipt for *a rental of two years.*

During our stay at Genoa the heat was insupportable; the Emperor suffered much from it and pretended that he had never experienced anything like it in Egypt. He changed his clothes several times a day; his bed was surrounded with a mosquito netting, for the gnats were numerous and tormenting. The windows of his bedroom opened on a large terrace on the border of the sea, whence could be seen the gulf and all the surrounding country. The fêtes given by the city were superb; a great number of boats laden with orange and lemon trees and shrubs covered with flowers and fruits were linked together: when united, these boats resembled a floating garden of the greatest beauty. Their Majesties repaired thither on a magnificent yacht.

On his way back to France, the Emperor rested nowhere from Turin to Fontainebleau. He travelled incognito, under the title of minister of the interior. We went with such swiftness that at each station they were obliged to throw water on the wheels; and in spite of this His Majesty complained of the slowness of the postilions, and was shouting every minute: "*Go on, we are not moving.*" Several of

the servants' carriages fell behind; mine experienced no delay, and I arrived at each station at the same time as the Emperor.

To climb the steep hill of Tarare, the Emperor alighted from the carriage, as did Marshal Berthier, who accompanied him. The equipages were rather a long way behind, because they had stopped to give the horses a rest. As he was climbing the hill, the Emperor saw an old woman a few paces in front of him. She was lame and could only climb with great difficulty. The Emperor approached her and asked why, being so infirm as she seemed to be, and looking so fatigued, she was walking on such a tiresome road.

"Sir," she replied, "I have been assured that the Emperor must pass by this road, and I want to see him before I die." His Majesty, who wished to amuse himself, said to her: "Ah! good heavens! why should you disturb yourself for that? He is a tyrant like another."

The old woman, indignant at the remark, replied with a sort of anger: "At least, sir, he is one of our own choosing, and since we must have a master, it is very just, anyway, that we should select him." I was not a witness of this fact; but I heard the Emperor himself recount it to Doctor Corvisart, with some reflections on the good sense of the people, who, according to the opinion of His Majesty and his chief physician, are generally very correct in their judgment.

CHAPTER VIII

Sojourn at Munich and Stuttgart — Marriage of Prince Eugène with the Princess Auguste-Amélie of Bavaria — Festivities — How the Viceroy brought up his children — Childish trait of Her Majesty the Empress of Brazil — Portrait of the late King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph — Souvenirs of his former stay at Strasbourg as colonel in the French service — Love of the Bavarians for this excellent prince — Devotion of the King of Bavaria to Napoleon — Portrait of the Prince-royal, afterwards King of Bavaria — Deafness and stuttering — Gravity and love for study — The Prince-royal's opposition to the Emperor — The journey of Prince Louis of Bavaria to Paris — Portrait of the King of Würtemberg — His enormous obesity — His attitude at table — Harshness of the King of Würtemberg — Singular details concerning it — Fidelity of this monarch — Luxury of the King of Würtemberg — The Prince-royal of Würtemberg — The prince primate — Old-fashioned toilets of the German princesses — Coaches and hoops — French fashion journals — Sorry equipages — Portrait of the Prince of Saxe-Gotha — Extravagant toilet of a princess of the Confederation at the court theatre — Madame Cunégonde — The Empress Josephine is reminded of Candide — Prince Murat, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves — Prince Charles-Louis Frederick of Baden comes to Paris to marry one of the nieces of the Empress Josephine — Portrait of this prince — The wedding night — Condescension of a good husband — The pigtail sacrificed — Reconciliation and happy family life — The Grand Duke of Baden at Erfurth — The Emperor Alexander excites his jealousy — Sickness and death of the Grand Duke of Baden — Fêtes, hunting parties, etc. — Gravity of a Turkish ambassador.

HIS Majesty the Emperor passed the month of January, 1806, at Munich and Stuttgart; the marriage of the Viceroy with the Princess of Bavaria

was celebrated in the first of these two capitals. On this occasion there was a succession of magnificent fêtes of which the Emperor was invariably the hero. His hosts seemed unequal to the task of fully expressing to the great man the admiration excited in them by his military genius.

The Viceroy and the Vicereine had never seen each other before their marriage, but they soon loved each other as if they had been acquainted for years, for never were two persons better adapted to each other. No princess, and indeed no mother, has devoted herself to her children with more affectionate attention. She was created to serve as a model to all women; an anecdote of this worthy princess has been told me which I cannot refrain from citing here. One of her daughters, still very young, having answered a chambermaid in a harsh tone, Her Serene Highness, the Vicereine, was informed of it and, to give her daughter a lesson, she forbade any service to be rendered from that moment to the young princess or any answers made to her questions. The child soon came to her mother to complain, and was told that when any one stood in need, as she did, of the service and attentions of everybody, she must know how to deserve them by respect and obliging politeness. Then she made her promise to beg the chambermaid's pardon, and to speak to her thenceforward with gentleness, assuring her that in this way she would obtain all she could reasonably desire. The child obeyed, and

profited so well by the lesson that she has become, if common rumor may be believed, one of the most accomplished princesses of Europe. The renown of her perfections spread even to the new world, which hastened to dispute her possession with the old, and was fortunate enough to be successful. She is now, I think, Her Majesty the Empress of Brazil.

His Majesty the King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph, was tall, and had a noble and handsome face; he might be about fifty years old. His manners were full of charm, and before the Revolution he had left behind him at Strasbourg, a reputation for good breeding and chivalrous gallantry from the time when he was a colonel in the service of France, in the regiment of Alsace, under the name of Prince Maximilian, or Prince Max, as his soldiers called him. His subjects, his family, his attendants, everybody in fact, adored him. In Munich he often went out alone in the mornings, going to the markets, where he bought grain, entering the shops and talking to everybody, especially to the children whom he urged to go to school. This excellent prince was not afraid of compromising his dignity by the simplicity of his manners, and he was right, for I do not believe that any one was ever tempted to show him disrespect. The love he inspired in nowise detracted from veneration. Such was his devotion to the Emperor that his benevolence extended even to those whose functions brought them

nearest to His Imperial Majesty, and who were thus best enabled to know his needs and wishes. Thus (and I relate the fact merely as a proof of what I have been saying, and not through vanity), His Majesty the King of Bavaria never came to see the Emperor without shaking me by the hand, inquiring after His Imperial Majesty's health, then after mine, and adding a thousand things which proved at once his attachment for the Emperor and his native kindliness.

His Majesty the King of Bavaria is now in the tomb, like him who gave him a throne. But his is still a royal tomb, and the good Bavarians may go there to weep and pray. The Emperor on the contrary . . . The virtuous Maximilian has been able to bequeath to a son worthy of him the sceptre he had received from the exile who died at Saint-Helena.

Prince Louis, now King of Bavaria, and, perhaps, the most worthy king of Europe, was not so tall as his august father; his face was less handsome, also, and he was unfortunately afflicted at that time with an extreme deafness which made him speak in a coarse, loud tone without perceiving it. His pronunciation was, moreover, affected by a slight stutter. He was much beloved by the Bavarians. This prince was serious and fond of study, and the Emperor recognized his merit but did not count upon his friendship; not, however, because he doubted his loyalty. The Prince-royal was above such a sus-

picion; but the Emperor knew that he belonged to the party which dreaded the subjection of Germany, and who suspected the French, although they had as yet attacked Austria only, of schemes of conquest over all the Germanic powers. At all events, what I have just said of the Prince-royal must be understood as relating solely to the years posterior to 1806; for I am certain that at that epoch his sentiments did not differ from those of the good Maximilian, who was, as I have said, penetrated with gratitude toward the Emperor. Prince Louis went to Paris at the beginning of this year, and I have often seen him at the court theatre in the box of the prince archchancellor. They were sleeping in company, and very profoundly; which was, for that matter, a habit with M. Cambacérès. Whenever the Emperor had him summoned, and was told that Monseigneur was at the play: "Very good, very good," His Majesty would say; "he is taking his after-dinner nap, don't let him be disturbed."

The King of Würtemberg was tall, and so fat that some one said of him, that God had put him into the world just to show to what point the human skin could stretch. His paunch was of such dimensions that his place at table was marked by a deep hollow; and, in spite of this precaution, he was obliged to hold his plate as high as his chin in order to eat his soup. He went out hunting, a sport he was very fond of, on horseback or in a small Russian vehicle drawn by four horses which he often drove

himself. He liked to ride, but it was not easy to find a horse large and strong enough to carry a load so heavy. The poor beast had to undergo a gradual training. For this purpose the King's equerry girded himself with a belt, loaded with pieces of lead, which he daily increased in weight until they made him as heavy as His Majesty. The King was despotic, harsh, and even cruel; he had to sign the sentences of all condemned persons, and nearly always, if what I heard at Stuttgart was to be believed, he increased the penalty allotted by the judges. Hard to please, and brutal, he often struck his domestics: people went so far as to say that he did not spare Her Majesty the Queen, his wife, sister of the reigning King of England. Otherwise, he was a prince whom the Emperor esteemed for his intelligence and his lofty attainments. He liked him and was liked in return, and he found him faithful to the end to his alliance. King Frederick of Würtemberg had a brilliant and numerous court, and displayed great magnificence. The hereditary prince was much loved; he was less haughty and more humane than his father; people called him just and liberal.

Besides the heads which he had crowned himself, the Emperor received in Bavaria a great number of princes and princesses of the Confederation, who usually dined with His Majesty. Among this crowd of royal courtiers was to be remarked the prince primate, who differed in no respect, in point

of manners, breeding, and dress, from our best Parisians; hence the Emperor had a very special esteem for him. I cannot praise in the same way the toilets of the princesses, duchesses, and other noble ladies. The costume of the majority of them was in the worst possible taste; their headdresses were a heaped-up mass of flowers, feathers, chiffons of gold or silver gauze, and especially of a great quantity of pins with diamond heads.

The equipages of the German nobility were invariably great, wide coaches, indispensable on account of the enormous hoops still worn by these ladies. This fidelity to old-fashioned styles was the more surprising, since, at that epoch, Germany enjoyed the precious advantage of possessing two fashion journals. One of them was a translation of the magazine published by M. de la Mésangère; and the other, likewise published at Paris, was translated and published at Mannheim. To these mean carriages, which resembled our old stage-coaches, extremely wretched horses were harnessed with ropes; they were at such a distance from each other that it required an immense space to turn the equipages.

The Prince of Saxe-Gotha was long and thin; in spite of his great age, he was still vain enough to have pretty little wigs made for him in Paris by our famous hairdresser, Michalon, of an infantine blond, curled like a young Cupid's; in other respects, he was an excellent man.

Speaking of these noble German ladies, I remem-

ber to have seen at the court theatre of Fontainebleau, a princess of the Confederation who was presented to Their Majesties. The toilet of Her Highness announced an immense progress of elegant civilization on the other side of the Rhine. Renouncing the gothic hoops, the Princess had adopted more modern styles; nearly seventy years old, she wore a robe of black lace over reddish-yellow satin; her headdress consisted of a veil of white muslin, held in place by a crown of roses, after the manner of the vestals of the opera. She had with her her granddaughter, quite brilliant with youth and charms, and admired by the whole court, although her costume was less *recherché* than that of her grandmother.

I heard Her Majesty the Empress Josephine say one day, that she had had all the difficulty in the world to keep from laughing when one of the German princesses was announced under the name of Cunégonde. Her Majesty added that when she saw the Princess sitting down, she imagined she saw her leaning to one side. Assuredly Her Majesty must have read the adventures of Candide and the daughter of the very noble baron of Thunder-Ten-Tronck.

In the spring of 1806, nearly as many members of the Confederation as I had seen in the capitals of Bavaria and Würtemberg, might have been seen in Paris. A French name took rank among those of these foreign princes: that of Prince Murat, who

was created Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves in the month of March. After Prince Louis of Bavaria, arrived the hereditary prince of Baden, who came to Paris to marry one of the nieces of Her Majesty the Empress.

The beginnings of this union were not happy. Princess Stéphanie was a very pretty woman, full of graces and of wit. The Emperor wished to make a great lady of her, and gave her in marriage without consulting her much. Prince Charles-Louis-Frederick, who was then twenty years old, was exceptionally good, full of rare qualities, brave and generous, but heavy, phlegmatic, always of a glacial severity, and totally devoid of all that could please a young princess accustomed to the brilliant elegance of the imperial court.

The marriage took place in April, to the great satisfaction of the prince, who, on that day, seemed to do violence to his customary gravity, and at last allowed a smile to approach his lips. The day went off very well; but when the moment arrived when the husband wished to claim his rights, the Princess made a great resistance; she screamed, she wept, she got angry; at last, she made a friend of her childhood, Mademoiselle Nelly Boujoly, a young person whom she especially liked, sleep in her room. The Prince was disconsolate; he supplicated his wife, he promised to do anything she pleased; all his promises and entreaties were in vain, at least for a week.

Some one came to tell him that the Princess thought

the way he dressed his hair was frightful, and that nothing inspired her with such aversion as a pigtail. The good Prince made it his most pressing business to have his hair cut. When she saw him thus shorn, she burst into fits of laughter, and exclaimed that he was much uglier *à la Titus* than the other way.

At last, as it was impossible that, with good sense and a good heart, the Princess should not end by appreciating the good and sensible qualities of her husband, she put an end to her severities; then she loved him as tenderly as she was beloved, and I have been assured that the august couple led a very happy domestic life.

Three months after this marriage, the Prince quitted his wife in order to follow the Emperor in the Prussian campaign in the first place, and secondly, in that of Poland. The death of his grandfather, which occurred some time after the Austrian campaign of 1809, put him in possession of the grand duchy. Then he gave the command of his troops to his uncle, the Count de Hochberg, and returned to his own government, never to leave it again.

I saw him again with the Princess at Erfurt, where I have been told that he became jealous of the Emperor Alexander, who was thought to be paying very assiduous court to his wife. The Prince became alarmed and suddenly left Erfurt, taking the Princess with him; it is right to say that not the slightest imprudent proceeding on her part had au-

thorized this jealousy, which, for that matter, was very pardonable in the husband of so charming a woman.

The health of the Prince was delicate. From his earliest youth alarming symptoms had been observed in him, and this physical disposition, no doubt, had much to do with that melancholy which was the basis of his character. He died in 1818, after an extremely long and painful illness, during which his wife lavished on him the tenderest cares. He had four children, two boys and two girls. The two boys died young, and would have left the sovereignty of Baden without heirs, if the Counts of Hochberg had not been recognized as members of the ducal family. At present, the Grand Duchess is entirely devoted to the education of her daughters, who promise to equal her in graces and virtues.

The nuptials of the Prince and Princess of Baden were celebrated by brilliant fêtes. There was a grand hunt at Rambouillet, after which Their Majesties, with several members of their family, and all the princes and princesses of Baden, Cleves, etc., walked through the market of Rambouillet.

I remember another hunt, which took place about the same epoch, in the forest of Saint-Germain, and to which the Emperor had invited an ambassador of the Sublime Porte, newly arrived in Paris. His Turkish Excellency followed the chase with ardor, but without moving a single muscle of his austere visage. The animal having been run down, His

Majesty had a gun brought to the Turkish ambassador so that he might have the honor of firing the first shot, but he refused it, being doubtless unable to conceive what pleasure could be found in killing a poor, tired-out beast, no longer able to run, and lying defenceless at the muzzle of one's gun.

CHAPTER IX

Coalition of England and Russia against the Emperor — The army of Boulogne on march toward the Rhine — Departure of the Emperor — Arrival of the Emperor at Strasbourg and passage of the bridge of Kehl — The rendezvous — The Emperor drenched with rain — The hat of the charcoal burner — Generals Chardon and Vandamme — The rendezvous forgotten, and why — The twelve bottles of Rhine wine — Dissatisfaction of the Emperor — General Vandamme sent to the army of Würtemberg — Courage and restoration to favor — The Emperor before Ulm — Personal courage and coolness of the Emperor — The Emperor's military cloak used as a veteran's shroud — The fatally wounded cannoneer — Capitulation of Ulm; thirty thousand men lay down their arms at the feet of the Emperor — Entry of the imperial guard into Augsburg — Passage to Munich — Oath of mutual alliance taken by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia over the tomb of Frederick the Great; reconciliation — Arrival of the Russians — The coronation and the battle of Austerlitz — The Emperor at the bivouac — The Emperor's slumber — Visit to the outposts — The awakening of an army — Battle of Austerlitz — General Rapp wounded; the Emperor goes to see him — The Austrian Emperor at the headquarters of the Emperor Napoleon — Treaty of peace — Sojourn at Vienna and Schönbrunn — Singular meeting — Napoleon and the daughter of M. de Marbœuf — The courier Moustache sent to the Empress Josephine — His horse falls dead of fatigue.

THE Emperor remained but a few days in Paris after our return from Italy, and soon set out again for his camp at Boulogne. The Milan festivities had not prevented him from pursuing the plans of his policy, and people suspected that he had good rea-

sons for working his horses to death between Turin and Paris. These reasons were soon known. Austria had secretly entered the coalition of Russia and England against the Emperor. The army assembled at the camp of Boulogne received orders to march to the Rhine, and toward the end of September the Emperor started to rejoin his troops. As usual, he did not let us know the time of departure until an hour beforehand. The contrast between the noise and confusion which preceded that instant and the silence that followed it, was a curious thing to see. Hardly had the order been given when every one hastily occupied himself with his master's requirements and his own. Nothing was heard but domestics running back and forth through the corridors, the noise of cases being closed and chests transported. In the courts were a large number of carriages, of baggage wagons and men busily packing them by torchlight; and shouts of impatience and imprecations on all sides. The women, each in her own apartment, were sadly occupied with the departure of a husband, a brother, or a son. During these preparations the Emperor was bidding the Empress good-bye, or taking some moments of repose; at the appointed hour he rose, was dressed, and entered his carriage. An hour later, all was mute in the château; nothing was to be seen but a few isolated persons passing like shadows; silence had succeeded to the noise, solitude to the movement of a numerous and brilliant court. Next morning you beheld women with white faces

and tearful eyes approaching each other to communicate their sorrows and their anxiety. Many courtiers who formed no part of the expedition, and who came to pay their court, were completely stupefied by His Majesty's absence. To them it was as though the sun were not to rise that day.

The Emperor went to Strasbourg without stopping; the day after his arrival in that city the army began to defile upon the bridge of Kehl. On the eve of this passage, the Emperor had ordered the general officers to be on the bank of the Rhine at precisely six o'clock the following morning. An hour before the rendezvous His Majesty, in spite of the heavy rain, went alone to the head of the bridge to make sure that the orders he had given were executed. He waited in the rain until the first divisions began to deploy on the bridge, and he was so drenched by it that the drops from his clothes came together under his horse and formed a small cascade. His little hat was so badly soaked that the back of it fell down on his shoulders much in the fashion of the big felt hats of the Parisian charcoal men. The generals whom he awaited came around him; when they were assembled, he said: "Everything is going well, gentlemen; this is a new step taken against our enemies; but where is Vandamme? Why is he not here? Can he be dead?" No one said a word. "Answer me, gentlemen, what has become of Vandamme?" General Chardon of the vanguard, who was much liked by the Emperor, replied: "I think,

Sire, that General Vandamme is still asleep; we drank a dozen bottles of Rhine wine together last evening, and doubtless . . . " "Sir, he did well to drink, but he is wrong to sleep when I am waiting for him." General Chardon was about to send an aide-de-camp to his companion in arms, but the Emperor detained him, saying: "Let Vandamme sleep; I will talk to him later." At this moment General Vandamme made his appearance. "Ah! there you are, sir; it seems you forgot the order I gave yesterday." "Sire, it is the first time such a thing has happened, and . . . "—"And to avoid a second, you will go and fight under the standard of the King of Würtemberg; I hope you will give the Germans some lessons in sobriety." General Vandamme withdrew, not without chagrin, and repaired to the army of Würtemberg, where he performed prodigies of valor. He returned to the Emperor after the campaign, his breast covered with decorations, and bearing a letter from the King of Würtemberg to His Majesty, who, after reading it, said to Vandamme: "General, do not forget that if I love heroes, I do not love those who sleep while I am waiting for them." He shook hands with the General and invited him to breakfast with him in company with General Chardon, whom this return to favor rejoiced as much as it did his friend.

Before entering Augsburg the Emperor, who had started in advance, got so far ahead that his household could not catch up with him. He passed the

night, without attendants or baggage, in the least wretched house of a very wretched village. When we reached His Majesty the next day, he laughed and threatened to have us hunted up as laggards by the gendarmerie.

From Augsburg the Emperor went to the camp before Ulm and made arrangements for assaulting that place. At a short distance from the city a terrible and stubborn combat took place between the French and the Austrians, and had lasted two hours, when shouts of *Long live the Emperor!* were suddenly heard. This name, which always carried terror to the enemy's ranks and courage to our own, electrified the soldiers to such a point that they routed the Austrians. The Emperor showed himself in the front line, shouting *Forward!* and beckoning to the soldiers to advance. From time to time his horse vanished in cannon smoke. During this furious charge the Emperor found himself near a badly wounded grenadier. Like the others, the brave fellow was shouting *Forward! forward!* The Emperor approached and throwing him his military cloak, said: "Try and bring it back to me; I will give you the cross you have just won in exchange for it." The grenadier, feeling himself mortally wounded, replied that the shroud he had just received was as good as a decoration, and expired, wrapped in the imperial mantle. When the combat was over, the Emperor had the grenadier, who was a veteran of the army of Egypt, lifted up, and caused him to be buried in this cloak.

Another soldier, not less courageous than the one of whom I have just spoken, also received marks of honor from His Majesty. On the day following the fight before Ulm, while the Emperor was visiting the ambulances, a cannoneer of light infantry who had but one thigh, and who was lustily shouting: *Long live the Emperor!* attracted his attention. He approached the soldier and said: "Is that all you have to say to me?" "No, Sire, I can inform you that I dismounted four pieces of Austrian cannon all alone, and it is the pleasure of seeing them defeated that makes me forget that I shall soon shut my eyes forever." The Emperor, moved by such firmness, gave his cross to the cannoneer, took the name of his parents, and said to him: "If you get over this, you go to the Hôtel des Invalides." "Thanks, Sire, but I have bled too much; my board will not cost you very dear: I see that I shall have to come off guard, but long live the Emperor, all the same!" Unfortunately this brave man knew his condition but too well; he did not survive the amputation of his thigh.

We followed the Emperor to Ulm, after the occupation of the place, and we saw an army of more than thirty thousand men lay down their arms at the feet of His Majesty while defiling before him. I have never seen anything more imposing than this spectacle. The Emperor was on horseback, a few paces in front of his staff. His countenance was calm and grave, yet in spite of himself his glance betrayed his joy. He was constantly lifting his hat to return the

salutes of the superior officers of the Austrian division.

When the imperial guard entered Augsburg, eighty grenadiers marched at the head of the columns, each carrying an enemy's flag. On arriving at Munich, the Emperor was received with the greatest attentions by his ally, the Elector of Bavaria. His Majesty went several times to the play and the chase, and gave a concert to the ladies of the court. As has since been learned, it was during this stay of the Emperor at Munich that the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia promised each other at Potsdam, over the tomb of Frederick II. to unite their efforts against His Majesty. A year later, the Emperor Napoleon likewise made a visit to the tomb of the great Frederick.

The taking of Ulm completed the defeat of the Austrians and opened the gates of Vienna to the Emperor; but the Russians advanced by forced marches to the relief of their allies. His Majesty went to meet them, and on December 1 the two armies found themselves face to face. By one of those chances peculiar to the Emperor, the date of the battle of Austerlitz was also that of his coronation.

I do not know why there was no tent at Austerlitz for the Emperor; the soldiers made a sort of barrack for him out of branches, with an opening in the top for the smoke to escape. For his bed the Emperor had nothing but straw; but he was so fatigued on

CHARGE OF THE MAMELUKES AT THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ

the eve of the battle, after passing the day on horseback on the heights of Santon, that he was sleeping profoundly when General Savary, one of his aides-de-camp, entered to give him an account of a mission with which he had been charged. The General was obliged to touch his shoulder and push him in order to rouse him. Then he rose and remounted his horse to visit the outposts. The night was dark, but the camp was suddenly illumined as if by enchantment. Each soldier put a handful of straw on the end of his bayonet, and all these brands were lighted in less time than it takes to write it. The Emperor went through all the lines on horseback, speaking to the soldiers whom he recognized. "To-morrow, my heroes," he said to them, "be what you have always been and the Russians are ours and we shall keep them!" The air resounded with cries of *Long live the Emperor!* and there was neither officer nor soldier who did not count upon the morrow for a victory.

His Majesty, on visiting the line of attack, where provisions had been lacking for forty-eight hours,—a loaf of soldier's bread to each eight men being all that had been distributed that day,—saw as he passed from bivouac to bivouac the soldiers roasting potatoes in the ashes. Coming up to the first regiment of the line, of which his brother was colonel, the Emperor said to a grenadier of the second battalion, taking and eating one of the potatoes of the squad as he did so: "Are you content with these pigeons?"

"Hum! they are always better than nothing; but such pigeons are certainly Lenten diet." — "Well, old fellow," returned His Majesty, pointing to the fires of the enemy, "help me to oust those b—— yonder and we shall spend Shrove Tuesday in Vienna."

The Emperor came back, lay down again, and slept until three o'clock in the morning. The servants were assembled around a bivouac fire near His Majesty's barrack; we were lying on the ground, wrapped in our cloaks, for the night was very cold. I had not closed my eyes in four days, and was beginning to drowse, when, toward three o'clock, the Emperor sent to ask me for some punch; I would have given the whole Austrian empire for another hour's sleep. I carried His Majesty the punch which I made by the bivouac fire; the Emperor made Marshal Berthier take some, and I shared the rest with the attendants. Between four and five o'clock, the Emperor ordered the first movements of his army. In a few minutes everybody was afoot, each at his post; aides-de-camp and orderlies could be seen galloping in all directions, and the battle opened at daybreak.

I shall enter into no details of this glorious day, which, according to the Emperor's own expression, *terminated the campaign by a thunderstroke.* Not one of His Majesty's combinations was a failure, and in a few hours the French were masters of the field of battle and of Germamy entire. The brave General Rapp was wounded at Austerlitz, as in every other

battle in which he figured. He was taken to the château of Austerlitz, and in the evening the Emperor went to see him and chatted with him for some time. His Majesty spent the night in the château.

Two days later, the Emperor Francis came to seek His Majesty and ask for peace. Before the end of December a treaty was concluded, by which the Elector of Bavaria and the Duke of Würtemberg, the faithful allies of the Emperor Napoleon, were created kings. In return for this elevation, which was due solely to him, His Majesty asked and obtained for Prince Eugène, Viceroy of Italy, the hand of the Princess Auguste-Amélie of Bavaria.

During his stay in Vienna, the Emperor had established his headquarters at Schönbrunn, which afterwards became celebrated by several sojourns of His Majesty, and which, they say, is now, by a singular destiny, the residence of his son.

I cannot be positive that it was during his first stay at Schönbrunn that the extraordinary meeting took place which I am about to relate. His Majesty, dressed as a colonel of chasseurs of the guard, rode on horseback every day. One morning while on the Vienna road, he saw an open carriage approaching in which were an ecclesiastic and a woman bathed in tears, whom he did not recognize. Drawing near the carriage, Napoleon saluted this lady and inquired the cause of her grief and the object of her journey. "Sir," said she, "I live in a village two leagues from

here, in a house which has been pillaged by soldiers, and my gardener has been killed. I have come to ask a safeguard from your Emperor, who has known my family very well and is under great obligations to it." — "What is your name, Madame?" "De Bunny; I am the daughter of M. de Marbœuf, former governor of Corsica." — "I am delighted, Madame," returned Napoleon, "to find an occasion of being agreeable to you. I am the Emperor." Madame de Bunny was dumfounded. Napoleon reassured her and rode on, first begging her to go to his headquarters and wait for him. On his return he received her, treated her wonderfully well, gave her a detachment of the guard chasseurs for escort, and dismissed her happy and contented.

As soon as the battle of Austerlitz had been won, the Emperor made haste to send Moustache, the courier, to France to announce the tidings to the Empress. Her Majesty was at the château of Saint-Cloud. It was nine o'clock in the evening when loud shouts of joy and the noise of a horse arriving at a gallop were suddenly heard. The sound of bells and the repeated cracking of a whip announced a courier. The Empress, who was awaiting news from the army with keen impatience, rushed to the window and flung it open. The words *victory* and *Austerlitz* struck her ear. Impatient to know the details, she went down to the front steps, followed by her ladies. Moustache gave her a verbal account of the great news, and handed her the Emperor's letter. After reading

it, Josephine drew a superb diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the courier. Poor Moustache had covered more than fifty leagues at a gallop that day, and he was so worn out that he had to be lifted from his horse. It took four persons to perform this operation and carry him to bed. His last horse, which had doubtless been less well cared for than the others, fell dead in the court of the château.

CHAPTER X

The Emperor's return to Paris — Adventure while ascending the hill of Meaux — A young girl throws herself into the Emperor's carriage — A rough reception and a favor refused — I recognize Mademoiselle de Lajolais — General de Lajolais twice accused of conspiracy — Arrest of his wife and daughter — Severities exercised against Madame de Lajolais — Extraordinary resolution of Mademoiselle de Lajolais — She comes alone to Saint-Cloud and addresses herself to me — Josephine and Hortense place Mademoiselle de Lajolais in the Emperor's way — Kindness of the two princesses — Unshaken constancy of a child — Mademoiselle de Lajolais in the Emperor's presence — Afflicting scene — Severity of the Emperor — A favor wrested from him — Fainting — Cares given by the Emperor to Mademoiselle de Lajolais — General Wolff and Lavalette take her back to her father — Interview between General Lajolais and his daughter — Mademoiselle de Lajolais obtains her mother's pardon also — She unites with the ladies of Brittany to ask pardon for the companions of George Cadoudal — Execution delayed — Fruitless proceeding — A hint from the author — Young Destrem asks and obtains his father's pardon — An unavailing favor — The Emperor passes through Saint-Cloud on his return from Austerlitz — M. Barré, mayor of Saint-Cloud — The *barred* arch and the *sleepiest* of communes — Prince de Talleyrand and the beds of Saint-Cloud.

HAVING left Stuttgart, the Emperor stopped only twenty-four hours at Carlsruhe, and forty-eight hours at Strasbourg; from there to Paris he made only very short halts, though he neither hurried himself nor demanded from the postilions that extreme speed which he was accustomed to require.

While we were ascending the hill of Meaux, the

Emperor himself, deeply engrossed in a book he was reading, not paying any attention to what was passing on the route, a young girl caught hold of the door of His Majesty's carriage and clung to it in spite of the efforts, feeble enough, in point of fact, made by the cavaliers of the escort to detach her, and, opening it, sprang inside. All this was done in less time than it takes me to describe it. The Emperor, inexpressibly surprised, cried: "What the devil does this mad woman want of me?" Then, recognizing the young girl after examining her features more attentively, he added with marked ill-humor: "Ah! is it you again? Will you never leave me at peace?" The young girl, not frightened by this rude reception, yet not without shedding many tears, said that the only favor she came to implore for her father was that his prison should be changed, and that he should be taken from the château d'If, where the dampness was ruining his health, to the citadel of Strasbourg. "No! no!" exclaimed the Emperor, "don't think of it. I have a good many other things to do besides receiving your visits. If I should grant you this request also, in a week you would have imagined another." The poor damsel insisted with a firmness worthy of a better success; but the Emperor was inflexible. On reaching the summit of the hill, he said to the young girl, "I hope you mean to get out now and leave me to finish my journey. I am very sorry, but what you ask is impossible." And he dismissed her without listening to anything further.

While this was going on, I was climbing the hill on foot, a few paces from the carriage of His Majesty, and when this disagreeable scene was over, and the young person, obliged to depart without having gained anything, passed, sobbing, in front of me, I recognized Mademoiselle de Lajolais, whom I had already seen in similar circumstances, but when her courageous affection for her parents had obtained a better result.

General de Lajolais had been arrested, together with all his family, on the 18th Fructidor (5th September). After having been subjected to a detention of twenty-eight months, he had been tried at Strasbourg by a council of war, on an order given by the First Consul, and unanimously acquitted. Later on, when the conspiracy of Generals Pichegru, Moreau, George Cadoudal, and MM. de Polignac, de Rivière, etc., was discovered, General de Lajolais, who was concerned in it, was condemned to death with them; his wife and daughter were transferred to Paris by the gendarmerie. Madame de Lajolais was placed in the closest confinement, and her daughter, separated from her, took shelter with some friends of the family. It was at this time that the young girl, hardly fourteen as yet, displayed a courage and strength of character beyond her years. When she learned that her father had been condemned to death, without acquainting any one with her resolution, she set off alone, on foot, without a guide or introducer, at four o'clock in the

morning, and presented herself, all in tears, at the château of Saint-Cloud, where the Emperor was. She found great difficulty in getting in; but she would not allow herself to be hindered by any obstacle, and made her way to me. "Sir," said she, "I have been promised that you would conduct me at once to the Emperor" (I do not know who had told her this tale); "I ask you no other favor, do not refuse it, I entreat you!" Touched by her confidence and her despair, I went to tell Her Majesty the Empress.

She, although greatly moved by the resolution and the tears of a child so young, nevertheless did not dare to lend her aid at once, lest she should rekindle the wrath of the Emperor, which was very great against those who had been implicated in the conspiracy. The Empress ordered me to say to the young de Lajolais that she was grieved to be unable to do anything for her at the moment; but that she must return to Saint-Cloud at five o'clock the next morning, and that she and Queen Hortense would find some means to give her access to the Emperor. The young girl came back the next day at the appointed hour. Her Majesty the Empress had her placed in the green salon. There, during ten hours, she watched for the moment when the Emperor, coming from the council, would pass through this room to go to his cabinet.

The Empress and her august daughter gave orders to have her served with breakfast and dinner; they

even came themselves to beg her to take some nourishment, but their efforts were fruitless. The poor child had no other need nor thought than that of obtaining her father's life. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor at last appeared. Some one made a sign to Mademoiselle de Lajolais to show her which was the Emperor, and she sprang toward him. He was surrounded by several state officials and officers of his household. A heartbreaking scene ensued, which lasted for some time. The young girl dragged herself at the Emperor's knees, imploring him, with clasped hands and in the most touching accents, to pardon her father. The Emperor began by repulsing her, saying in the severest tone: "Your father is a traitor, this is the second time he has been guilty toward the State, I can grant you nothing." To this outburst of His Majesty, Mademoiselle de Lajolais responded: "The first time, my father was tried and declared innocent; this time it is his pardon which I implore!" At last the Emperor, overcome by such courage and devotion, and a little wearied, besides, by a séance which the perseverance of the young girl seemed inclined to prolong still further, yielded to her prayers, and the life of General de Lajolais was spared. Worn out with fatigue and hunger, his daughter fell unconscious at the feet of the Emperor; he raised her himself, had her cared for, and presenting her to those who had witnessed the scene, he praised her filial piety.

His Majesty at once gave orders to have her

taken back to Paris, and several superior officers disputed the privilege of accompanying her. Generals Wolff, aide-de-camp of Prince Louis, and Lavalette, were deputed for this purpose, and they took her to her father at the Conciergerie. On entering his dungeon, she threw herself on his neck to announce the pardon she had just extorted, but overwhelmed by so many emotions, she was unable to pronounce a single word, and it was General Lavalette who told the prisoner what he owed to the courageous persistence of his daughter. . . . The next day she obtained, through the Empress Josephine, the liberty of her mother, who was to have been transported.[1]

After having obtained the life of her father and the liberty of her mother, as I have just related, Mademoiselle de Lajolais wished also to try and save their unfortunate companions who had been condemned to death. She joined the Breton ladies, whom the success she had already gained induced to seek her assistance, and she hastened with them to Malmaison to ask renewed favors. The ladies had succeeded in having the execution of the condemned deferred for two hours; they hoped that the Empress Josephine might induce the Emperor

[1] It is known that the punishment of General de Lajolais was commuted to four years' detention in a state prison; that his property was confiscated and sold, and that he died in the château d'If, long beyond the term set for the expiration of his imprisonment. — *Note by the editor.*

to relent; but he was inflexible, and this generous attempt was unsuccessful. Mademoiselle de Lajolais returned to Paris, grieved to have been unable to wrest a few more unhappy persons from the rigors of the law.

I have already said two things which I feel obliged to repeat in this place: the first is that, far from binding myself to relate events in their chronological order, I will write them down as they occur to my memory; the second is that I consider it as an obligation and a duty to recount all the actions of the Emperor which may serve to make him better known, and which have been forgotten, either involuntarily or of set purpose, by those who have written his life. I rather fear to be accused of monotony on this point, and reproached with making nothing but a panegyric; but if that should happen, I would say: So much the worse for those who tire of the recital of good actions! I have undertaken to tell the truth about the Emperor, whether good or bad; any reader who expects nothing that is not bad concerning His Majesty in my Memoirs, like him who should expect to find nothing but good, would do well to go no further, for I have determined to tell all I know. I am not to be blamed if the benefits conferred by the Emperor have been so numerous that my recitals must often turn to his praise. I have thought it well to make these brief remarks before relating another pardon granted by His Majesty at the time of his corona-

tion, and of which the adventure of Mademoiselle de Lajolais has reminded me.

On the day when the first distribution of the decorations of the Legion of Honor took place in the church of the Invalides, and just as the Emperor was about to withdraw, at the close of this imposing ceremony, a very young man threw himself on his knees on the steps of the throne, crying: "*Pardon! pardon for my father.*" Touched by his interesting face and his profound emotion, His Majesty approached and tried to raise him; but the youth, refusing to change his attitude, only repeated his request in a tone of supplication. "What is your father's name?" inquired the Emperor. "Sire," replied the young man, hardly able to make himself heard, "he has made it but too well known, and his enemies have greatly calumniated him to Your Majesty; but I swear that he is innocent. I am the son of Hugues Destrem." — "Sir, your father is gravely compromised by his connection with the incorrigible factions, but I will attend to your request. M. Destrem is fortunate in having a son so devoted to him." His Majesty added a few more consoling words, and the youth withdrew with the certainty that his father would be pardoned. Unfortunately, the pardon arrived too late. M. Hugues Destrem, who had been transported to the isle of Oléron after the attempt of the 3d Nivose (24th December), in which, however, he had taken no part, died in exile without

learning that the solicitations of his son had obtained entire success.

On our return from the glorious campaign of Austerlitz, the commune of Saint-Cloud, which had been greatly benefited by the sojourn of the court, decided to distinguish itself on this occasion by manifesting its affection for the Emperor. The mayor of Saint-Cloud was M. Barré, a man of excellent education and much goodness. He was particularly esteemed by Napoleon, who was fond of conversing with him; hence he was sincerely regretted by his fellow-citizens when he was removed from them by death. M. Barré had erected a triumphal arch of very simple construction, yet noble and in good taste, at the foot of the avenue leading to the palace, and adorned it with the following inscription:

TO ITS BELOVED SOVEREIGN
THE HAPPIEST OF COMMUNES.

On the evening when the Emperor was expected, the mayor and his assistants, with the obligatory harangue, spent part of the night at the foot of this monument. But, being old and a valetudinarian, M. Barré at last retired, but not without placing one of his fellow-citizens as a sentry, charged to apprise him of the arrival of the first courier. A ladder was stretched across the triumphal arch, so that no one should pass under it before His Majesty. Unfortunately the municipal Argus fell asleep; the Emperor

came in the morning, and passed beside the arch, laughing a good deal at the obstacle which prevented him from enjoying the signal honor intended for him by the worthy people of Saint-Cloud. That same day, a little sketch made the rounds of the palace, representing the authorities sleeping beside the monument. The ladder that barred the passage was not omitted, and below it was the inscription: *L'arc barré*, a pun on the name of the mayor. The inscription had been travestied in this fashion:

TO ITS BELOVED SOVEREIGN
THE SLEEPIEST OF COMMUNES.

Their Majesties were much amused by this pleasantry.

While the court was at Saint-Cloud, the Emperor, having worked very late with M. de Talleyrand, invited him to sleep at the château. The Prince, who preferred to return to Paris, refused, alleging, in excuse, that the beds had a very disagreeable odor. There was nothing in it, however; for, as may readily be believed, the greatest care was taken of the furniture and the bedding in all the imperial palaces. The motive assigned by M. de Talleyrand had been given at random; he might just as well have offered another. Nevertheless, the observation struck the Emperor, and that evening, on entering his chamber, he complained that his bed smelt bad. I assured him to the contrary, and promised His Majesty to convince him of his mistake on the fol-

lowing day. But, far from being persuaded, on rising, the Emperor repeated that his bed had a very disagreeable odor and positively must be changed. M. Charvet was immediately summoned, to whom His Majesty complained of his bed and ordered another to be brought. M. Desmasis, keeper of the spare furniture, was also sent for. He examined the mattresses, feather-beds, and coverlets, turning them over and over; others did the same, and all remained convinced that the bed had no odor whatever. In spite of so many testimonies, the Emperor, not because he was unwilling to have his statements proved incorrect, but solely through a whimsicality to which he was rather subject, persisted in his first notion and insisted that his bed should be changed. Seeing that he must be obeyed, I sent it to the Tuileries, and had the Paris bed brought to the château of Saint-Cloud. The Emperor was pleased with this alteration, and when he went back to the Tuileries, he did not perceive the change, but found his bed in that château very good. The most amusing thing about it all was that the ladies of the palace on learning that the Emperor had complained of his bed, likewise found an insupportable odor in theirs. Everything had to be turned upside down, and a small revolution was the result. The caprices of sovereigns are frequently epidemic.

CHAPTER XI

Secret liaisons of the Emperor — What Napoleon understood by immorality — The temptations of sovereigns — The Emperor's discretion — Josephine's jealousy — Madame Gazani — Rendezvous in the former apartment of M. de Bourrienne — The Emperor tête-à-tête *with a minister* — Suspicions and agitation of the Empress — My orders force me to lie — The Empress alleging a falsehood at my expense in order to know the truth — A little reprimand on the subject given to the Empress by the Emperor — I am justified — A passing coolness — Madame de Rémusat lady of honor to the Empress — Nocturnal expedition of Josephine and Madame de Rémusat — The allée des Veuves — The Emperor in good luck — Prince Murat and I wait for him at the door of —— — Anxiety of Murat — Official procurers — I am solicited by certain ladies — Former functions of the first valet de chambre not re-established by the Emperor — Complaisance of a general — Resistance of a lady *after* her marriage — Mademoiselle E——, reader to the Princess Murat — Portrait of Mademoiselle E—— — Intrigue against the Empress — Interviews at the Tuileries and the results of them — Birth of an imperial infant — Education of this child — Mademoiselle E—— at Fontainebleau — Dissatisfaction of the Emperor — Severity toward the mother and affection for the son — The three sons of Napoleon — The Emperor's diversions at Boulogne — The fair Italian — Discovery and proposal of Murat — Mademoiselle L. B. — Shameful speculation — Visit to Mademoiselle Lenormand.

HIS Majesty used to say that one could recognize an honest man by his conduct toward his wife, his children, and his servants, and I hope that these Memoirs will show that the Emperor, in these differ-

ent relations, acted like an honest man, such as he defined him. He also said that the most dangerous vice in a sovereign was immorality, because he was a law to subjects. What he meant by *immorality* was, without doubt, a scandalous publicity given to liaisons which should always be kept secret; for, as to these liaisons themselves, he repelled them no more than other people when they were thrown in his way. Any one else, perhaps, in the same position, surrounded by seductions, attacks, and advances of every description, would have resisted temptation less frequently. God forbid, however, that I should undertake to defend His Majesty on this head; I will even grant, if you like, that his conduct was not always in perfect accord with the moral of his discourses; but you must also grant that it was a good deal, for a sovereign, to take the greatest pains to hide his distractions from the public, to whom they might have been a subject of scandal, or, still worse, of imitation, and from his wife, to whom they would have occasioned violent grief. On this head I will give two or three anecdotes which just now occur to me, and which belong, I think, or nearly so, to the period at which my narrative has arrived.

The Empress Josephine was jealous, and, notwithstanding the prudence with which the Emperor conducted his secret liaisons, she was sometimes aware of what was going on.

At Genoa the Emperor had known Madame Ga-

zani, the daughter of an Italian dancer, and he continued to receive her at Paris. One day, when he had an appointment with this dame in the little apartments, he ordered me to remain in his chamber, and to tell everybody who came to ask for him, even the Empress herself, that he was working in his cabinet with a minister.

The interview took place in the apartment formerly occupied by M. de Bourrienne, which communicated by a staircase with His Majesty's bedchamber. This apartment was very simply arranged and decorated; it had a second exit on what was called the dark staircase, because it was very badly lighted. Madame Gazani entered by it, while the Emperor went to meet her by the other one. They had been together but a few minutes when the Empress came into the Emperor's chamber and asked me what her husband was doing. "Madame, the Emperor is much occupied at this moment; he is working in his cabinet with a minister." "Constant, I wish to go in." —"That is impossible, Madame, I have received formal orders not to disturb His Majesty, not even for Her Majesty the Empress." Thereupon the latter turned away dissatisfied, and even angry. At the end of half an hour she came back, and as she renewed her request, I was obliged to renew my response. I was distressed to see Her Majesty's chagrin, but I could not disobey my orders. That same evening, at his couchee, the Emperor said to me, in a severe tone, that the Empress assured him

that when she came to ask for him, I had told her that he was shut up with a lady. Without disturbing myself, I replied to the Emperor that he certainly could not believe that. "No," replied the Emperor, returning to the amicable tone with which he usually honored me, "I know you well enough to be assured of your discretion; but woe to the fools who gossip, if I succeed in discovering them." At the couchee of the next day, the Empress entered just as the Emperor was getting into bed, and His Majesty said to her before me: "It is very wrong, Josephine, to attribute lies to this poor Constant; he is not the man to tell you such a story as you have brought to me." The Empress sat down on the side of the bed, began to laugh, and put her pretty little hand on her husband's mouth. As I was in question, I withdrew. During several days Her Majesty was cold and severe toward me; but as that was not natural to her, she soon resumed that air of kindliness which won her all hearts. As to the Emperor's liaison with Madame Gazani, it lasted nearly a year, but their meetings were by no means frequent.

The following trait of jealousy is not so personal to me as the one I have just cited. Madame de R——, wife of one of the prefects of the palace, and the one of her ladies of honor whom the Empress most preferred, found her all in tears and deep affliction one evening. Madame de R—— waited in silence until Her Majesty should deign to inform her of the cause of this violent grief. She did not wait long. Hardly

had she entered the salon when Her Majesty exclaimed: "I am sure that he is with a woman now. My dear friend," added she, continuing to weep, "take this light and let us go and listen at his door; we shall hear." Madame de R—— did all she could to dissuade her from this project; she represented to her the lateness of the hour, the darkness of the passage, the danger they would incur of being surprised; but all in vain. Her Majesty put the light in her hand, saying: "You absolutely must accompany me. If you are afraid, I will go first." Madame de R—— obeyed, and the two ladies tiptoed through the corridor by the light of a single candle swayed about by the wind. On reaching the door of the Emperor's antechamber they paused, hardly daring to breathe, and the Empress softly turned the handle. But just as they set foot in the apartment, Roustan, who lay there, and who was fast asleep, gave vent to a formidable and prolonged snore. Apparently the ladies had not expected to find him there, and Madame de R——, imagining she saw him springing out of the foot of the bed, sabre and pistol in hand, turned and ran as fast as possible, still holding her candle, toward the apartment of the Empress, leaving the latter in complete darkness. She did not get her breath until she was in the Empress's bedchamber, and it was not until then that she remembered that she had left her without light in the corridor. Madame de R—— was about to go to meet her when she saw her coming back, holding her

sides with laughter, and her grief entirely consoled by this burlesque adventure. Madame de R—— tried to excuse herself. "My dear," said Her Majesty, "you merely anticipated me. That booby of a Roustan frightened me so that I would have set you the example of flight if you had not been still more of a poltroon than I."

I do not know what these ladies would have discovered if their courage had not failed before they reached the end of their expedition; nothing at all, perhaps, for the Emperor seldom received at the Tuileries the person with whom he was smitten for the moment. As has been seen, under the Consulate, he gave his rendezvous in a little house in the allée des Veuves. As Emperor, his amorous interviews likewise took place outside of the château. He went to them disguised, and by night, and exposed himself to all the risks of a lady-killer.

One evening, between eleven o'clock and midnight, the Emperor sent for me, asked for a black coat and a round hat, and bade me follow him. We got into a black carriage, Prince Murat making a third in the party, and Cæsar driving. There was but one lackey to open the door, and neither of the men was in livery. After riding about Paris a little, the Emperor stopped the carriage in the rue de ——. He alighted, took a few steps forward, knocked at a gate, and entered a house alone. The Prince and I remained in the carriage. Hours passed, and we began to be uneasy. The life of the Emperor had

been threatened often enough to make it natural that we should fear some new snare or some surprise. The imagination goes fast when it is pursued by such alarms. Prince Murat cursed and swore energetically, sometimes at the imprudence of His Majesty, sometimes at his gallantry, and sometimes at the lady and her complaisance. I was not more at ease than he, but, being calmer, I tried to quiet him. At last, being no longer able to conquer his impatience, the Prince sprang out of the carriage, I followed him, and he had his hand on the knocker of the door when the Emperor emerged from it. The Prince acquainted him with our uneasiness and the reflections we had made on his temerity. "What childishness!" said His Majesty thereupon; "what was there to be so much afraid about? Wherever I am, am I not at home?"

It was entirely of their own accord that certain habitués of the court took pains to mention to the Emperor young and pretty persons who wished to make his acquaintance, for it was not in his character to give any such commissions. I was not enough of a grand lord to find such employment honorable; hence, I would never meddle with affairs of the sort. That, however, was not for lack of having been indirectly sounded, or even openly solicited by certain ladies who aspired to the title of favorites, although that title gave few rights or privileges with the Emperor; but, I say again, I would not enter into such proceedings; I contented myself

with the duties imposed by my place, not with other things; and, although His Majesty took pleasure in reviving the usages of the old monarchy, the secret functions of the first valet de chambre were not re-established, and I took care not to claim them.

Plenty of others (not valets de chambre) were less scrupulous than I. General L—— spoke one day to the Emperor of a very pretty damsel whose mother kept a gaming house, and who wished to be presented to him. The Emperor received her only once. A few days after she was married. Some time later the Emperor wished to see her again, and sent for her. But the young woman responded that she no longer belonged to herself, and she refused all the entreaties and offers that were made her. The Emperor did not seem at all dissatisfied about it; on the contrary, he praised Madame D—— for her fidelity to her duties, and strongly approved her conduct.

In 1804, Her Imperial Highness the Princess Murat had a young reader, Mademoiselle E——, in her service. She was tall, slender, well made, a brunette with beautiful black eyes, lively, and very coquettish, and, possibly, between seventeen and eighteen years old. Several persons, who thought it would be to their interest to estrange His Majesty from the Empress his wife, remarked with pleasure the reader's inclination to try the power of her glances on the Emperor, and that of the latter to let

himself be caught by them. They fed the fire adroitly and it was one of them that undertook the entire diplomacy of this *affair*. Certain propositions made by a third party were at once accepted. The fair E—— came to the château in secret, but rarely, and never spent more than two or three hours there. She became pregnant. The Emperor had a house hired for her in the rue Chantereine, where she was delivered of a fine boy, who was endowed at birth with an income of thirty thousand francs. He was at first confided to the care of Madame L——, the nurse of Prince Achille Murat, who kept him three or four years. Afterwards M. M——, His Majesty's secretary, was charged to provide for the education of this child. When the Emperor returned from the island of Elba, the son of Mademoiselle E—— was intrusted to Her Majesty the Empress-mother. The Emperor's connection with Mademoiselle E—— did not last long. One day she came with her mother to Fontainebleau where the court was. She went up to His Majesty's apartment and asked me to announce her. The Emperor was extremely displeased with this proceeding, and sent me to say to Mademoiselle E——, on his part, that he forbade her ever to present herself before him without his permission, and to stay a single moment longer at Fontainebleau. In spite of this severity to the mother, the Emperor tenderly loved the son. I often fetched him to him; he would caress and give him a hundred delicacies, and was much

amused with his vivacity and his repartees, which were very witty for his age.

This child and that of the beautiful Pole, of whom I will speak later on, are, with the King of Rome, the only children the Emperor had. He never had any daughters, and I think he would not have liked to have any.

I have seen, I do not know where, that the Emperor, during the longest stay we made in Boulogne, reposed himself at night from the fatigues of the day with a beautiful Italian. Here is what I know of this adventure. While I was dressing His Majesty one morning, in the presence of Prince Murat, His Majesty complained of seeing none but moustached faces, which, said he, was very depressing. The Prince, always ready to offer his services to his brother-in-law on such occasions, mentioned a very beautiful and witty Genoese lady who had the greatest desire to see His Majesty. The Emperor laughingly accorded a tête-à-tête, and the Prince undertook to deliver the message. In two days, by his means, the fair dame had arrived and was installed in the upper town. The Emperor, who was living at Pont-de-Briques, one evening ordered me to take a carriage and go for the protégée of Prince Murat. I obeyed, and brought back with me the beautiful Genoese, who, to avoid scandal, although it was night-time, was introduced through a small garden situated behind His Majesty's apartments. The poor woman was very much moved and was crying; but she

was promptly consoled on seeing that she was welcome; the interview was prolonged until three o'clock in the morning, when I was called to take the lady back. She returned four or five times, and saw the Emperor again at Rambouillet. She was good, simple, not at all intriguing, and never tried to derive any advantage from a liaison which, after all, was only transient.

Another of these favorites of a moment who precipitated herself, one might say, into the Emperor's arms, without giving him time to offer her his attentions, was Mademoiselle L. B., a very pretty creature; she possessed intelligence and a good heart and if she had received a less frivolous education, might, doubtless, have been an estimable woman. But I have every reason to think that her mother had always had the purpose of securing a protector for her second husband by *utilizing* the youth and beauty of the daughter of the first one; I do not recall his name, but he was of a noble family, a fact on which both mother and daughter greatly congratulated themselves. The young person was a good musician and sang agreeably; but what seemed to me as ridiculous as it was indecent, was to see her, in the presence of a rather large company assembled at the house of her mother, dance ballet dances, in a costume almost as airy as those of the Opéra, with castanets or a tambourine, and terminate her performance by a rehearsal of attitudes and graces. With such an education, she should have found her posi-

tion quite natural; hence she was much chagrined by the short duration of her liaison with the Emperor. As for the mother, she was in despair about it, and she said to me, with revolting naïveté: "Look at my poor Lise, what a feverish color she has! It comes from her vexation at seeing herself neglected, poor child! You would be so good if you could have her sent for again." To provoke an interview, of which mother and daughter were so desirous, they both came to the chapel of Saint-Cloud, where, during the Mass the *poor* Lise was ogling the Emperor in a way that made the young women that saw it blush. This was all time lost, and the Emperor paid no attention to it.

Colonel L. B. was aide-de-camp to General L——, governor of Saint-Cloud. The General was a widower, a fact that might excuse the intimacy of his only daughter with the L. B. family, which astonished me greatly. One day when I was dining at the Colonel's with his wife, his stepdaughter, and Mademoiselle L——, the General sent for his aide-de-camp, and I remained alone with these ladies, who strongly entreated me to accompany them to the house of Mademoiselle Lenormand. If I had refused I should have been in their bad graces. We took a carriage and went to the rue de Tournon. Mademoiselle L. B. went first into the cave of the sibyl, remained there a long time, but was very discreet about what was said to her. As for Mademoiselle L——, she told us very ingenuously that she

had good news, and that she would soon marry him whom she loved, which, in fact, soon happened. These damsels urged me to consult the prophetess in my turn, and I soon perceived that I was known; for Mademoiselle Lenormand at once saw in my hand that I had the happiness to approach a great man and to be liked by him; then she added a good deal more bosh of the same sort, which I got rid of, with thanks, as soon as possible, so much did it bore me.

CHAPTER XII

The thrones of the imperial family — Rupture of the treaty made with Prussia — The Queen of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick — Departure from Paris — A hundred and fifty thousand men dispersed in a few days — Death of Prince Louis of Prussia — Arrival of the Emperor on the plateau of Weimar — A road dug in the live rock — Danger of death incurred by the Emperor — The Emperor flat on his face — Compliment of the Emperor to the soldier who had nearly killed him — Results of the battle of Jena — Death of General Schmettau and of the Duke of Brunswick — Flight of the King and Queen of Prussia — The Queen pursued by French hussars — The soldiers who had pursued the Queen reprimanded and rewarded by the Emperor — Clemency to the Duke of Weimar — A night of the Emperor and Constant in campaign — Interrupted slumber — The aides-de-camp — Prince de Neufchâtel — Breakfast — Excursion on horseback — Roustan and the brandy flask — Abstinence of the Emperor at the army — The little crust and the glass of wine — Intrepidity of the controller of provisions — Visiting the battle-field — Special tasks of the Emperor before a battle — The maps and pins — Activity of the servants in campaigns and journeys — Promptitude of preparations — The Emperor sleeping on the field of battle — The Emperor at Potsdam — The relics of Frederick the Great — Charlottenburg — Toilet of the army before entering Berlin — Entry into Berlin — The Emperor paying military honors to the bust of Frederick the Great — The grumblers — The Emperor's respect for the sister of the King of Prussia — Grand review.

WHILE the Emperor was giving crowns to his brothers and sisters, the throne of Holland to Louis, Naples to Prince Joseph, the duchy of Berg to Prince Murat, Lucca and Massa-Carrara to the Prin-

cess Elisa, Guastalla to the Princess Pauline Borghese; while by means of family alliances and treaties he was assuring the co-operation of the different States which had entered the confederation of the Rhine, war broke out anew between France and Prussia. It does not belong to me to seek for the causes of this war, nor the quarter from whence the first provocations came. All I know about it is that I have heard the Emperor a hundred times, both at the Tuileries and on the campaign, while talking with his intimates, accuse the old Duke of Brunswick, whose name had been so odious in France since 1792, and the young and beautiful Queen of Prussia of having excited King Frederick William to break the treaty of peace. According to the Emperor, the Queen was more disposed to make war than General Blücher himself. She wore the uniform of the regiment to which she had given her name, showed herself at all the reviews, and commanded the manœuvres.

We left Paris at the end of September. It is not my intention to enter into the details of this marvellous campaign, in which the Emperor, in a few days, was seen to crush an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, perfectly disciplined, full of enthusiasm and courage, and with their country to defend. In one of the first battles the young Prince Louis of Prussia, brother of the King, was killed at the head of his troops by Guindé, quartermaster of the 10th hussars. The Prince was fighting hand to hand with

this brave non-commissioned officer, who said to him: "Surrender, Colonel, or you are a dead man." Prince Louis replied only by a thrust of the sabre, and Guindé plunged his own into his body.

In this campaign, the roads being broken up by the continual passage of artillery, my carriage was upset, and one of the Emperor's hats fell out of the window. A regiment which was going over the same road recognized the hat by its particular form, and my carriage was righted on the spot. "No," said these good fellows, "we will not leave the first valet de chambre of the Little Corporal in a scrape." The hat, after having passed through all hands, was finally given back to me before my departure.

On arriving on the plateau of Weimar, the Emperor put his army in battle array and bivouacked in the middle of his guard. Toward two o'clock in the morning he rose and set off on foot to examine the works on a road he was having dug in the rock for the transportation of artillery. He stayed more than an hour with the pioneers, and before turning toward his bivouac, he wished to have a look at the nearest outposts.

This excursion, which the Emperor determined to make alone and without any escort, was very near costing him his life. The night was very dark, and the camp sentries could not see ten paces around them. The first of them, hearing some one advancing in the gloom, and approaching our line, shouted: "Who goes there?" and made ready to fire. The

Emperor, who, as he afterwards said, was so profoundly plunged in thought that he did not hear the voice of the sentry, made no response, and it was a ball whistling at his ear which drew him out of his abstraction. He saw at once the danger he was in, and threw himself flat on his face; it was a wise precaution, for hardly had His Majesty let himself fall into this position than other balls passed above his head, the discharge of the first sentry having been repeated by the whole line. This first firing having stopped, the Emperor rose, walked toward the nearest post, and made himself known.

His Majesty was still at this post when the soldier who had fired on him came in, having just been relieved of guard; it was a young grenadier of the line. The Emperor ordered him to approach, and pinching his cheek very hard, said to him: "How is this, you rascal, you must have taken me for a Prussian? This rogue don't propose to waste his powder and shot; he fires at nothing but emperors." The poor soldier was greatly disturbed by the idea that he might have killed the Little Corporal, whom he adored like all the rest of the army, and he was hardly able to say: "Pardon, Sire, but it was the orders; if you did not answer, it is not my fault. They ought to have put it in the orders that you would not answer." The Emperor smilingly reassured him, saying as he went away from the post: "My good fellow, I am not reproaching you. It was well enough aimed for a shot in the dark; but it will

soon be daylight, fire straighter and take care of yourself."

The results of the battle of Jena, fought October 14, are well known. Nearly all the Prussian generals, at least the best of them, were either taken or disabled from continuing the campaign.[1] The King and Queen took flight and did not stop until they reached Koenigsberg.

A few moments before the attack, the Queen of Prussia, mounted on a light and fiery horse, had appeared in the midst of the soldiers, and the élite of the youth of Berlin followed the royal amazon who

[1] Besides Prince Louis, the Prussians lost in a few days two of their best general officers. General Schmettau who died at Weimar of his wounds, and at whose funeral the Emperor was present; and the old Duke of Brunswick, already more than a septuagenarian and full of infirmities when he met at Auerstadt a glorious death.

"The Duke of Brunswick, grievously wounded at the battle of Auerstadt, arrived at Altona October 29. His entry into this city was a new and striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune. People beheld a sovereign prince, enjoying, whether rightly or wrongly, a great military reputation, and but lately powerful and tranquil in his capital, and now wounded to death, making his entry into Altona on a miserable stretcher borne by ten men, without officers, without servants, escorted by a crowd of children and of vagabonds who thronged around him through curiosity, set down in a wretched wayside inn, and so overcome by fatigue and pain in his eyes that on the day after his arrival it was generally believed that he was dead. The unfortunate duke instantly summoned Doctor Unzer to relieve the violent pains caused by his wound. During the few days which the Duke of Brunswick continued to live, he saw nobody but his wife, who reached him November 1. He persisted in refusing all visits and died November 10." — *Bourrienne's Memoirs*, t. VII. p. 150.

galloped in front of the first lines of battle. You could see the flags she had embroidered herself, in order to encourage her troops, as well as those of Frederick the Great, all blackened by cannon smoke, bending at her approach, and hear the enthusiastic shouts that rose from all the ranks of the Prussian army. The sky was so clear, and the two armies so close together, that the French could easily distinguish the costume of the Queen. This singular dress was the chief cause of the dangers she incurred in her flight. On her head was a helmet of polished steel, shaded by a superb plume. She wore a cuirass all glittering with gold and silver. A tunic of cloth of silver completed her attire and fell to the top of her brodequins, which were red, with gold spurs. This costume enhanced the charms of the beautiful Queen.

When the Prussian army was routed, the Queen stayed behind with four or five young men of Berlin, who defended her until two hussars who had covered themselves with glory during the battle, galloped at full speed, with uplifted sabres, into the midst of this little group, which instantly dispersed. Scared by this unexpected attack, Her Majesty's horse ran away as fast as it could, and lucky it was for the Queen that it was as nimble as a deer; for otherwise the hussars would infallibly have captured her. More than once they were so close at her heels that she could hear camp speeches and jests of a sort to horrify her ears. Thus pursued, the Queen had arrived

in sight of the gates of Weimar, when a detachment of Klein dragoons were seen coming up at full gallop. The leader had orders to take the Queen at all hazards. But hardly had she entered the city when its gates were shut. The hussars and the detachment of dragoons returned disappointed to the field of battle.

The details of this singular pursuit soon came to the ears of the Emperor, who summoned the hussars to his presence. After expressing in very sharp terms his dissatisfaction with the indecent pleasantries they had dared to make at the Queen's expense at a time when her misfortunes demanded even more than the respect due to her rank and sex, the Emperor inquired how these brave fellows had behaved during the battle. Learning that they had performed prodigies of valor, His Majesty gave them the cross and a gratuity of three hundred francs apiece.

His Majesty showed clemency to the Duke of Weimar, who had commanded a Prussian division. The day after the battle of Jena, His Majesty, having gone to Weimar, lodged at the ducal palace, where he was received by the duchess regent. "Madame," the Emperor said to her, "I am pleased that you should have waited for me; and it is because you have had this confidence in me that I pardon your husband."

When we were at the army, I slept under the Emperor's tent, sometimes on a small carpet, and sometimes on a bearskin which he used to wrap round him in the carriage. When it happened that I could

not make use of these objects, I tried to procure a little straw. I remember that I did a great service to the King of Naples one evening by dividing with him a bundle of straw that was to have served for my bed. Here are some details which may give the reader an idea of the manner in which I passed the nights in campaign.

The Emperor would be reposing on his little iron bedstead, and I lying where and how I could. Scarcely would I fall asleep when the Emperor would call me: "Constant." "Sire."—"See who is on duty" (he referred to the aides-de-camp). "Sire, it is M——"—"Tell him to come and speak to me." I would leave the tent to notify the officer, whom I would bring back with me. On his entry, the Emperor would say to him: "Go to such a corps, commanded by such a marshal; order him to send such a regiment to such a position; assure yourself of that of the enemy, and then come and report to me." The aide-de-camp would go out and mount a horse to go and execute his mission. I would lie down again, and the Emperor would seem to wish to sleep, but at the end of several minutes I would hear him calling again: "Constant." "Sire."—"Have the Prince of Neufchâtel summoned." I send word to the Prince, who presently arrives; and while they are conversing I remain at the door of the tent. The Prince would write some orders and withdraw. Such disturbances would take place several times during the night. Toward morning, His

Majesty would go to sleep, and then I, too, would have some moments of slumber. When aides-de-camp came to bring tidings to the Emperor, I would waken him by a gentle push.

"What is it?" His Majesty would say, starting up at once; "what time is it? Tell him to come in." The aide would make his report; if it was necessary, His Majesty would rise directly and go out of the tent; his toilet did not take long; if there was to be a battle, the Emperor would look at the sky and the horizon, and I have often heard him say: "There is a fine day brewing."

Breakfast was prepared and served in five minutes, and in a quarter of an hour the table was cleared. The Prince of Neufchâtel breakfasted and dined with His Majesty every day, and the longest repast was over in eight or ten minutes. Then the Emperor would say: "To horse!" and ride off, accompanied by the Prince of Neufchâtel, an aide-de-camp or two, and Roustan, who always carried a silver flask full of brandy, of which the Emperor hardly ever made use. His Majesty went from one corps to another, speaking to the officers and soldiers, interrogating them, and seeing with his own eyes all that it was possible to see. If there was an action of any sort, dinner was forgotten, and the Emperor did not eat until he came back. If the engagement lasted too long, then some one would take him, without his asking for it, a little crust of bread and a small quantity of wine. M. Colin, controller of provis-

ions, has many a time faced the cannon to carry this slight repast to the Emperor.

When a combat was over, His Majesty never failed to visit the field of battle; he had assistance given to the wounded, and encouraged them by his words. He sometimes re-entered overcome by fatigue; then he would take a light repast, and lie down to commence anew his interruptions of slumber.

It must be remarked that whenever unforeseen circumstances forced the aides-de-camp to have the Emperor awakened, he was always as ready for work as he would have been in the beginning or the middle of the day; his awakening was as amiable as his air was gracious. The report of an aide-de-camp being ended, Napoleon went to sleep again as easily as if his nap had not been interrupted.

During the three or four days that preceded an action, the Emperor would spend the greater part of his time stretched above large maps which he pricked with pins, the heads of which were made of wax of different colors.

I have said already that all who were in the Emperor's service vied with each other in finding the surest and readiest means of providing whatever he might need. Everywhere, on a journey as in campaign, his table, his coffee, his bed, and even his bath, could be prepared in five minutes. How often were we not obliged to remove in still less time the dead bodies of men and of horses in order to put up His Majesty's tent!

I do not know in what campaign beyond the Rhine it was that we found ourselves obliged to halt in a wretched village where, to make a lodging for the Emperor, we were forced to take a peasant's hut which had been used for a hospital. We had to begin by carrying out the amputated limbs, and washing off the blood-stains; this task was accomplished in less than half an hour, and all looked pretty well.

The Emperor sometimes slept from fifteen minutes to half an hour on the battle-field when he was fatigued, or if he wanted to await more patiently the result of the orders he had given.

We were on the road to Potsdam when we were overtaken by a violent storm; it was so heavy, and the rain fell so abundantly, that we were obliged to stop and take shelter in a house near the road. Well buttoned up in his gray greatcoat, and not supposing that he could be recognized, the Emperor was much surprised, on entering the house, to see a young woman whom his presence caused to tremble: it was an Egyptian who had preserved that religious veneration for my master which was felt for him by the Arabs. She was the widow of an officer of the army of Egypt, and chance had led him, in Saxony, into the same house where she had been received. The Emperor granted her a pension of twelve hundred francs, and charged himself with the education of a son, the only inheritance which her husband had left her. "This is the first time," said Napoleon, "that

I ever alighted to escape a storm; I had a presentiment that a good deed was awaiting me there."

The victory of Jena had stricken the Prussians with terror; the court had fled with such haste that everything in the royal residences had been left behind. On arriving at Potsdam, the Emperor found there the sword of Frederick the Great, his gorget, the broad ribbon of his orders, and his alarm clock. He had them taken to Paris to be preserved in the Hôtel des Invalides: "I prefer these trophies," said His Majesty, "to all the treasures of the King of Prussia; I will send them to my old soldiers of the Hanover campaigns; they will guard them as a testimony of the victories of the grand army and of the vengeance it has taken for the disaster of Rosbach." On the same day the Emperor ordered the column raised by Frederick the Great to perpetuate the memory of the defeat of the French at Rosbach to be taken to his own capital. He might have contented himself with changing its inscription.

Napoleon lived at Charlottenburg, where he had established his headquarters. Regiments of the guard were arriving from all sides. As soon as they were assembled, orders were given to put on full uniform, which they did in the little wood in front of the city. The Emperor made his entry into the capital of Prussia between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. He was surrounded by his aides-de-camp and the officers of his staff. All the regiments marched past in the greatest order, with drums

and bands at the head. The excellent bearing of the troops excited the admiration of the Prussians.

Having entered Berlin in the Emperor's train, we came to the square, in the middle of which a bust of Frederick the Great had been set up. The name of this monarch is so popular in Berlin and throughout Prussia, that I have seen a hundred times, when any one happened to mention it, whether in a café or any other public place, all who were present rise, take off their hats, and give every sign of respect and even of profound worship. On arriving in front of the bust, the Emperor described a semicircle at a gallop, followed by his staff and, lowering the point of his sword, he at the same time removed his hat and was the first to salute the image of Frederick II. His staff imitated his example, and all the general officers and officers who composed it, ranged themselves in a semicircle around the bust, with the Emperor in the centre. His Majesty gave orders that each regiment should present arms while marching in front of the bust. This manœuvre was not to the taste of some grumblers of the first regiment of the guard, who, with scorched moustaches, and faces still blackened with the powder of Jena, would have much preferred a billet on the citizens to the parade. Hence they did not conceal their ill-humor, and there was one of them who, on passing the bust and in front of the Emperor said, between his teeth and without changing a muscle of his face, and yet loud enough to be heard by His Majesty, that he didn't

care a rap for his cursed bust. His Majesty turned a deaf ear; but in the evening he repeated, with a laugh, the saying of the old soldier.

His Majesty alighted at the château, where his lodging had been prepared, and where the officers of his household had preceded him. Having learned that the Electoral Princess of Hesse-Cassel, sister of the King, was lying ill there in consequence of a confinement, the Emperor went up to the apartment of this princess, and, after a rather long visit, he gave orders that this lady should be treated with all the respect due to her rank and her cruel position.

CHAPTER XIII

Results of success — General Beaumont — One hundred and forty flags taken from the enemy — General Savary, Marshal Mortier, Prince Murat — Departure from Berlin — Grand Marshal Duroc breaks a collar-bone — Stay of the Emperor at Warsaw — Cordiality of the Polish nobility — The Emperor sees Madame V—— for the first time — Portrait of this lady — The Emperor's agitation — Singular mission confided to a great personage — The Emperor's first advances rejected — Confusion of the ambassador — Preoccupation of His Majesty — Correspondence — Consent — First rendezvous — Sobs and tears — Madame V—— at the headquarters of Finkenstein — Affection of Madame V—— for the Emperor — Meals in private — Constant the only attendant — Conversation — Occupations of Madame V—— when not in the Emperor's presence — Sweetness and even temper of Madame V—— — Madame V—— at Schönbrunn with the Emperor — Mysterious employment with which Constant is entrusted — The rain and the ruts — Anxiety and advice of the Emperor — The carriage upset — A not dangerous fall — Constant supporting Madame V—— — The small house in the Chaussée-d'Antin — Voluntary solitude of Madame V—— — Birth of a son — Napoleon's joy — The new-born made a count — Madame V—— takes her son to the Emperor — The young count saved by Doctor Corvisart — The lock of hair, the ring, and the motto — The La Vallière of the Empire and the favorites of the victor of Austerlitz.

AT Berlin, each day and each hour of the day brought the Emperor news of some victory gained, some success obtained by his generals. General Beaumont presented him with eighty flags taken

from the enemy by his division. Colonel Gérard brought him sixty more, taken from Blücher, at the battle of Wismar. Magdeburg had capitulated, and a garrison of sixteen thousand men had laid down their arms before General Savary. Marshal Mortier was occupying Hanover in the name of France. Prince Murat was entering Warsaw after chasing the Russians out of it. It was against the latter that the war was about to recommence, or rather continue; for the armies of Prussia might well be regarded as annihilated. The Emperor left Berlin to conduct his operations against the Russians in person.

We travelled in the little calashes of the country. As in all our journeys, the carriage of the grand marshal preceded that of the Emperor. The season and the passage of the artillery had made the roads frightful, and yet we went very fast. Between Kutow and Warsaw, the carriage of the grand marshal was upset, and his collar-bone broken. The Emperor came up soon after this unlucky accident, and personally supervised the marshal's removal to the nearest post-house. We always had a small medicine chest with us, so that the indispensable requirements were promptly attended to. His Majesty remitted him to the care of his own surgeon, and did not leave him until he had seen the first bandages applied.

At Warsaw, where His Majesty spent the entire month of January, 1807, he inhabited the grand palace. The Polish nobility, eager to pay court to him,

gave magnificent fêtes and very brilliant balls, at which all the wealthiest and most distinguished people in the city were present. At one of these reunions the Emperor remarked a young Polish lady, Madame V——, twenty-two years of age, and recently married to an old noble of a severe temper and very austere manners, who was fonder of his titles than of his wife. Still, he loved her much, but in return was respected rather than loved. The Emperor was attracted to this lady at the first glance. She was fair, with blue eyes and a dazzlingly white complexion. She was not tall, but she was perfectly well made, and had a charming figure. The Emperor approached and began a conversation in which she took her part with much grace and spirit, and in a way that showed she had received a brilliant education. A trace of melancholy that pervaded her whole person rendered her still more attractive. His Majesty fancied he saw in her a woman who had been sacrificed, whose family life was unhappy, and the interest inspired by this idea made him more enamoured, more impassioned, than he had ever been for any woman. She must have perceived it.

The day after the ball, the Emperor seemed to me in an unusual state of agitation. He would rise, walk about, sit down, and rise again. I thought I should never finish dressing him that day. Directly after his breakfast, he commissioned a great personage, whom I will not name, to go on his behalf to pay a visit to Madame V—— and acquaint her with

his sentiments and wishes. She haughtily refused propositions which were, perhaps, too brusque, or which the coquetry natural to all women may have counselled her to reject. The hero himself had pleased her; the idea of a lover resplendent with power and glory doubtless greatly disturbed her mind, but never had she had a thought of yielding in this fashion without a struggle. The great personage returned in great confusion and much astonished at not having succeeded in his negotiation. The next day, at the levee of the Emperor, I found him still preoccupied. He did not say a word to me, although he usually did so. He had written several times to Madame V—— the day before, and she had not answered him. His self-love was extremely piqued by a resistance to which he was unaccustomed. At last he wrote so many and such touching letters, that Madame V—— yielded. She consented to come and see the Emperor between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening. The great personage, of whom I have already spoken, received orders to go with a carriage to meet her at a designated place. While awaiting her, the Emperor strode restlessly up and down, displaying as much emotion as impatience; every minute he was asking me the time. Madame V—— at last arrived, but in what a condition! pale, mute, and with eyes bathed in tears. As soon as she appeared she was brought into the Emperor's chamber; she could hardly stand, and leaned, trembling, on my arm. When I had intro-

duced her, I withdrew along with the personage who had brought her. During her tête-à-tête with the Emperor, Madame V—— wept and sobbed so, that, in spite of the distance, I could hear her moaning in a way that rent my heart. It is probable that in this first interview the Emperor obtained nothing from her. His Majesty summoned me about two o'clock in the morning. I made haste and saw Madame V—— coming out with her handkerchief over her eyes, and still shedding bitter tears. She was taken back to her own home by the same personage. I thought she would never return.

Two or three days later, nevertheless, at nearly the same hour, Madame V—— returned to the palace; she appeared more tranquil. The keenest emotion was still depicted on her charming face; but her eyes, at least, were dry and her cheeks less pale. She went away at a rather early hour in the morning, and continued her visits until the moment of the Emperor's departure.

Two months later, the Emperor wrote to Madame V—— from his headquarters at Finkenstein, and she hastened to rejoin him. His Majesty had an apartment prepared for her which communicated with his own. Madame V—— installed herself there and no longer quitted the palace of Finkenstein, leaving at Warsaw her old husband who, wounded in his honor and his affections, would never again see the wife who had abandoned him. Madame V—— lived three weeks with the Emperor, until his departure,

and afterwards returned to her own family. During all this time she never ceased to testify the tenderest, as well as the most disinterested affection for His Majesty. The Emperor, for his part, seemed to comprehend perfectly all that was interesting in this angelic woman whose gentle and self-sacrificing character has left an ineffaceable souvenir in my memory. They took all their meals together; I alone waited on them; hence I was in a position to enjoy their conversation, which, on the Emperor's part, was always amiable, ardent, and eager, and on hers, always tender, impassioned, and melancholy. When His Majesty was not with her, Madame V—— spent her time either in reading, or in watching through the Emperor's window-blinds the parades and evolutions he caused to be executed in the court of the château, and which he frequently commanded in person. Her manner of life, like her disposition, was always uniform. Her character delighted the Emperor and made him daily cherish her more tenderly.

After the battle of Wagram, in 1809, the Emperor went to live in the palace of Schönbrunn. He had Madame V—— come there also. He hired and furnished a charming house for her in one of the faubourgs of Vienna, not far from Schönbrunn. I went mysteriously to fetch her every evening in a closed carriage, without armorial bearings, and with a single unliveried servant. I brought her into the palace also by a private door, and introduced her into the

Emperor's apartment. The road, though short, was not free from danger, especially when it rained, on account of the ruts and holes one encountered at every step. Hence the Emperor would say to me nearly every day: "Take care this evening, Constant, it has been raining, and the road must be bad. Are you sure of your driver? Is the carriage in good condition?" and other questions of the same sort, all of which proved his sincere and real attachment to Madame V——. For that matter, the Emperor had reason enough for urging me to be careful; for one evening, after we had started from her house a little later than usual, the coachman upset us. In trying to avoid a rut, he had thrown the carriage over the side of the road. I was on the right of Madame V——; the carriage fell to the right, so that I was the only sufferer from the fall, while Madame V——, tumbling on top of me, received no injury. I was satisfied to have saved her. I told her so, and she displayed her gratitude with a grace peculiarly her own. The hurt I felt at first was soon over. I was the first to laugh at it, and then Madame V——, who described our accident to His Majesty as soon as we arrived.

It was at Schönbrunn that Madame V—— became pregnant. I shall not attempt to recount all the cares and attentions with which the Emperor surrounded her. He made her come to Paris, accompanied by her brother, a very distinguished officer, and a waiting-woman. He commissioned the grand-

marshal to buy a fine house for her in the Chaussée-d'Antin. Madame V—— was happy; she often said to me: "All my thoughts, all my inspirations, come from him and return to him; he is all my good, my future, my life." Hence she never left her house except when she came to the little apartments in the Tuileries. When this happiness was not permitted her, she never sought diversion at the theatre, the promenade, or in society. She remained at home, seeing very few persons, and writing to the Emperor every day. She was delivered of a son who bore a striking resemblance to His Majesty. This was a great joy for the Emperor. Hastening to her as soon as it was possible for him to get away from the château, he took the child in his arms, and embracing it as he had just embraced the mother, he said to him: "I will make thee a count." Later we shall see this son receiving a final mark of attachment from the Emperor at Fontainebleau.

Madame V—— brought up her son at home, and never quitted him; she often fetched him to the château, where I admitted her by the dark stairway. When either of them was ill, the Emperor sent M. Corvisart to them; this skilful physician once had the good fortune to save the young count from a dangerous malady.

Madame V—— had a gold ring made for the Emperor, around which she rolled some of her beautiful fair hair. On the inside this inscription was engraved: "*When thou shalt cease to love me, forget*

not that I love thee." The Emperor never called her anything but Marie.

Perhaps I have given too much time to this liaison of the Emperor, but Madame V—— was totally different from the other women from whom His Majesty had obtained favors, and she deserved to be called the La Vallière of the Emperor, although he never was ungrateful to her, as Louis XIV. was to the only woman by whom he was beloved. Those who, like myself, have had the happiness of seeing and knowing her well, must have retained a recollection of her which will make them understand why, in my view, there is so great a distance between Madame V——, a tender and modest woman, bringing up in retirement the son she had given the Emperor, and the *favorites* of the conqueror of Austerlitz.

CHAPTER XIV

The Polish campaign — The battle of Eylau — *Te Deum* and *De profundis* — Involuntary delay of the Prince of Ponte-Corvo — Generals d'Hautpoul, Corbineau, and Boursier fatally wounded — Courage and death of General d'Hautpoul — The *good blow* of General Ordener — Presentiments of General Corbineau — Money from the Emperor's chest advanced by Constant to General Corbineau a few minutes before his death — Enthusiasm of the Poles — Discontent of the French — Anecdotes — The basis of the Polish language — Poverty and gaiety — Hilarity of the soldiers excited by a response of the Emperor — The Emperor cheating at vingt-et-un — The Emperor sharing his gains with Constant — Pastimes of the chief officers of the Emperor — Prince Jérôme in love with a Breslau actress — The actress marries a valet de chambre of the Prince — Complaisance and jealousy — Marshal Lefebvre made Duc de Dantzic by the Emperor — Anecdote concerning the chocolate of Dantzic — The Emperor's gaiety during the battle — Peace with Russia — Interview between the Emperor and the Czar at Tilsit — The King and Queen of Prussia — Gallantry and severity of Napoleon — Concert given by the Baskir musicians — Constant's visit to the Baskirs — A Muscovite soldier decorated by the Emperor Napoleon — Return by way of Bautzen and Dresden, and entry into France.

THE Russians in this campaign were animated by the remembrance of the defeat of Austerlitz, and the fear of losing Poland; hence the winter did not deter them, and they determined to advance to attack the Emperor. The latter was not the man to allow himself to be forestalled; he raised his winter-quarters

and left Warsaw at the end of January. On February 8, the two armies met at Eylau, and there was fought the bloody battle in which both sides displayed equal courage; fifteen thousand dead were left on the field of battle, as many French as Russians. The advantage, or rather the loss, was the same in both armies, and a *Te Deum* was chanted in Saint Petersburg as well as in Paris, instead of a *De profundis*, which would have been much more appropriate. On returning to his quarters, the Emperor loudly complained of the non-execution of an order he had sent to Marshal Bernadotte, whose corps had not fought that day; it seems certain, in fact, that the victory, which remained undetermined between the Emperor and General Benningsen, would have fallen to the former if an entirely fresh army corps had come up during the battle, as His Majesty had calculated. Unfortunately, the aide-de-camp, who was bearing the Emperor's orders to the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, fell into the hands of a party of Cossacks. When this circumstance became known to the Emperor on the following day, his resentment was abated, but not his vexation. Our troops bivouacked on the field of battle, which the Emperor visited three times, distributing succor to the wounded and causing the dead to be buried.

Generals d'Hautpoul, Corbineau, and Boursier were fatally wounded at Eylau. I seem still to hear the brave d'Hautpoul saying to His Majesty, just as he was galloping off to charge the enemy: "Sire,

I am going to show you my big heels; they will go into the enemies' squares as if they were made of butter!" An hour later he was dead. One of his regiments while fighting in an interval of the Russian army, was shot down and cut to pieces by the Cossacks; only eighteen of them escaped. General d'Hautpoul, three times forced to recoil with his division, thrice rallied them to the charge; the third time, he again rushed on the enemy, crying in a loud voice: "Cuirassiers, forward, in the name of God! forward, my brave cuirassiers!" But grapeshot had mowed down too many of these heroes. Very few of them were in condition to follow their leader, who fell, covered with wounds, in the middle of a Russian square into which he had flung himself almost alone.

It was also in this battle, I think, that General Ordener killed one of the enemy's general officers with his own hand. The Emperor asked him whether he could not have taken him alive. "*Sire*," replied the General, in his broad German accent, "*ché né donne qu'un coup, mais ché tâche qu'il soit pon.*" ("I strike only one blow, but I try to make it a good one.")

On the very morning of the battle, General Corbineau, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, while at breakfast with the chief attendants, owned to them that he was beset by the most gloomy presentiments. These gentlemen tried to divert his mind from this idea, and turned it into a joke. A few minutes later,

General Corbineau received an order from His Majesty; needing money and not finding any at M. de Menneval's quarters, he applied to me, and I advanced it from the Emperor's cash-box; several hours afterward, I met M. de Menneval, and told him about General Corbineau's request and the sum I had given him. I was still speaking to M. de Menneval when an officer galloping by shouted to us in passing the sad tidings of the General's death. I have never forgotten the impression this piece of news made upon me, and I still find inexplicable that sort of inner misgiving which had come to warn a hero of his approaching death.

Poland was counting on the Emperor for the restoration of its independence. Hence the Poles were full of hope and enthusiasm when they witnessed the arrival of the French army. This winter campaign, however, displeased our soldiers greatly; the cold, the destitution, the bad weather, inspired them with extreme aversion for the country.

In a review at Warsaw, while the inhabitants were thronging around our troops, one of the soldiers began swearing energetically against the snow and mud, and consequently against Poland and the Poles. "You are very wrong not to like our country, Mr. Soldier," said a young girl belonging to a very good burgher family of the city, "for we like the French very much." "You are certainly very amiable, Mademoiselle," replied the soldier; "but if you wish to persuade me of the truth of what you are saying, you will

give my comrade and me a good dinner." At this, the parents of the young Pole came forward and said:

"Come along, then, gentlemen; we will drink together to your Emperor's health." They did in fact take the two soldiers with them and gave them the best meal they had during the entire campaign.

According to the soldiers, four words constituted the groundwork of the Polish language: *Kleba? niema;* some bread? there is none; *vora? sara;* some water? some one has gone to get it. One day while the Emperor was passing through a column of infantry in the environs of Mysigniez, where the troops had experienced great privations on account of the miry roads which interfered with the arrival of provisions, a soldier cried out to him: "Papa, *Kleba.*" "*Niema,*" responded the Emperor at once. The whole column roared with laughter, and no one else asked for anything.

During the rather long stay the Emperor made at Finkenstein, he was visited by a Persian ambassador, for whose pleasure he held several grand reviews. In his turn, His Majesty sent an embassy to the Shah, placing at the head of it General Gardanne, who was said at the time to have a special reason for wishing to go to Persia. It was claimed that his parents, after residing for a long time at Teheran, had been obliged to leave that capital in consequence of a riot against the Europeans, and that before taking flight they had buried a considerable treasure in a certain place, the map

of which they took back with them to France. To finish with this story, I will add that I was told afterwards that General Gardanne had found the place in disorder, and being unable to recognize the sites or discover the treasure, had returned from his embassy empty-handed.

The sojourn at Finkenstein became very monotonous. To pass the time, His Majesty sometimes played cards with his generals and aides-de-camp. Usually the game was vingt-et-un, and the great captain delighted in cheating; during several successive tricks he would keep back the cards necessary to form the requisite number, and was greatly amused when he won by this manœuvre. It was I who furnished him with the money for his game, and as soon as he came in, I was ordered to take his winnings; he always gave me half of them, and the rest I divided among the ordinary valets.

It is not my intention to confine myself to a very rigorous order of dates in this journal, and when an anecdote or a fact occurs to my memory, I shall set it down, so far as it can be done, in that part of my narrative where I may be when I recall it; in referring it to its own period, I should be afraid of forgetting it. This is why I think I ought to note here, in passing, some recollections of Saint-Cloud or the Tuileries, although we are at present at the headquarters of Finkenstein. The pastimes resorted to by His Majesty and chief officers are what reminded me of them.

These gentlemen often challenged or laid wagers with each other. I one day heard the Duc de Vicenza bet that M. Jardin junior, His Majesty's equerry, riding backwards on his horse, would reach the end of the château avenue in a very few minutes. The grand equerry won the bet.

MM. Fain, Menneval, and Ivan once played a curious trick on M. B. d'A——, whom they knew to be subject to frequent attacks of gallantry. They dressed up a young man in woman's clothes, and sent him to promenade in an avenue near the château in this disguise. M. B. d'A—— was very short-sighted and generally used an eye-glass; these gentlemen persuaded him to go out, and he had no sooner done so than he perceived the fair promenader, and was unable to repress an exclamation of surprise and joy.

His friends pretended to share his delight, and urged him, as the most enterprising of the party, to make the first advances. He approached the fictitious young lady therefore with the most respectful air, and outdid himself in polite attentions and offers of service. He was determined, at all hazards, to do the honors of the château to his new acquaintance. The latter, who had been taught his lesson well, acquitted himself perfectly of his rôle, and after a good deal of smirking on one side and protestations on the other, a rendezvous was given for that very evening. The lover, rejoicing in hope, returned to his friends, and played the discreet and indifferent concerning his success, although he could have

devoured the time in his anxiety to see the end of the day. At last evening brought to an end his impatience and the hour of the interview. But what were his disgust and anger when he perceived that the feminine vestments covered a masculine costume! In the first moments of his wrath, M. B. d'A—— wanted to challenge both the authors and the actor in this hoax to a duel, and he was only appeased with great difficulty.

I think it was on the return from this campaign that Prince Jérôme saw at the theatre of Breslau a very pretty young actress, who played indifferently enough, but sang extremely well. He made advances. She was said to be very discreet; but kings do not sigh long in vain; they cast too heavy a weight in the balances of discretion. His Majesty the King of Westphalia took his conquest with him to Cassel, where, after a time, he espoused her to his first valet de chambre, Albertoni, whose Italian morals did not disgust him with such a marriage. Some dissatisfaction, the motives of which I do not know, decided Albertoni to leave the King; he returned to Paris with his wife, and engaged in several enterprises in which he lost all that he had earned. I have been told that he went back to Italy. One thing which always seemed extraordinary to me, was Albertoni's jealousy of his wife — a vigilant jealousy which kept an eye on every man, except the King; for I am nearly certain that the liaison continued after the marriage.

The brothers of the Emperor, even when kings, sometimes had to dance attendance in His Majesty's antechamber. King Jérôme came one morning by order of the Emperor, who, being not yet up, told me to ask the King of Westphalia to wait. As the Emperor wished to rest awhile longer, I remained with the attendants in the salon which served as antechamber, and where the King was also waiting, I do not say with patience; for he was constantly changing one seat for another, going from the window to the mantelpiece, and seeming very much bored. Occasionally he would chat with me, to whom he had always been very kindly. He spent more than half an hour in this way. At last I went into the Emperor's chamber, and when he had put on his dressing-gown, I notified the King that His Majesty expected him; having introduced him, I withdrew. The Emperor did not receive him very well, and scolded a good deal. As he talked very loud, I heard him in spite of myself; but the King made his excuses in so low a tone that I could not hear a word of his self-justification. Such scenes were of frequent occurrence. The Prince was dissipated and a spendthrift, which displeased the Emperor above all things, and he reproached him severely although he loved him much; for it is to be remarked that in spite of the frequent annoyances which his family caused him, the Emperor always retained a great affection for his relatives.

Some time after the taking of Dantzic (May 24,

1807) the Emperor, wishing to recompense Marshal Lefebvre for his recent services, had him summoned at six o'clock in the morning. His Majesty was at work with the major-general of the army when the arrival of the Marshal was announced. "Ah! ah!" said he to the major-general, "*monsieur le duc* has not kept me waiting;" then turning to the orderly: "Say to the Duc de Dantzic that I sent for him so early because I wanted him to breakfast with me." The orderly, thinking that the Emperor had mistaken the name, remarked that the person awaiting him was not the Duc de Dantzic, but Marshal Lefebvre. "It seems, sir, that you think me more capable of making a count than a duke."[1] The officer was disconcerted for a moment by this response, but the Emperor reassured him by a smile, and said: "Go and acquaint the Duke with my invitation; in a quarter of an hour we shall sit down at table." The orderly went back to the Marshal, who was somewhat uneasy as to what His Majesty might have to say to him. "*Monsieur le duc*, the Emperor invites you to breakfast with him, and begs you to wait a quarter of an hour." Having paid no attention to the new title given him by the orderly, the marshal replied by a nod, and sat down on a camp-stool above which hung the Emperor's sword. The Marshal looked at it and touched it with admiration and respect. When

[1] The Emperor was making an untranslatable pun: To *faire un conte* is to tell a fib.

the quarter of an hour had elapsed, another orderly came to call the Marshal to join the Emperor, who was already at table with the major-general. On seeing him, Napoleon waved his hand to him: "Good day, *monsieur le duc*, sit down beside me."

Astonished to hear himself addressed by this title, the Marshal thought at first that the Emperor was jesting; but seeing that he made a parade of calling him *monsieur le duc*, he was abashed by it for a moment. To increase his confusion, the Emperor said: "Do you like chocolate, *monsieur le duc?*" "Why . . . yes, Sire."—"Eh! well, you won't breakfast on it, but I am going to give you a pound from the city of Dantzic itself; for since you have conquered it, it is quite just that it should bring you in something." Thereupon the Emperor left the table, opened a small casket, took from it a packet in the shape of a long square, and gave it to Marshal Lefebvre, saying: "Duc de Dantzic, accept this chocolate; little presents nourish friendship." The Marshal thanked His Majesty, took the chocolate, and sat down again at table with the Emperor and Marshal Berthier. A pasty representing the city of Dantzic was in the middle of the table, and when it was time to cut it, the Emperor said to the new duke: "This pasty could not have been given a form which would please me more. Attack it, *monsieur le duc*, there is your conquest, it is for you to do the honors of it." The Duke obeyed, and the three companions ate some of the pasty, which seemed to be very much to their taste.

On returning home, the Marshal Duc de Dantzic, suspecting a surprise in the little packet given him by the Emperor, made haste to open it and found within one hundred thousand écus in banknotes. After this magnificent present, it became customary in the army to call money, whether in specie or notes, Dantzic chocolate; and when the soldiers wanted a treat from some comrade who was pretty well off for cash, they would say to him: "Come along; haven't you some Dantzic chocolate in your sack?"

His Majesty's almost superstitious fondness for anniversaries was once more justified by the victory of Friedland, gained June 14, 1807, seven years to a day after the battle of Marengo. The severity of the winter, the difficulty of victualling the troops (for which the Emperor had nevertheless provided with all possible care and skill), and the obstinate courage of the Russians had rendered this campaign painful even to the victors, whom the incredible rapidity of their successes in Prussia had accustomed to prompt conquests. The division of glory they had been obliged to make with the Russians at Eylau, was something new in the military career of the Emperor. At Friedland he resumed his advantages and his former superiority. His Majesty, by a feigned retreat and by allowing the enemy to see only a portion of his forces, lured the Russians on this side of the Elbe, in such a way that they found themselves shut in between the river and our army. The victory was gained by the troops of the line and the cavalry;

the Emperor was not obliged to call out his guard. That of the Emperor Alexander was almost entirely destroyed in protecting the retreat or rather the flight of the Russians, who could only escape the pursuit of our troops by way of the bridge of Friedland, some narrow pontoons and an almost impracticable ford.

All the line regiments of the French army covered the plain. The Emperor, in observation on a height whence his view ranged over the entire battle-field, was sitting in an armchair near a mill, and his whole staff surrounded him. Never did I see him more gay; he chatted with the generals who were awaiting his orders, and seemed to take pleasure in eating some Russian bread made in the form of a brick. This bread, made of bad rye flour and full of long straws, was the only nourishment of all the soldiers, who knew that His Majesty ate it as well as they.

Superb weather favored the skilful manœuvres of the army, which wrought prodigies of valor. The cavalry charges were executed with such precision that the Emperor sent to compliment the regiments which had made them.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon, at the moment when the two armies were pressing each other hard at all points, and while thousands of cannon were making the ground tremble, the Emperor exclaimed: "*If that lasts two hours longer, there will be nothing left standing in the plain but the French army.*" A few instants later, he gave orders to

Count d'Orsène, general of the foot grenadiers of the old guard, to fire on a brick-yard behind which masses of Russians and Prussians were entrenched. In the twinkling of an eye they were forced to abandon this position, and swarms of sharp-shooters were in pursuit of the fugitives.

The guard did not move until five o'clock, and at six o'clock the battle was completely gained. As he watched the guard deploying, the Emperor said to those who were near him: "Those fellows would have liked to chew up the *pousse-cailloux* and the *rintintins* of the line for daring to charge without waiting for them; but say what they like, the business has been well done without them."

His Majesty went to compliment several regiments which had fought all day. A few words, a smile, a wave of the hand, sufficed to recompense the brave fellows who had just conquered.

After this decisive battle, the Emperor of Russia, who had rejected the propositions conveyed to him by His Majesty subsequently to the battle of Eylau, found himself very much disposed to make proposals in his turn. General Benningsen, in the name of his Emperor, requested an armistice; His Majesty accorded it, and shortly afterward came the signing of peace and the famous interview of the two sovereigns on the Niemen. I shall pass rapidly over the details of this meeting, which have been published and repeated hundreds of times. His Majesty and the young Czar conceived a mutual affection from the

first moment they saw each other, and both of them gave fêtes and entertainments. They were inseparable in public and in private, and passed hours together in parties of pleasure from which intruders were carefully excluded. The city of Tilsit was declared neutral, and French, Russians, and Prussians followed the example given by their sovereigns in living together in the most intimate confraternity.

The King and Queen of Prussia came to join Their Imperial Majesties at Tilsit. This unfortunate monarch, who had scarcely a city left out of his whole kingdom, must have been very little inclined to take part in so many fêtes. The Queen was beautiful and gracious, possibly somewhat haughty and severe; but that did not prevent her being adored by all who surrounded her. The Emperor tried to please her, and she neglected none of the innocent coquetries of her sex in order to mollify the conqueror of her husband. I saw the Queen dine with the sovereigns several times, sitting between the two emperors, who vied with each other in gallantries and attentions. It is known that the Emperor Napoleon one day offered her a superb rose, and that after hesitating for some moments she ended by accepting, saying to His Majesty with the most charming smile: "At least with Magdeburg." And it is also known that the Emperor did not accept the exchange.

The Queen's lady of honor was a very aged woman, who was most highly esteemed. One evening, just

as the Queen was led into the dining-room by the two emperors, followed by the King of Prussia, Prince Murat, and the Grand Duke Constantine, the old lady of honor left her place in order to make way for the two latter princes. The Grand Duke Constantine would not take precedence of her, and spoiling this act of politeness by a very rude tone, he said to her: "Pass on, Madame, pass on!" Then turning quickly toward the King of Naples, he added, in a tone loud enough to be heard, this gracious exclamation: "*The old idiot!*" It may be seen by this that Prince Constantine was far from having that exquisite politeness and perfection of gallantry which distinguished his august brother.

The French imperial guard once gave a dinner to the guard of the Emperor Alexander. The repast could not have been gayer, and by way of terminating the fraternal banquet, each French soldier changed uniform with a Russian, who gave him his in exchange. They passed in this way in front of the emperors, who were much amused by this impromptu disguise.

Among the civilities offered to our Emperor by the Emperor of Russia, I will mention a concert executed by a troop of Baskirs whom their sovereign brought across the Niemen for this purpose. Certainly more barbaric music had never resounded in His Majesty's ears, and this strange harmony, accompanied by gestures at least as savage, produced the most burlesque spectacle that can be imagined.

Some days after this concert, I obtained permission to go and visit the musicians in their camp, and I went with Roustan, who could act as my interpreter. We had the advantage of being present at a repast of the Baskirs. Around immense wooden tubs were ranged squads of ten men, each holding in his hand a piece of black bread, which he seasoned with a spoonful of water in which they had mixed something which resembled red earth. After the repast they entertained us with archery. Roustan, whom this exercise reminded of those of his youth, wished to shoot an arrow, but it fell at the distance of a few paces, and I saw a smile of contempt on the thick lips of our Baskirs ; I tried the bow in my turn, and acquitted myself in a way that did me honor in the eyes of our hosts, who instantly surrounded me, felicitating me by signs on my skill and vigor. One of them, still more enthusiastic and friendly than the others, gave me a slap on the shoulder which I did not forget in a hurry.

On the day after this famous concert, peace was signed between the two sovereigns, and His Majesty paid a visit to the Emperor Alexander, who received him at the head of his guard. The Emperor Napoleon asked his illustrious ally to point out to him the bravest grenadier of this fine and valiant troop. He was presented to His Majesty, who detached from his buttonhole his own cross of the Legion of Honor and fastened it on the breast of the Muscovite soldier amidst the acclamations and hurrahs of all his com-

rades. The two emperors embraced each other for the last time on the bank of the Niemen, and His Majesty took the route to Kœnigsburg.

At Bautzen the Emperor was met by the King of Saxony, who had come for that purpose, and Their Majesties entered Dresden. King Frederick-Augustus gave the most magnificent reception in his power to the sovereign who, not content with having given him a sceptre, had also considerably enlarged the hereditary dominions of the Electors of Saxony. During the eight days we spent in Dresden, its good people treated the French more like brothers and compatriots than allies. But it was nearly ten months since we had quitted Paris, and in spite of the sweetness of the frank and simple German hospitality, I was in a great hurry to see France and my family once more.

EUGÉNIE—HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS

Wife of Louis Bonaparte ; Queen of Holland

The child is Napoleon-Charles, her eldest son, who died in 1807 at the age of five years.

CHAPTER XV

Death of the young Napoleon, son of the King of Holland — Prettiness of this child — Weakness of a nurse and firmness of the young prince — Submission of the young prince to the Emperor — Charming family portrait — The shoemaker and the portrait of *mon oncle Bibiche* — The gazelles of Saint-Cloud — The King and Queen of Holland reconciled by the young Napoleon — The Emperor's affection for his nephew — The designated heir of the Emperor — Presage of misfortune — First idea of the divorce — Grief of the Empress Josephine at the death of the young Napoleon — Despair of Queen Hortense — Idea of a chamberlain — Universal sorrow caused by the death of the young prince.

IT was during the course of the glorious campaign of Prussia and Poland that the imperial family was plunged into the most bitter grief. Young Napoleon, the eldest son of the King of Holland, died. This child greatly resembled his father, and consequently his uncle. His hair was fair; but it is probable that in time it would have grown darker. His blue eyes, large and admirably well formed, shone with extraordinary brilliancy when a strong impression struck his youthful mind. Good, loving, full of frankness and of gaiety, he was the delight of the Emperor, especially on account of the firmness of his character, which was so great that, in spite of his extreme youth, nothing could induce him to break his word. The following anecdote, which I recall, will prove this.

He was passionately fond of strawberries; but they caused him long and frequent vomitings. His mother, alarmed by this, expressly forbade his being allowed to eat them in future, and expressed her wish that every precaution should be taken to keep out of his sight a fruit that disagreed with him so badly. But little Napoleon, not disgusted by the dangerous effects of the berries, was greatly astonished at no longer seeing his favorite dish. He was patient for a while, but one day he came to his nurse, and very seriously asked for explanations on the subject, which the good woman did not know how to give him. She was so fond of him that she spoiled him; he knew her weakness, and often abused it. In the present instance, for example, he grew angry and said to his nurse, in a tone which produced, at least, as much effect on her as the Emperor or the King of Holland could have done: "I will have some berries. Give me some at once." The poor nurse, while trying to quiet him, said that she would willingly do so, but if anything happened, she was afraid he would tell the Queen how he got the strawberries. "Is that all?" briskly responded Napoleon. "Oh! don't be afraid, I promise not to say a word." The nurse yielded. The strawberries produced their usual effect, and the Queen entered while the Prince was undergoing the penalty of his gluttony. He could not deny that he had eaten the forbidden fruit: the proof was there. The irritated Queen wished to know who had disobeyed her; she begged and threat-

ened the child, who kept answering, with the greatest coolness: "I have promised not to tell;" and, notwithstanding her control over him, she could not wrest from him the name of the guilty party.[1]

The young Napoleon loved his uncle greatly; with him he showed a patience, a tranquillity very remote from his character. The Emperor would often take him on his knee at breakfast, and amuse himself by making him eat lentils one by one. The color would mount to the pretty face of the child; his whole expression would betray spite and impatience; but His Majesty could prolong this play without fearing that the child would become angry, which he certainly would not have failed to do with any one else.

Had he then, at this tender age, the feeling of his uncle's superiority over all who surrounded him? King Louis, his father, who gave him new playthings every day, chose such as best pleased his taste; the child preferred those he received from his uncle; and when his father said: "But see, Napoleon, they are ugly; mine are prettier." "No," replied the child, "they are very nice: my uncle gave them to me."

One morning when he came to see His Majesty, he crossed a salon in which, among other great personages, was Prince Murat, at that epoch, I think,

[1] Strawberries produced the same effect upon the King of Rome; but, either more carefully watched or more docile, he stopped eating them when forbidden to do so by his governess, Madame de Montesquiou.

Grand Duke of Berg. The child was going straight across the room without saluting any one, when the Prince stopped him, and said: "Are you not going to bid me good day?" "No," replied the Napoleon, freeing himself from the arms of the Grand Duke, "no, not before my uncle, *the Emperor.*"

At the close of a review, which had taken place in the court of the Tuileries and on the Place du Carrousel, the Emperor, after coming up to his apartments, threw his hat on one armchair and his sword on another. Little Napoleon came in, took his uncle's sword, put the belt of it about his neck, and the hat on his head, and then paced gravely along, whistling a march, behind the Emperor and Empress. His Majesty turned round, perceived him, and embracing him, exclaimed: "Ah! the pretty picture!" Ingenious in seizing every occasion to please her husband, the Empress sent for M. Gérard, and commissioned a portrait of the young prince in this costume. The picture was taken to Saint-Cloud the very day that the Empress learned the death of this cherished child.

He was hardly three years old when, seeing his shoemaker's bill paid with five-franc pieces, he made a great outcry, because, said he, he did not want to have them give away the portrait of *mon oncle Bibiche.* This name of *Bibiche*, given to His Majesty by the young prince, arose from the Empress having placed in the park of Saint-Cloud some gazelles which were very wild with all the inhab-

itants of the palace, excepting the Emperor, who made them eat snuff out of his box, and thus induced them to follow him. He enjoyed giving them the snuff by the hands of little Napoleon, whom he would afterwards set astride of one of them. The child never called these pretty animals anything but *bibiche*, a name which he found it amusing to give to his uncle also. This charming child, adored by his father and mother, exercised on both an almost magical influence in bringing them together. He would take the hand of his father, who would allow this angel of peace to lead him toward Queen Hortense; then he would say: "Kiss her, papa, I beg you;" and his joy would display itself in keen and noisy transports when he had thus succeeded in reconciling two beings whom he loved with equal tenderness.

How could a character so amiable fail to make this angel cherished by all who knew him? How could the Emperor, who liked all children, fail to be passionately fond of this one, even if he had not been his nephew and the grandson of that good Josephine whom he never, for a single instant, ceased to love? At the age of seven, when that terrible malady, the croup, tore him from his afflicted family, he evinced the most excellent tendencies and gave the greatest hopes. His proud and lofty character, while rendering him susceptible to the noblest impressions, was far from excluding obedience and docility. Injustice revolted him; but he readily yielded to good advice and prudent remonstrance. The first-

born of the new dynasty, he should have won, as in fact he did win, all the solicitude and tenderness of its chief. Malignity and envy, which always seek to blacken and sully all that is grand, gave calumnious explanations of this almost fatherly attachment; but wise and sincere men saw nothing in this adoptive affection but what might have been looked for, the desire and expectation of transmitting an immense power and the finest name in the universe to an heir, indirect it is true, but of the imperial blood, and who, brought up under the eyes and by the care of the Emperor, would have been to him all that a son might be. The death of the young Napoleon, coming like a presage of misfortune in the midst of his greatest glory, deranged all the plans the monarch had conceived, and determined him to concentrate his hopes of an heir in his direct line. It was then that there sprang to being in his mind the idea of a divorce which did not take place until two years later, but about which people were talking with bated breath during the journey of Fontainebleau. The Empress easily divined the fatal result which the death of her grandson must have upon her, and from this period that terrible idea became rooted in her mind and empoisoned her existence. To her this premature death was an inconsolable grief. She shut herself up for three days, weeping bitterly, seeing no one but her women, and taking scarcely any nourishment. She seemed to fear any diversion from her sorrow, for she surrounded herself with a sort

of avidity with all that might remind her of an irremediable affliction. She obtained from Queen Hortense, but not without difficulty, the hair of the young prince, which the unfortunate mother had religiously preserved. The Empress had it framed on a background of black velvet, and always kept it near her. I have often seen it at Malmaison, and never without keen emotion.

But how shall I essay to paint the grief of Queen Hortense, as perfect a mother as she was an affectionate daughter? She never left her son for a single moment during his sickness; he died in her arms, and the Queen, determined to remain beside his inanimate body, passed her arms through those of her armchair, so that she could not be removed from this heartrending sight. At last, nature succumbing to a grief so keen, the wretched mother fainted, and that moment was seized for carrying her to her own apartment, still seated in the armchair which she had not quitted, and which her arms convulsively embraced. On regaining consciousness, the Queen uttered piercing cries. Her strained and tearless eyes, her livid lips, caused fears for her life. Nothing could make her weep. At last a chamberlain thought of sending for the body of the young prince and laying it upon her knees. This sight produced such an effect that her tears gushed abundantly, and saved her. With what kisses did she not cover those cold and adored remains!

All France shared the sorrow of the Queen of Holland.

CHAPTER XVI

Return from the campaign of Prussia and Poland — Restoration of the château of Rambouillet — Paintings in the bath-room — Surprise and dissatisfaction of the Emperor — Sojourn of the court at Fontainebleau — High prices of the innkeepers — Cardinal Caprara and soup at six hundred francs — Tariff imposed by the Emperor — Arrival of the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg at Paris — Marriage of this princess to the King of Westphalia — Relations of King Jérôme with his first wife — Affection of the Queen of Westphalia for her husband — Letter of the Queen to her father — The Queen arrested by the Marquis de Maubreuil — Theft of diamonds — The Czar's presents to the Emperor — The Emperor's promenades at Fontainebleau — Kindness of the Emperor and Empress to an old ecclesiastic, and the Emperor's interview with this old man — Cardinal Belloy, Archbishop of Paris — Touching address of an almost centenarian prelate — The Emperor's hunting — Hunting costumes and equipages — Gallant intrigue of the Emperor at Fontainebleau — Mysterious commission given to Constant in the darkness — Unprosperous embassy — The Emperor's gaiety — The Emperor guided by Constant through the obscurity — Jests and thanks of the Emperor — Sudden coolness of the Emperor — The play at Fontainebleau — Mishap of Mademoiselle Mars — A loss promptly repaired.

WE arrived at Saint-Cloud July 27. The Emperor spent the summer partly at this residence and partly at Fontainebleau. He came to Paris only for grand receptions, and never stayed there more than twenty-four hours. During the absence of His Majesty, the château of Rambouillet

had been repaired and newly furnished. The Emperor went there to spend a few days. The first time he entered the bath-room, he stopped short at the door and looked around him with every mark of surprise and dissatisfaction. I looked at once for the cause, and, following his eyes, I saw they were fixed upon various family portraits which the architect had had painted on the walls. They were those of Madame Mère, the sisters of His Majesty, Queen Hortense, etc. The spectacle of such a gallery in such a place displeased the Emperor extremely. "What an insult!" he exclaimed. "Constant, have Marshal Duroc called." When the Marshal appeared, His Majesty said: "Who is the imbecile who could have had such an idea? Have the painter come here and efface all that; he must have very little respect for women to commit such an indecency."

While the court was staying at Fontainebleau, the inhabitants made themselves ample amends for His Majesty's long absences by the high prices they set on all articles of consumption. Their profits then were simply a scandalous booty; and many a foreigner, making an excursion to Fontainebleau, must have believed himself held for ransom by a troop of Bedouins. During the sojourn of the court, a wretched folding bed, in a miserable inn, cost twelve francs a night; an absurd price was charged for the least repast, and then it was detestable; a real extortion, in fact, was practised upon travellers. Cardinal Caprara, whose strict economy was known

to all Paris, went to Fontainebleau one day to pay his court to the Emperor. All he took in the hotel at which he alighted was a single cup of broth, and the six persons of his suite contented themselves with a very light repast. Three hours after his arrival the Cardinal made ready to depart. Just as he was about entering his carriage, the host had the impudence to present him with a bill for *six hundred francs!* The indignant prince of the Church exclaimed, got angry, threatened, etc., but all to no use, and he ended by paying it. But such a revolting abuse came to the Emperor's ears; he was very angry, and ordered that a tariff should be drawn up on the spot, fixing prices which the innkeepers were forbidden to vary from. This measure put an end to the exactions of the leeches of Fontainebleau.

August 21, the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, future spouse of Prince Jérôme, King of Westphalia, arrived at Paris. This princess was about twenty-four years old, and very beautiful, with the noblest and most affable air. The marriage was brought about by politics alone; but love and a free mutual choice never could have made a happier one. The courageous conduct of Her Majesty the Queen of Westphalia in 1814 is well known,—her devotion to her dethroned husband, and her admirable letters to her father, who wished to tear her from the arms of King Jérôme. I have heard say that this prince had never ceased, even after this marriage, so flattering to his ambition, to correspond with his first wife,

Miss Patterson, and that he often sent his first valet de chambre, Rico, to America to bring him news of this lady and the child he had by her. If this is true, it is not less so that these attentions, not merely excusable, but, to my mind, very laudable in Prince Jérôme toward his first wife, did not prevent Her Majesty the Queen of Westphalia, who probably was not ignorant of them, from being happy with her husband. On this point no authority can be more credible than the Queen, who thus expresses herself in the second of her letters to her father, His Majesty the King of Würtemberg:

"Forced by political reasons to espouse the King, my husband, fate willed that I should find myself the happiest woman in existence. I bear toward my husband all sentiments united,—love, tenderness, esteem. In this painful moment, would the best of fathers destroy my internal happiness, the sole happiness, indeed, which remains to me? I dare say to you, my dear father, that you, and all my family misunderstand the King, my husband. A time will come, I hope, when you will be convinced that you have misjudged him, and then you will always find in both him and me the most respectful and the most affectionate children."

Her Majesty goes on to speak of a *frightful event* to which she says she had been exposed; this event, frightful indeed, was nothing other than the violence and robbery inflicted upon a fugitive woman, defenceless, and without an escort, by a band, at the

head of which was the famous Marquis de Maubreuil, who had been equerry to the King of Westphalia. I shall return to this shameful ambush when treating of the events of 1804, and give some details concerning the authors and actors in this deed of barefaced brigandage which I believe to be very little known.

In the following September, a courier from the Russian cabinet, arriving from Saint Petersburg, presented His Majesty with a letter from the Emperor Alexander, and many magnificent gifts; among others, two most beautiful pelisses of black fox and sable.

During the stay of Their Majesties at Fontainebleau, the Emperor often rode out with the Empress in an open carriage through the streets of the town, without guards or attendants. One day, as they were passing in front of the hospice of Mont-Pierreux, Her Majesty the Empress perceived, at a window, an ecclesiastic of very great age, who saluted Their Majesties. Having returned the old man's salute with her usual grace, the Empress called the Emperor's attention to him, and he also bowed. At the same time the Emperor stopped the carriage, and sent one of the footmen to ask the venerable priest, on behalf of Their Majesties, if it would be too troublesome for him to leave his room for a moment, and come and speak to them. The old man, who could still walk with ease, made haste to descend; and, to spare him a few steps, the Emperor had his carriage brought close to the door of the hospice.

His Majesty conversed with the good ecclesiastic,

showing him the most touching marks of benevolence and respect. He told Their Majesties that before the Revolution he had been the regular priest of one of the parishes of Fontainebleau; that he had done all he could to avoid emigrating, but that the Terror had forced him to expatriate himself, although he was then more than seventy-five years old; that he had returned to France when the Concordat was proclaimed, and lived on a modest retiring pension, barely sufficient to pay his board in the hospice. "Monsieur Abbé," said His Majesty, after having listened to the old priest with attention, "I will order your retiring pension to be doubled; and if that should not suffice, I hope you will address yourself to the Empress or to me." There were tears in the eyes of the good ecclesiastic as he thanked the Emperor. "Unfortunately, Sire," said he among other things, "I am too old to see the reign of Your Majesty very long, and to profit by your bounty." "You?" replied the Emperor, smiling, "why, you are a young man. Look at M. de Belloy; he is much older than you, and we hope to keep him this long time yet." Their Majesties then took leave of the moved old man, leaving him in the midst of a crowd of the townspeople who had assembled before the door of the hospice during this interview, and who had been profoundly affected by this interesting scene and the generous bounty of the Emperor.

M. de Belloy, Cardinal and Archbishop of Paris, whose name the Emperor had mentioned in the con-

versation I have just reported, was then ninety-eight years old. His health was excellent, and he often appeared in public. I have never seen any old man whose appearance was so venerable as that of this worthy prelate. The Emperor had the profoundest respect for him, and lost no occasion of displaying it. During this same month of September, a large number of the faithful assembled as usual on Mont-Valérien, and Monseigneur the Archbishop also went thither and heard the Mass. As he was about to go away, seeing that many pious persons were awaiting his blessing, he addressed them, before giving it, in words that depict his goodness and his evangelical simplicity: "My children, I feel that I am very old by the diminution of my strength, but not by that of my zeal and my affection for you. Pray to God, my children, for your old archbishop, who never fails to pray for you every day."

During this stay at Fontainebleau the Emperor hunted more frequently than he had ever done before. The obligatory costume, for a man, was a green French coat, with gilt gimp and buttons, breeches of white cashmere, and riding boots without flaps; this was the style for the grand hunt: the deer hunt. The shooting costume was a simple green French coat without any sort of ornament but white buttons, on which were engraved some characteristics of the species. The costume was the same for all persons, without distinction, who took part in His Majesty's hunt, and also for His Majesty himself.

The princesses started from the rendezvous in the Spanish fashion, in an open carriage drawn by four or six horses, and followed in this way the different directions of the chase. Their costume was an elegant amazon, and a hat surmounted by black or white plumes.

One of His Majesty's sisters (I don't remember which) never failed to follow the hunt, taking with her several charming ladies, who were habitually invited to breakfast at the rendezvous, as always happened on such occasions to persons belonging to the court. One of these ladies, beautiful and witty, attracted the Emperor's attention. At first there were some *billets doux* exchanged; finally, the Emperor ordered me one evening to take another letter. In the palace of Fontainebleau there is an inner garden called the garden of Diana, to which none but Their Majesties had access. This garden is surrounded on all four sides by buildings. On the left, the chapel with its sombre gallery and its gothic architecture; on the right the grand gallery (as well as I can recollect). The middle building contained the apartments of Their Majesties; opposite, finally, and completing the square, were great arcades, behind which were the buildings intended for the various persons attached either to the princes or to the imperial household.

Madame de B——, the lady whom the Emperor had noticed, lodged in an apartment situated behind these arcades, on the ground-floor. His Majesty

forewarned me that I would find a window open, by which I could enter with precaution; and that in the darkness I must hand his letter to a person who would ask me for it. This obscurity was necessary because the open window, behind the arcades but looking on the garden, might be noticed if there were any light. Not knowing the interior of these apartments, I went there and entered by the window; thinking that I could then go straight ahead, I got a noisy fall, caused by a high step which was in the embrasure of the window. At the racket I made in tumbling, I heard a cry and a door closing suddenly. I was slightly bruised on the knee, the elbow, and the head.

Being in much pain, I rose with difficulty, and began to grope around this dark apartment; but hearing nothing further, and fearing to make another noise, which might be heard by persons who ought not to know that I was there, I at last concluded to return to the Emperor, to whom I related my misadventure. Finding that none of my injuries was severe, the Emperor began to laugh heartily; then he added: "Oh! it seems there is a step; that is a good thing to know. Let us wait until Madame de B—— has got over her fright; then I will go to her rooms, and you along with me." At the end of an hour, the Emperor went out with me by the door of his apartment opening on the garden; I silently conducted him toward the window, which was still open. I assisted him to enter, and this time, having gained

acquaintance with the place at my own expense, I directed him so that he escaped such a fall as I had had. His Majesty, having entered the chamber without accident, told me to withdraw; I was rather uneasy, and told His Majesty so, but he replied that I was a baby, and that he could not be in any danger. It seems that His Majesty succeeded better than I did in finding an exit, for he did not come back until daybreak. On coming in, he joked me again about my awkwardness, admitting, however, that if I had not warned him, a similar mishap might have befallen him.

Although Madame de B—— was worthy of a real attachment, her liaison with the Emperor did not last long. It was only a whim. I think that the difficulty of his nocturnal visits cooled the Emperor considerably; for he was not so amorous that he would brave everything to see his fair mistress. His Majesty told me how she had been frightened by my fall, and of this beautiful lady's anxiety on my account. The Emperor had reassured her, but that did not prevent her from sending a confidential person the next day to know how I was, and I had a renewed account of the interest which Madame de B—— took in my misfortune.

We often had plays at the court of Fontainebleau. The actors of the principal theatres received orders to come and perform pieces chosen from their different repertories in presence of Their Majesties. Mademoiselle Mars was to play on the very evening

of her arrival; but at Essonnes, where she was obliged to stop for a moment on account of the road being thronged with cows going or coming from Fontainebleau, her trunk was stolen, and she did not observe it until very far away. Not only was she minus her costumes, but she was even without other clothes than those she had on her back. It would take at least twelve hours to bring from Paris all that she required. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and she was to appear that very evening in the brilliant rôle of Célimène. Although distressed by this mishap, Mademoiselle Mars did not lose her head; she ran through every shop in the town, and had a complete costume cut and made in a few hours, and her loss was entirely repaired.

CHAPTER XVII

The Emperor's journey to Italy — Very little time for preparations — Full suites of servants sent off in different directions — The bedroom service on a journey — Constant inseparable from the Emperor — Kitchen baggage wagon — Settled order for the Emperor's meals while travelling — The Emperor sometimes breakfasting in the fields — The former kitchen officials of the King in the service of the Emperor — M. Colin and M. Pfister — MM. Soupé and Pierrugues — Unexpected arrival of the Emperor at Milan — Improvised illumination — Joy of Prince Eugène and the Milanese — Affection and respect of the Emperor for the Vicereine — The Emperor at the La Scala theatre — Passage by way of Brescia and Verona — The aspect of Lombardy — Constant's dread of official harangues — An excursion in Vicenza — The Emperor a very early riser on a journey — The rice-fields — Picturesque landscapes.

IN November of that year I followed Their Majesties to Italy. We knew several days beforehand that the Emperor would undertake this journey; but, as always happened, neither the day nor even the week was fixed, and we learned in the evening of the 15th that we would start very early in the morning of the 16th. I spent the night like all the rest of His Majesty's household; for to attain the incredible perfection of attentions by which the Emperor was surrounded in his journeys, everybody was obliged to be on the go from the time the hour of departure was pretty well settled; hence I passed

the night in preparing things for His Majesty, while my wife was getting my own luggage ready. I had barely finished when the Emperor asked for me. That was as much as to say that in ten minutes we should be on the way: at four o'clock in the morning His Majesty entered his carriage.

As we never knew at what hour or by what route His Majesty would set out, the grand marshal, the grand equerry, and the grand chamberlain each sent a complete service on the different roads which it was supposed the Emperor might take. The service of the chamber comprised a valet de chambre and a wardrobe boy. For my part, I never quitted the person of His Majesty, and my carriage always followed his very closely. The carriage pertaining to this service was provided with an iron bedstead and its accessories, a dressing-case containing linen, garments, etc. I know very little about the stable service, but this is how that of the kitchen was organized. There was a vehicle nearly in the form of the passenger-vans of the Place Louis XV. in Paris, with two enormous boots, one of which contained the Emperor's Chambertin and the fine wines for the table of the chief officers. Ordinary wine was bought at the places where we stopped along the road. In the other boot were kitchen utensils and portable stoves, in the wagon itself, a steward, two cooks, and a kitchen boy. There was in addition a large van loaded with provisions and with wine to replenish the cellar as

fast as it was emptied. All of these vehicles started several hours before the Emperor. The grand marshal would designate the place where breakfast was to be prepared. We alighted either at the archbishop's palace, the hôtel-de-ville, the sub-prefecture, or finally at the mayoralty in case there were no administrative authorities. On arriving at the appointed house, the steward looked after the things to be made ready; the stoves were lighted, the spits began to turn. If the Emperor alighted to take the repast prepared, the provisions consumed were instantly replaced, as far as that was possible. The wagons were replenished with fowls, pasties, etc. Before departing, everything was paid for by the controller, presents were made to the masters of the house, and all that was not required for the needs of the service was left behind for the use of their domestics. But it sometimes happened that the Emperor, thinking it too early for breakfast, or wishing to make a longer journey, would order us to go on. In that case, everything was packed up again, and the service continued its route. Sometimes also the Emperor would call a halt in the open country, alight, sit down under a tree, and ask for his breakfast. Roustan and the footmen would take the provisions from His Majesty's carriage, which was supplied with little silver saucepans with covers, containing chickens, partridges, etc. The other vehicles furnished their contingent. M. Pfister served the

Emperor, and every one took a snack. A fire was lighted to heat the coffee, and in less than half an hour everything had vanished. The carriages rolled on in the same order as before the halt.

Nearly all of His Majesty's stewards and cooks were persons brought up in the households of the King or the princes. They were MM. Dunau, Léonard, Rouff, and Gérard. M. Colin was chief of the kitchen and became steward controller after the affliction which befell M. Pfister, who went mad in the campaign of 1809. All of them were zealous and skilful servants. As in all the residences of the sovereign, each department of the kitchen had its chief. It was MM. Soupé and Pierrugues who furnished the wines; the sons of these gentlemen followed the Emperor by turns.

We travelled with extreme rapidity as far as Mont Cenis, but on reaching this passage we were obliged to slacken our speed very much: the weather had been frightful for several days, and the road ruined by the rain which was still falling in torrents when we arrived. The Emperor reached Milan at noon on the 22d and, in spite of our delay at Mont Cenis, the rest of the journey had been so prompt His Majesty was not yet expected. The Viceroy was not apprised of the arrival of his stepfather until the latter was within half a league of the city. We saw him coming up at full speed, followed by a very small number of persons. The Emperor stopped his carriage, and as soon as the door was opened, he held

out his hand to Prince Eugène, saying in the most affectionate tone: "Come, get in with us, *beau prince*, we will enter together."

In spite of the surprise caused by the arrival of the Emperor before he was expected, we were hardly inside the city when all the houses were illuminated; the beautiful palaces Litta, Casani, Melzi, and many others glittered with a thousand lights. The magnificent lantern of the cathedral dome was covered with fire-pots and colored lamps. In the middle of the Forum-Bonaparte, the alleys of which were also illuminated, the colossal equestrian statue of the Emperor was seen; on either side of it star-shaped transparencies had been placed bearing the initials of S. M. I. and R. At eight o'clock, all the people were in movement around the château, where superb fireworks were set off, an excellent band meanwhile executing warlike symphonies. All the authorities of the city were admitted to His Majesty's presence.

There was a ministerial council at the château the next morning, at which His Majesty presided. At noon the Emperor went on horseback to the Mass celebrated by the grand almoner of the kingdom. The Piazza del Duomo was covered by an immense crowd through which the Emperor walked his horse, his Imperial Highness the Viceroy and his staff being close beside him. Prince Eugène's noble countenance expressed all the joy he felt at seeing his stepfather, for whom he had always had so much respect and filial affection, and at hearing the acclamations

of the people, which never failed him, but which at this moment were redoubled.

After the *Te Deum*, the Emperor reviewed the troops on the Piazza, and then set off at once with the Viceroy for Monza, the palace inhabited by the Vicereine. There was no woman whom the Emperor addressed in a more affable and yet respectful tone, than the Princess Amélie; but at the same time, there was neither princess nor woman more beautiful or more virtuous. In the Emperor's presence it was impossible to speak of beauty or of virtue without his citing the Vicereine as an example. Prince Eugène was very worthy of so accomplished a wife. He appreciated her at her worth, and I was glad to see on the features of this excellent prince the expression of the happiness he enjoyed. Amidst all the pains he was taking to forestall every wish of his stepfather, I was so happy as to have him speak to me several times, and testify all the interest he had taken, as he said, in my advancement in the service and the good graces of the Emperor. Nothing could have given me more pleasure than these marks of remembrance on the part of a prince for whom I have always retained the most sincere, and, if I may dare to say so, the most tender attachment.

The Emperor remained a long time with the Vicereine, whose intelligence was equal to her kindliness and beauty. He came back to Milan to dinner; immediately after it, the ladies who were received at court were presented to him. In the evening, I

attended His Majesty to the La Scala theatre. His Majesty did not remain through all the performance. He retired at an early hour to his apartments, and worked a good part of the night; which did not prevent him from being on the road to Verona before eight o'clock the next morning.

His Majesty merely passed through Brescia and Verona. I should have liked to see the curiosities of Italy on the way, but that was not an easy thing when in the Emperor's train; for he never stopped except to review the troops, and would rather visit fortifications than ruins.

At Verona His Majesty dined or supped (for he was rather late) with Their Majesties the King and Queen of Bavaria, who had arrived there almost at the same time as we did, and very early the next morning we set off for Vicenza.

Although the season was already advanced, I took delight in the beautiful spectacle that awaits the traveller on the road from Verona to Vicenza. Imagine an immense plain, cut up into innumerable fields bordered with different kinds of lofty trees, especially with elms and poplars, which form alleys in every direction as far as the eye can see. Vines twine around their trunks, rise with them, and enlace each of their branches. And yet certain offshoots of the vine abandon the tree that supports it and hang down to the ground, while others stretch like a garland from one tree to another. Underneath these natural cradles one sees far and near magnificent

fields of wheat — at least I had seen them on my previous visits; for in this one the harvest had been reaped several months before.

At the close of a day, which to me had passed very agreeably in admiring these fertile plains, we entered Vicenza. The authorities, with almost the entire population, were awaiting the Emperor under a superb triumphal arch at the entrance of the city. We were dying with hunger, and His Majesty himself said that evening at his couchee, that on entering Vicenza he was very much inclined to sit down at table. I trembled therefore at the thought of those long Italian harangues, which I found still longer than those of France, doubtless because I did not understand a word of them. But luckily, the magistrates of Vicenza were sensible enough not to take advantage of our position; their discourse did not occupy more than a few minutes.

In the evening His Majesty went to the theatre. I was tired, and I should have liked to take advantage of the Emperor's absence by resting a little; but some one came to invite me to go up to the Servite convent to enjoy the effect of the city illuminations. I went, and I had a magnificent spectacle before my eyes. One might have thought the city was on fire. On returning to the palace occupied by His Majesty, I found that he had given orders to have everything in readiness for his departure at two hours after midnight. I had an hour for sleep, and I profited by it.

At the hour fixed by him, the Emperor got into his

carriage, and there we were, rolling with lightning-like rapidity over the road to Stra, where we passed the night. Very early the next morning we started again, following a long causeway raised above marshes. The landscape is nearly the same, but not so agreeable as before arriving at Vicenza. It was a constant succession of plantations of mulberries and olive trees that yield a perfect oil, and of fields of maize and hemp, interspersed by grass lands. Beyond Stra the culture of rice began. Although the rice plantations should render the country unhealthy, it is not considered more so than any other. On both sides of the road we saw elegant houses and cabins covered with thatch, yet clean and giving a charming effect. The vine is not much cultivated in this part, the ground being too low and damp for it to succeed well. Nevertheless we saw some vineyards on the heights. Throughout the country the vegetation is of incredible richness and vigor; but the last wars had left traces which nothing but a long peace could efface.

CHAPTER XVIII

Arrival at Fusina — The *péote* and the gondolas of Venice — Aspect of Venice — Salutes of the Emperor — Entry of the imperial cortège into the grand canal — Garden and plantations improvised by the Emperor — A novel spectacle for the Venetians — Conversation of the Emperor with the Viceroy and the grand marshal — The Emperor talking well but not chatting — Constant makes an observation on a passage in the journal of the Baroness de V—— — The Emperor's opinion concerning the former government of Venice — The lion growing old — The doge a French senator — The Emperor determines to make the French name respected — Visit to the arsenal — Dangerous reefs — The tower of observation — The dockyards — The *Bucentaur* — Chagrin of a mariner, formerly a servant of the doge — The doge's wedding with the sea interrupted by the arrival of the French — Grief of the former doge, Ludovico Manini — The gondoliers — Boat-race and joust on the water in presence of the Emperor — Appearance of Saint Mark's Place by night — Habits and tasks of the Emperor at Venice — Visit to the church of Saint Mark and the palace of the doge — The mole — The clock tower — Mechanism of the clock — The prisons — Visit paid by Constant and Roustan to a Greek family — Constant questioned by the Emperor — Enthusiasm of a fair Greek for the Emperor — Marital vigilance and abduction — The Emperor's decree in favor of the Venetians — Departure from Venice and return to France.

ON arriving at Fusina, the Emperor found the authorities of Venice who were awaiting him there. His Majesty embarked on the *péote* or city gondola, and accompanied by a numerous floating cortège he advanced toward Venice. We followed

the Emperor in little black gondolas which resembled floating tombs. The Brenta all around us was covered with them, and nothing was more singular than to hear delicious voices and instruments issuing from these gloomy coffins. The barque which carried His Majesty, however, and the gondolas of the principal personages of his suite, were ornamented with much magnificence.

We arrived in this fashion at the mouth of the stream; there we had to wait nearly half an hour until the locks were opened, which had to be done gradually and with precaution, as otherwise the waters of the Brenta, retained in their canal, where they were much above the level of the sea, gushing out suddenly and with a violent fall, would have carried off and submerged our gondolas. Leaving the Brenta, we found ourselves in the gulf, and in the distance we saw the marvellous city of Venice rising from the midst of the sea. Barques, gondolas, and even ships of considerable tonnage, laden with all the well-to-do population and all the mariners of Venice in holiday costumes, were coming from every side, passing, repassing, and crossing each other in all directions with extreme skill and rapidity.

The Emperor was standing in the stern of the *péote*, and as each gondola passed close beside his own, he would respond to the acclamations and shouts of *Long live Napoleon Emperor and King!* by one of those profound salutes which he made with so much grace and dignity, taking off his hat without bending

his head and letting it descend his body almost to the knees.

Escorted by this innumerable flotilla, of which the *péote* of the city seemed to be the admiral's ship, His Majesty at last entered the Grand Canal, bordered on both sides by the façades of superb palaces, all of whose windows were hung with flags and filled with spectators. The Emperor landed in front of the palace of the procurators, where he was received by a deputation of senators and Venetian nobles. He stopped for an instant on the Piazza San Marco, went through several inside streets and chose the site of a garden, the plan of which was presented to him by the city architect, and which was executed in one season. It was a new sight for the Venetians, these trees planted in open ground, with lawns and hedges.

The complete absence of verdure and vegetation, and the silence which reigns in the streets of Venice, where neither the tread of a horse nor the sound of a carriage is ever heard, horses and carriages being absolutely unknown things in this wholly maritime city, must give it a dull and solitary appearance in ordinary times; but this dulness had entirely vanished during His Majesty's stay.

The Viceroy and the grand marshal were present that evening at the Emperor's couchee, and while undressing him I heard a part of their conversation, which turned entirely upon the government of Venice before the reunion of this republic to the French empire. His Majesty did most of the talking;

Prince Eugène and Marshal Duroc contented themselves with interjecting a word or two now and again, as if to give the Emperor a new text and prevent him from putting too abrupt an end to his discourse, a real discourse in fact, since His Majesty engrossed the whole conversation and left the others very little to say. That was rather a habit of his; but no one thought of complaining of it, because his ideas were generally interesting, novel, and cleverly expressed. His Majesty *did not chat*, as has been justly remarked in the diary which I have included in my Memoirs; but he *talked* with an inexpressible charm, and in that respect I think that the author of the diary at Aix-la-Chapelle has not done sufficient justice to the Emperor.

At the couchee of which I was just speaking, His Majesty spoke of the former State of Venice, and from what he said about it I learned more concerning the subject than I could have done from the best book. The Viceroy having observed that some patricians regretted the ancient liberty, the Emperor exclaimed: "Liberty! nonsense! There was no longer any liberty at Venice, and there never had been any except for some noble families who oppressed the remainder of the population. Liberty with the Council of Ten! liberty with State inquisitors! liberty with the lion denunciators, and the dungeons, and the leads of Venice!" Marshal Duroc having remarked that toward the end this severe régime had been mollified: "Yes, without doubt,"

replied the Emperor, "the lion of Saint Mark had grown old; he had neither teeth nor claws. Venice was no longer anything but the shadow of itself, and its last doge found that he ascended in the scale when he became a senator of the French empire." Seeing that this idea made the Viceroy smile, His Majesty added gravely: "I am not jesting, gentlemen. A Roman senator piqued himself on being more than a king; a French senator is at least the equal of a doge. I wish foreigners to accustom themselves to the greatest respect toward the constituted bodies of the empire, and even to treat the simple title of French citizen with high consideration. I will manage so that this shall come about. Good night, Eugène. Duroc, see that the reception to-morrow be properly conducted. Adieu, gentlemen. Constant, you may come back for my candle in ten minutes; I feel inclined to go to sleep. One is rocked like a baby in these gondolas."

The next day, after receiving the homage of the Venetian authorities, His Majesty went to the arsenal. It is an immense edifice, fortified with a care that ought to render it impregnable. The aspect of the interior is singular, on account of several small islands, joined together by bridges. The magazines and different buildings of the fortress thus seem to be floating on the surface of the water. The entry from the ground side, by which we were introduced, is by a very beautiful marble bridge, with columns and statues. On the side of

the sea, there are many rocks and sand banks near the arsenal, the location of which is indicated by long piles. We were told that in war-time these piles were withdrawn, so that any of the enemy's vessels that were imprudent enough to get entangled in these reefs were tolerably certain to be wrecked. The arsenal could formerly equip eighty thousand men, infantry and cavalry, independently of a large number of complete armaments for ships of war.

The arsenal is surrounded by high towers from which there is an extensive view in all directions. On the highest of these towers, situated in the middle of the edifice, and also on all the others, there are day and night sentinels who signalize the arrival of vessels, which they can see at a great distance. Nothing can be more magnificent than the shipyards. Two thousand men could work there at their ease. The sails are made by women over whom other women of mature age exercise an active supervision.

The Emperor spent very little time in looking at the *Bucentaur*, the name given to the superb vessel on which the Doge of Venice celebrated his nuptials with the sea. A Venetian can never behold without profound chagrin this old monument of the former puissance of his country. I and several other members of the Emperor's suite were accompanied by an old mariner who had tears in his eyes as he told us in bad French that the last time he had seen the marriage of the doge with the

Adriatic Sea was in 1796, a year before the taking of Venice. This man told us that he was then in the service of the last doge of the republic, Seigneur Louis Monini; that the following year (1797) the French entered Venice on Ascension day, the usual period for this ceremony, and that since then the sea had remained a widow. Our honest mariner gave us a most touching eulogy of his former master, who, according to him, had never been able to bring himself to swear obedience to the Austrians, and had fainted while delivering them the keys of the city.

The gondoliers are at once servants, errand-bearers, confidants, and fellow-adventurers of the person who employs them. Nothing equals the courage, fidelity, and gaiety of these good sailors. They fearlessly expose themselves to storms at sea in their fragile gondolas, and their skill is so great that they circulate in the narrowest canals with incredible swiftness, crossing, passing, and repassing each other without ever touching.

I was able to judge for myself of the adroitness of these hardy mariners, the very next day after our visit to the arsenal. His Majesty having had himself taken across the lagoons to the fortified port of Mala-Mocco, on his return the gondoliers gave him the spectacle of a boat-race and a sham fight on the water. There was a representation given by order at the grand theatre the same day, and the whole city was illuminated. For that

matter, there seem always to be public festivities and a general illumination at Venice. It being usual to employ the greater part of the night in business or pleasure, the streets are as noisy and as full of people at midnight as those of Paris at four o'clock in the afternoon. The shops, especially in the Piazza San Marco, are lighted up in a dazzling manner, and a crowd throngs the little ornamented pavilions in which coffee, ices, and refreshments of every sort are sold.

The Emperor did not adopt the Venetian mode of life. He retired at the same hours as when in Paris, and when he did not spend the day in working with his ministers, he sailed in a gondola in the lagoons or visited the principal establishments and public edifices of Venice. It was thus that I saw, in His Majesty's train, the church of Saint Mark and the former palace of the doge.

The church of Saint Mark has five entrances, superbly decorated with marble columns. The doors are of bronze with sculptures. Above the middle door were formerly the four famous bronze horses which the Emperor sent to Paris to adorn the arch of triumph on the Place du Carrousel. The tower is separated from the church by a small place, from the middle of which it springs up to a height of more than three hundred feet. It is ascended by means of a very convenient slope without any steps; and on arriving at the summit one beholds magnificent views on every side: Venice with its innumer-

able islands laden with palaces, churches, and manufactories; and, prolonging it far into the sea, an immense dike, sixty feet in width, several fathoms high, and built of huge cut stones. This gigantic work surrounds Venice and all its islands, and defends it against the irruptions of the sea.

The Venetians profess an altogether special admiration for the clock established in a tower to which it gives its name. The mechanism indicates the march of the sun and the moon through the twelve signs of the zodiac. One sees, in a niche above the face, a very well-gilded statue of the Virgin, the size of life. We were told that on certain holy days of every year, each stroke of the bell brought out two angels holding trumpets, and followed by three figures which prostrated themselves at the feet of the Virgin Mary. I saw nothing of the kind, but only two large black figures striking the hours on the bell with iron clubs.

The Doge's Palace has a very sombre aspect, and the prisons, which are separated from it only by a narrow canal, render this aspect gloomier still.

At Venice one finds merchants of every nation. Jews and Greeks are very numerous. Roustan, who understood the language of the latter, was sought for by the most notable among them. The heads of a Greek family came one day to invite him to visit them; their house was situated on one of the islands surrounding Venice. Roustan acquainted me with his desire to return their call, and I was enchanted

with his proposition that I should accompany him. On reaching their island we were received by our Greeks, who were rich merchants, as if we had been old acquaintances. The sort of parlor into which they led us was not merely scrupulously clean, but also extremely elegant. A large divan encircled the room, the floor of which was covered with artistically braided mats. Our hosts were six in number, and were associated in the same branch of commerce. I should have been somewhat bored if one of them, who spoke French, had not conversed with me. The others talked in their own tongue with Roustan. They offered us coffee, fruits, sherbets, and pipes. I have never liked smoking, and knowing, besides, the pronounced disgust of the Emperor for odors in general, and that of tobacco in particular, I declined the pipe, and expressed the fear that my clothes might betray my having been with smokers. I thought I noticed that this nicety on my part lowered me considerably in the estimation of our hosts. However, when we left them they were very urgent that we should repeat our visit. It was impossible for us to accept, as the sojourn of the Emperor was not to be prolonged.

On my return, the Emperor asked if I had been around the city, what I thought about it, whether I had been in several houses; in a word, what I had seen worthy of notice. I answered as well as I could, and, as His Majesty was just then in a chatty mood, I told him about our excursion and our visit

to the Greek family. The Emperor asked me what these Greeks thought of him. "Sire," I replied, "the one who spoke French seemed to be a man entirely devoted to Your Majesty. He spoke to me of the hope which he and all his brethren entertained that the Emperor of the French, who had gone to combat the Mamelukes, in Egypt, might also some day make himself the liberator of Greece."

"Ah! Mr. Constant," said the Emperor, pinching me sharply, "so you meddle with politics!" "Pardon me, Sire, I am only repeating what I have heard. It is not astonishing that all the oppressed count on the assistance of Your Majesty. These poor Greeks seem to love their country passionately, and they detest the Turks above all things." — "Very well, very well," said His Majesty, "but I have to take care of my own affairs first of all. Constant," pursued His Majesty, suddenly changing the topic of the conversation with which he deigned to honor me, "what have you to say about the figures of the fair Greeks? How many have you seen that are worthy to be the models of Canova and David?" I felt obliged to respond to His Majesty that what had chiefly induced me to accept Roustan's proposition was the hope of seeing some of these much-vaunted beauties, and that I had been cruelly disappointed by not getting even a glimpse of a woman. Upon this naïve avowal, the Emperor, who had not expected it, burst into a laugh, caught hold of my ear again, and called me a libertine. "Then you did not know,

monsieur le drôle, that your good friends, the Greeks, have adopted the customs of those Turks whom they so cordially detest, and, like them, shut up their wives and daughters so that they never make their appearance before bad fellows such as you?"

Although the Grecian dames of Venice were watched pretty closely by their husbands, yet they are neither cloistered nor penned up in a seraglio like Turkish women. During our stay in Venice, a great personage spoke to His Majesty about a young and beautiful Greek who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Emperor of the French. This lady keenly desired the honor of being received by His Majesty in the privacy of his apartments. Although closely watched by a jealous husband, she found means to send a letter to the Emperor in which she described the whole extent of her love and admiration. This letter, written with true passion and wild enthusiasm, inspired His Majesty with a wish to see and know the author of it; but it was necessary to use precautions. The Emperor was not the man to make use of his power to steal a woman from her husband; still, all the pains that were taken in the conduct of this affair were not sufficient to prevent the husband from suspecting the projects of his wife; hence, before it was possible for her to see the Emperor, she was taken far away from Venice, and her prudent spouse took pains to hide his flight, and every trace of it. When this disappearance was announced to the Emperor, he laughed and said: "There is an old

fool who thinks himself a match for his destiny." His Majesty formed no liaison while we were in Venice.

Before leaving this city, the Emperor issued a decree which was received with inexpressible enthusiasm, and which increased the regret caused by his departure to the inhabitants of Venice. The department of the Adriatic, of which Venice was the capital, was enlarged on all the maritime coasts, from the town of Aquila to that of Adria. The decree also ordained that the harbor should be repaired, the canals be made deeper and cleaned, the great wall of Palestrina, of which I have spoken already, and the jetties in front of it, continued and kept in repair; that a canal of communication should be dug between the arsenal of Venice and the passage of Mala-Mocca; and finally, that this passage itself should be cleared and made deep enough to permit vessels of the line carrying seventy-four guns to enter and depart.

Other articles concerned the benevolent establishments, the administration of which was confided to a sort of council, called the *congregation of charity*, and the cession to the city by the royal domain of the island of Saint Christopher as a general cemetery; for, until then, there had prevailed in Venice, as elsewhere throughout Italy, the pernicious custom of burying the dead in the churches. Finally, the decree ordered the adoption of a new method of lighting the beautiful Piazza San Marco, the construction of new quays, passages, etc.

When we left Venice, the Emperor was conducted to the shore by a mass of people at least as numerous as that which had greeted his arrival. Treviso, Udine, Mantua, rivalled each other in their eagerness to receive His Majesty in a befitting manner. King Joseph had left the Emperor to return to Naples; Prince Murat and the Viceroy accompanied His Majesty.

The Emperor stopped only two or three days at Milan and continued his journey. On reaching the plain of Marengo, he found there the magistrates and people of Alexandria, who were awaiting him, and who received him by the light of innumerable torches. We merely passed through Turin. December 30 we climbed Mont Cenis once more, and in the evening of January 1, we arrived at the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XIX

Arrival at Paris — M. Paër's opera — The Tuileries theatre — M. Fontaine, architect — The Emperor's criticisms — The arch of triumph on the Place du Carrousel criticised by the Emperor — Plan for joining the Tuileries to the Louvre — Vast constructions planned by the Emperor — Restoration of the château of Versailles — A note on this subject by the Emperor — The Emperor's visit to David's studio — Picture of the Coronation — The Emperor's admiration — M. Vien — An alteration indicated by the Emperor — Anecdote related by Marshal Bessières — The painter David and Cardinal Caprara's periwig — A long visit — Homage rendered by the Emperor to a great artist — Josephine's compliments — The picture of the Sabines in the hall of the Council of State.

WE arrived in Paris at nine o'clock in the evening of January 1. We found the theatre of the Tuileries palace entirely completed, and on the Sunday following His Majesty's return, M. Paër's *Griselda* was played there. This hall was magnificent. The stage-boxes of Their Majesties faced each other. The interior decorations, of crimson silk, produced a charming effect, with large movable mirrors standing out in relief which could be made to reflect either the house or the stage The Emperor, whose memory was still full of the Italian theatres, said many hard things about that of the Tuileries. He thought it inconvenient, disadvantageously planned, and much

too large for a palace theatre. In spite of these criticisms, when the opening day came, and the Emperor could convince himself of the pains M. Fontaine had taken to distribute the boxes so that the toilets should be displayed to the best possible advantage, he seemed very well satisfied, even charging the Duc de Frioul to convey to M. Fontaine his compliments on his skill.

Eight days later we had the reverse of the medal. This time *Cinna* was played and a comedy the name of which I forget. It was so cold that we had to vacate the theatre after the tragedy. Then the Emperor spent himself in invectives against the poor theatre, which, according to him, was only fit to be burned. M. Fontaine was sent for, and promised to do his best to remedy the defects that were pointed out. In effect, by means of new stoves placed underneath the theatre, a wainscoting that reached to the roof, and steps placed below the benches of the second tier of boxes, in a week the hall was made warm and convenient.

For several weeks, the Emperor occupied himself almost exclusively with buildings and embellishments. The arch of triumph on the Place du Carrousel, from which the scaffoldings had been removed so that the imperial guard could pass beneath it on its return from Prussia, was the first thing to attract His Majesty's attention. This monument was nearly finished at the time, lacking only some bas-reliefs which had yet to be put in place. The Emperor

looked at it a long time from one of the windows of the palace, and said, after frowning two or three times, that *that mass he saw yonder was much more like a pavilion than a gateway, and that he would greatly have preferred a construction in the style of the portal of Saint-Denis.*

After having examined in detail the various constructions begun or continued since his departure, the Emperor one morning sent for M. Fontaine, and having talked to him a long time about what he found to praise or blame, acquainted him with his intentions relative to the plans the architect had furnished for uniting the Tuileries to the Louvre. It was agreed between the Emperor and M. Fontaine that the new wing which was to form the junction should be built in five years, and that a million should be granted yearly for this purpose; that there should be a side wing at right angles, separating the Louvre from the Tuileries, thus forming a symmetrical square in the middle of which an opera house might be built which should be isolated on all sides and communicate with the palace by a subterranean gallery. The gallery forming the entrance court of the Louvre was to be open to the public in winter, and decorated with statues and all the tubbed plants from the Tuileries garden. In this entrance court there was to have been a triumphal arch nearly like that on the Place du Carrousel. Finally, all these beautiful buildings were to be distributed as quarters for the great officers of the crown, as stables, etc. The expenses all this would

entail were estimated as in the neighborhood of forty-two millions.

The Emperor successively occupied himself with a palace of the arts including a new building for the imperial library, to be erected on the spot where the Bourse now stands; a palace for the Bourse on the quay Desaix; the restoration of the Sorbonne and the Hôtel Soubise; a triumphal column at Neuilly; a playing fountain on Place Louis XV.; the demolition of the Hôtel-Dieu for the sake of enlarging and embellishing the cathedral quarter, and the construction of four hospitals at Mont-Parnasse, Chaillot, Montmartre and in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, etc. All these projects were very fine, and doubtless in the end he who had conceived would have carried them into effect. He often said that, if he lived, Paris would have no rival in the world in any particular.

It was at this time that His Majesty definitely decided on the form to be given to the triumphal arch de l'Étoile, over which there had been much wavering and consulting of all the architects in the country. M. Fontaine's opinion finally prevailed. Of all the plans presented, his was at once the simplest and most grandiose.

The Emperor also thought of restoring the palace of Versailles. M. Fontaine had submitted to His Majesty a plan for the first repairs, by the terms of which, at a cost of six millions, the Emperor and Empress could have a suitable abode. His Majesty,

who wished to make everything beautiful, grand, and superb, but yet with a due regard to economy, wrote at the foot of this project the following note, which is given by M. de Bausset also in his Memoirs:

"The projects concerning Versailles must be well thought over. M. Fontaine presents a reasonable one, the cost of which is six millions; but I find in it neither quarters, nor the restoration of the chapel and the theatre, not such as they should be some day, but merely as they might be for a first service.

"According to this project, the Emperor and Empress would be housed, this is not all: it must be known what could be had for the same sum in the way of quarters for the princes, the grand officers, and officers.

"We must also know where the manufactory of arms could be put, which is always needed at Versailles, where it puts money into circulation.

"*For these six millions, six lodgings for princes, twelve for grand-officers, and fifty for officers must be had.*

"Then only could one say whether we could inhabit Versailles and spend a summer there.

"Before this project is executed, the architect who shall be commissioned to carry it out may certify that this can be done for the sum proposed."

Only a few days after their arrival, Their Majesties the Emperor and Empress went to visit the celebrated David, in his studio at the Sorbonne, in order to view the magnificent picture of the Coronation,

which had just been finished. The suite of Their Majesties comprised Marshal Bessières, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, M. Lebrun, and several ladies of the palace, and chamberlains. The Emperor and Empress admired for a long time this fine composition, which unites all kinds of merit; and the painter was very vain of hearing His Majesty name one after the other all the principal personages of the picture, the resemblances being truly wonderful. "How grand it is!" said the Emperor; "how fine it is! how the different objects stand out! what truth! It is not a painting, people move in this picture." In the first place, his eyes being fixed upon the grand tribune in the centre, the Emperor recognized Madame Mère, General Beaumont, M. de Cosse, M. de La Ville, Madame de Fontanges, and Madame Soult: "Farther off," said he, "I see the worthy M. Vien." M. David replied: "Yes, Sire, I wished to render homage to my illustrious master by placing him in a picture the subject of which will make it the most important of my works." The Empress afterward called the Emperor's attention to the happy way in which M. David had seized and rendered the interesting moment in which the Emperor is ready to crown her. "Yes," said His Majesty, looking at it with an interest he did not seek to disguise, "the moment is well chosen, the action is perfectly indicated; the two figures are very good;" and, in speaking thus, the eyes of the Emperor rested on the Empress.

Going on to examine the picture in all its details,

His Majesty chiefly praised the group of Italian clergy near the altar, an episode invented by the painter. He would have preferred, however, that the Pope should have been represented in a more direct action, as if giving his benediction, and that the ring of the Empress should have been carried by the cardinal legate.

Apropos of this group, Marshal Bessières made His Majesty laugh a good deal by reminding him of the very amusing discussion that had taken place between David and Cardinal Caprara.

It is known that the great artist had an aversion for draped figures, especially if draped in the modern style. In all his compositions so pronounced a taste for the antique is observable, that it insinuates itself even into his manner of draping living persons. Now, Cardinal Caprara, one of the assistants of the Pope in the ceremony of the coronation, wore a wig. Having put him in his picture, David thought fit to remove his wig and represent him with a bald head, which was, for that matter, a perfect likeness. The Cardinal, in despair, entreated the artist to give him back his wig; he met with a formal refusal on the part of David. "Never," he said to him, "will I degrade my brush to the painting of a periwig." His Eminence went in wrath to complain to M. de Talleyrand, who was minister of foreign affairs at the time, alleging among other reasons one that appeared unanswerable, namely, that as no pope had ever worn a wig, people would not be slow to credit him with

aspiring to the papal throne in case of a vacancy, an intention very clearly indicated by the suppression of his peruke in the picture of the Coronation. Do what His Eminence might, David would never consent to restore him his precious wig, saying that *he ought to think himself lucky that nothing else had been taken off him but that.*

After hearing the story, the details of which were confirmed to him by the principal actor in the scene, His Majesty also made some observations on the subject to David, using every possible circumspection. They were attentively listened to by this admirable artist, who, bowing, promised the Emperor to profit by his advice.

Their Majesties' visit was a long one. The setting sun at last warned the Emperor that it was time to depart. He was conducted by David as far as the door of the studio. There, stopping short, the Emperor lifted his hat, and by a salute full of grace, signified the respect he paid to so distinguished a talent. The Empress increased the lively emotion by which M. David seemed to be affected, by a few of those charming words she knew so well how to say and to place so appropriately.

Opposite the picture of the Coronation was exposed that of the Sabines. The Emperor, who had noticed M. David's anxiety to get rid of it, gave orders to M. Lebrun, as he was going away, to see whether this picture could not be suitably hung in the grand cabinet of the Tuileries.

But he soon changed his mind when he reflected that the greater part of the figures were represented *in naturalibus*, which would have been unfitting enough in a cabinet devoted to great diplomatic receptions, and in which the ministerial council usually assembled.

CHAPTER XX

Marriage of Mademoiselle de Tascher with the Duc d'Aremberg — Marriage of a niece of King Murat with the Prince of Hohenzollern — Grand fêtes and masked balls at Paris — The Emperor at M. Marescalchi's ball — The Emperor's disguise — Constant's instructions — The Emperor always recognized — Pleasantries of the Emperor — The Emperor perplexed by a stranger — The Empress at the Opéra ball — The Emperor wishing to surprise the Empress at the masked ball — Napoleon in domino — Constant the comrade of the Emperor and thee-ing and thou-ing him — Frolics of a mask and the Emperor's embarrassment — Explanation between Napoleon and Josephine — Identity of the mask who had piqued the Emperor — Parisian masquerades — Doctor Gall and the wigged heads — Masked ball at the house of the Princess Caroline — Constant sent to this ball by the Emperor — Instructions given to Constant by the Emperor — Prince de Neufchâtel marries a Bavarian princess — Present offered to the Empress by an inhabitant of the Isle of France — The well-bred ape — Civilized habits.

AT the end of January, Mademoiselle de Tascher, a niece of Her Majesty the Empress, espoused the Duc d'Aremberg. On this occasion, the Emperor raised Mademoiselle de Tascher to the dignity of princess, and both himself and the Empress honored by their presence the nuptial festivities, which took place in the hôtel of Her Majesty the Queen of Holland, in the rue de Cerutti. They were superb, and in every way worthy of her august guests. The Empress did not retire immediately after the

dinner, but opened the ball with the Duc d'Aremberg.

Some days later, the Prince of Hohenzollern married the niece of the Grand Duke of Berg, Mademoiselle Antoinette Murat. His Majesty did for her what he had done for Mademoiselle de Tascher, and was present also with the Empress at the ball given by the Grand Duke of Berg on the occasion of this marriage, the honors of which were done by the Princess Caroline.

This was a noticeable winter in Paris, by reason of the great number of entertainments and balls that were given. I have said already that the Emperor had a sort of aversion for balls, and especially for masked balls, which he thought the most ridiculous things in the world. On this point he was nearly always at war with the Empress. One day, however, he yielded to the urgent solicitations of M. de Marescalchi, the Italian ambassador, who was renowned for his magnificent balls, at which the most distinguished persons in the State were present. These brilliant reunions took place in a hall which the ambassador had had built expressly for this purpose, and decorated with extraordinary richness and profusion. His Majesty consented to honor by his presence a masked ball to be given by the ambassador, which was to outshine all the others.

In the morning the Emperor called me and said: "Constant, I have concluded *to dance* this evening at the Italian ambassador's; during the day I want

you to take ten complete costumes to the apartment he has prepared for me." I obeyed, and in the evening I went with His Majesty to M. de Marescalchi's. I dressed him as well as I could in a black domino, and tried to make him entirely unrecognizable. Everything went well enough in spite of many observations made by the Emperor concerning the absurdity of a disguise, the bad shape given by a domino, etc. But when it came to changing his shoes, he refused absolutely, notwithstanding all I could say; hence he was recognized as soon as he entered the ball. He went straight up to a mask, *his hands behind his back*, as usual; he wanted to get up an intrigue, and at the first question he asked, he was called *Sire* in response. . . . Disappointed, he turned brusquely away, and came back to me: "You were right, Constant, I have been recognized. . . . Bring me some brodekins and another costume." I shod him with brodekins, and disguised him anew, advising him to let his arms hang down if he did not wish to be known at the first glance. His Majesty promised to observe on all points what he called my instructions. But scarcely had he entered in his new costume, when he was accosted by a lady who, seeing him with his hands still crossed behind his back, said to him: "Sire, you are recognized." The Emperor dropped his arms at once; but it was too late, and everybody was already keeping at a respectful distance so that he might pass. He returned once more to his apartment, and took a third

costume, promising me to pay attention to his gestures, his gait, and offering to bet that he would not be recognized. This time, in fact, he went into the hall as if it were a barrack, pushing and jostling all around him; and in spite of that, some one again whispered in his ear: "Your Majesty is recognized." New disappointment, new change of costume, new advice on my part, new promises on his, the same result; until at last His Majesty left the house of the ambassador, convinced that he could not disguise himself, and that *the Emperor* was recognizable under no matter what disguise.

The next evening at supper, the Prince de Neufchâtel, the Duc de Treviso, the Duc de Frioul, and several officers being present, the Emperor told the story of his disguises, and joked a good deal about his lack of skill. In speaking of the young lady who had recognized him the night before, and who, it seems, had greatly perplexed him: "Would you believe, gentlemen," said he, "that I never could recognize that hussy?"

It was the carnival time. The Empress expressed her wish to be present once at the masked ball at the Opéra. She begged the Emperor to take her, but he refused, in spite of all the tender and persuasive things she could say. It is known with what grace she could surround an entreaty, but all was in vain; the Emperor said distinctly that he would not go. "Very well, I will go without you." "As you please;" and the Emperor went away.

That evening, at the appointed hour, the Empress started for the ball. The Emperor, who wished to surprise her, sent for one of her women and asked for an exact description of the costume of the Empress. Then he told me to dress him in a domino, and getting into a carriage bearing no escutcheon, along with the grand marshal of the palace, a superior officer, and me, he set off for the Opéra. On reaching the private entrance for the members of the Emperor's household, we experienced many difficulties on the part of the door-keeper, who would not let us pass without making me state my name and condition. "Are these gentlemen with you?" "You see perfectly well that they are." — "Pardon, M. Constant, it is because, you see, on days like this, there are always persons who try to get in without paying." — "That's good! that's good!" and the Emperor laughed heartily at the remarks of the old woman. At last we went in. Having entered the ball-room, we promenaded in couples, I giving my arm to the Emperor, who, while thee-ing and thou-ing me, recommended me to do the same to him. We had given ourselves fictitious names. The Emperor was called *Auguste*, the Duc de Frioul, *François*, the superior officer, whose name escapes me, *Charles*, and I, *Joseph*. Whenever His Majesty perceived a domino like that described by the chambermaid of the Empress, he would press my arm hard, and say: "Is it she?" "No, Si—, no, *Auguste*," I would invariably reply,

checking myself; for it was impossible for me to grow used to addressing the Emperor otherwise than as *Sire* or *Your Majesty*. As I have already said, he had very expressly recommended me to thee and thou him; but he had to remind me of it every moment, for respect tied my tongue every time I was about to say *thou*. . . . At last, after turning in every direction, visiting every nook and corner of the hall, the lobby, the boxes, etc., examining all, picking each costume to pieces, His Majesty, no more able to find the Empress than we were, began to be very uneasy, though I contrived to quiet him by saying that Her Majesty the Empress had doubtless gone to change her costume. Just as I was speaking, a domino came up and attached herself to the Emperor, talking, teasing, and tormenting him in every way, and with such vivacity that *Auguste* scarcely knew what he was about. I should never be able to give a just idea of the laughable character of His Majesty's embarrassment. The domino, who noticed it, redoubled her freaks and epigrams until, thinking it was time to have done with them, she vanished in the crowd.

The Emperor was stung to the quick; he would have no more of it, and we went home. Next morning, on seeing the Empress, he said: "Well! so you were not at the Opéra ball last night!" "Yes, really, I was there." — "Come, come!" "I assure you that I went there. And you, my dear, what were you doing all the evening?" — "I was work-

ing." "Oh! that is singular! I saw at the ball a domino who had the same foot and hand as you; I took him for you, and talked to him in consequence." The Emperor shouted with laughter on learning that he had been taken for a dupe, and that the Empress, at the moment of starting for the ball, had changed her costume because she did not think the first one sufficiently elegant.

The carnival was extremely brilliant that year. There were all sorts of masquerades at Paris. The funniest were those in which game was made of the system then taught by the famous Doctor Gall. I saw passing on the Place du Carrousel a troop composed of mummers, harlequins, fishwomen, etc., all feeling their heads and performing a thousand monkey-tricks. A merry-Andrew carried a number of paste-board skulls of different sizes and colors, blue, red, green, with these inscriptions: *Skull of a robber; Skull of an assassin; Skull of a bankrupt*, etc. A mask representing Doctor Gall was mounted on a donkey, with his head toward the animal's tail, and received wigged heads crowned with quitch-grass from the hands of a stork-mother who followed him, also seated on a donkey.

Her Imperial Highness the Princess Caroline gave a masked ball at which the Emperor and Empress were present; it was one of the most beautiful fêtes that was ever seen. The opera of the *Vestal* was new at the time, and very much in vogue; it gave the notion of a quadrille of priests and vestals, who

ter at seeing the ape struggling with this lady in such disordered attire.

This poor beast had an inflammation of the intestines. According to the instructions of the traveller who had brought her, she was placed in a bed, dressed like a woman, in a chemise and a short nightgown. She was careful to draw the covering up to her chin, would have nothing under her head, and kept her arms outside the clothes and her hands hidden in the sleeves of her nightgown. When persons of her acquaintance entered her room, she would incline her head and take their hands, which she pressed affectionately. She drank with avidity the infusions prescribed for her malady, because they were sweetened. One day when some one was preparing a potion of manna for her, she thought there was too much delay about it, and showed all the signs of impatience of a child, crying, moving about, throwing off her bedclothes, and finally pulling her doctor by the coat with such obstinacy that he was obliged to give in to her. As soon as she had the delightful cup in her possession, she began to drink, very slowly, with little sips, showing all the sensuality of a gastronomer who lingers over a glass of very old and well-perfumed wine; then she gave back the cup and lay down again.

It is impossible to imagine all the gratitude this poor animal testified for the care taken of her. The Empress was very fond of her.

CHAPTER XXI

Journey of the Emperor and Empress — Sojourn at Bordeaux and Bayonne — Arrival of the Infante of Spain, Don Carlos — Illness of the Infante and attentions of the Emperor — The château de Marrac — The dance of the Basques — Basque costumes — Letter addressed to the Emperor by the Prince of the Asturias — The Emperor's surprise — Cortège sent by the Emperor to meet the Prince — Interview between the Prince and the Emperor — Dinner of the princes and Spanish grandees with Napoleon — Napoleon's severity toward Prince Ferdinand — Arrival of the Empress at Marrac — Arrival of the King and Queen of Spain at Bayonne — The Prince of the Asturias badly received by the King, his father — Arrival of the Prince of the Peace — Interview of the Emperor and the King of Spain — Grief of this monarch — Severities employed against Don Manuel Godoy in his prison — Equipage of the King and Queen of Spain — Portrait and habits of the King — Portrait of the Queen — Lessons in French fashions — Taciturnity of the Prince of the Asturias (King Ferdinand VII.). — The King's affection for Godoy — The Spanish princes at Fontainebleau and Valençay — Inclination of the King of Spain for private life — Passion of Charles IV. for clockmaking — *Whistling* for a confessor — In his old age Charles IV. takes lessons on the violin — M. Alexandre Boucher — Etiquette of the royal duet — Arrival at Bayonne of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain — Joseph congratulated by the deputies of the Junta — M. de Cevallos and the Duc de l'Infantado at the court of the new King.

AFTER remaining for about a week at the château of Saint-Cloud, His Majesty started at eleven o'clock in the morning of April 2 *to proceed to visit the departments of the South.* The tour of

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It is impossible to imagine all the gratitude this poor animal testified for the care taken of her. The Empress was very fond of her.

CHAPTER XXI

Journey of the Emperor and Empress — Sojourn at Bordeaux and Bayonne — Arrival of the Infante of Spain, Don Carlos — Illness of the Infante and attentions of the Emperor — The château de Marrac — The dance of the Basques — Basque costumes — Letter addressed to the Emperor by the Prince of the Asturias — The Emperor's surprise — Cortège sent by the Emperor to meet the Prince — Interview between the Prince and the Emperor — Dinner of the princes and Spanish grandees with Napoleon — Napoleon's severity toward Prince Ferdinand — Arrival of the Empress at Marrac — Arrival of the King and Queen of Spain at Bayonne — The Prince of the Asturias badly received by the King, his father — Arrival of the Prince of the Peace — Interview of the Emperor and the King of Spain — Grief of this monarch — Severities employed against Don Manuel Godoy in his prison — Equipage of the King and Queen of Spain — Portrait and habits of the King — Portrait of the Queen — Lessons in French fashions — Taciturnity of the Prince of the Asturias (King Ferdinand VII.). — The King's affection for Godoy — The Spanish princes at Fontainebleau and Valençay — Inclination of the King of Spain for private life — Passion of Charles IV. for clockmaking — *Whistling* for a confessor — In his old age Charles IV. takes lessons on the violin — M. Alexandre Boucher — Etiquette of the royal duet — Arrival at Bayonne of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain — Joseph congratulated by the deputies of the Junta — M. de Cevallos and the Duc de l'Infantado at the court of the new King.

AFTER remaining for about a week at the château of Saint-Cloud, His Majesty started at eleven o'clock in the morning of April 2 *to proceed to visit the departments of the South.* The tour of

inspection was to begin at Bordeaux, and it was there that the Emperor agreed to meet the Empress. This publicly announced intention to visit the departments of the South was only a pretext to put suspicious people off the scent; for we all knew that we were going to the frontiers of Spain.

The Emperor remained barely ten days at Bordeaux, and set out for Bayonne by himself, leaving the Empress at Bordeaux; he reached Bayonne in the night of April 14–15. Her Majesty the Empress rejoined him two or three days later.

Prince de Neufchâtel and the grand marshal lodged at the château de Marrac. The rest of Their Majesties' suite lodged in Bayonne and the suburbs. The guard camped opposite the château, in a place called the Parterre. In three days everybody was installed.

In the morning of April 15, the Emperor had scarcely had time to recruit himself after the fatigues of his journey when he received the authorities of Bayonne, who came to compliment him, and whom he interrogated, according to his habit, with the greatest particularity. His Majesty afterwards went to visit the port and the fortifications. This occupied him until five o'clock in the evening, when he returned to the government palace, which he lived in until the château de Marrac should be ready to receive him.

His Majesty had expected to find the Infante Don Carlos, whom his brother Ferdinand, Prince of

the Asturias, had sent to Bayonne to present his compliments, awaiting him on his return to the palace. He was told, however, that the Infante was ill and could not go out. The Emperor at once ordered one of his own physicians to be sent to him, together with a valet de chambre to wait upon him, and several other persons. The Prince, having come to Bayonne unattended and as if incognito, had no one in his service but some soldiers of the garrison. The Emperor likewise ordered that this service should be replaced in a more honorable fashion by the guard of honor of Bayonne. He sent regularly two or three times a day to inquire after the Infante, who, as everybody was saying at the palace, was only pretending to be ill.

On leaving the government palace in order to establish himself at Marrac, the Emperor gave all needful orders to have it kept in readiness for the King and Queen of Spain, who were expected at Bayonne by the end of the month. His Majesty issued the most express commands that everything should be promptly arranged, so as to render the Spanish sovereigns all the honors due to their rank.

The Emperor had only just entered the château when his ears were saluted by the music of a rural band. The grand marshal came in to tell His Majesty that a great many of the inhabitants, in the costume of the country, had assembled before the gates. The Emperor immediately went to the window. On catching sight of him, seventeen per-

sons, seven men and ten women, began with inimitable grace a character dance called the *pamperruque*. The dancing women played on tambourines, and the men on castanets; while flutes and guitars composed the orchestra. I went out of doors to get a nearer view of the performance. The women wore short petticoats of blue silk and pink stockings, both embroidered in silver; their heads were dressed with ribbons, and they had large black bracelets, which set off the whiteness of their bare arms. The men were in tight white breeches, silk stockings and big shoulder-knots, loose jackets of very fine red woollen cloth, braided with gold, and their hair in nets, like the Spaniards.

His Majesty took great pleasure in beholding this dance, which is peculiar to the country and very ancient. It is an act of homage which established usage has devoted to great personages. The Emperor remained at the window until the *pamperruque* was terminated, sending afterwards to compliment the dancers on their talent, and to thank the inhabitants of Bayonne, who had come thither in crowds. A few days later, His Majesty received a letter from His Royal Highness the Prince of the Asturias, in which he announced that he intended shortly to leave Irun, where he then was, in order to have the advantage of making the acquaintance of *his brother* (this was what Prince Ferdinand styled the Emperor), an advantage to which he had long aspired and which he was at last to have, if *his good brother*

would kindly permit. This letter was handed to the Emperor by an aide-de-camp of the Prince who had accompanied him from Madrid, and who preceded him at Bayonne by ten days only. His Majesty could hardly believe what he read and heard. I have heard him exclaim, and so have several other persons: "What! he is coming here? But you are mistaken; he is deceiving us! That is impossible." I can certify that, in speaking thus, the Emperor was not feigning astonishment.

However, it was necessary to get ready for the Prince, since he was absolutely coming. The Prince de Neufchâtel, the Duc de Frioul, and a chamberlain of honor were designated by the Emperor; and the guard of honor received orders to accompany these gentlemen to meet the Spanish Prince, but only outside of the city of Bayonne, the rank the Emperor recognized in Ferdinand not permitting the cortège to go as far as the frontier of the two empires. The Prince made his entry into Bayonne at noon, April 20. A lodging, which would have been insignificant in Paris, but which was handsome for Bayonne, had been prepared for him and his brother, the Infante Don Carlos, who was already installed in it. Prince Ferdinand made a grimace on entering it; but he dared not make any audible complaint, and certainly he would have been very much in the wrong to do so It was not the fault of the Emperor that there was but one palace at Bayonne, that of the government, which he had lived in him-

self, and which he was now keeping for the King. For the rest, this house was the finest in the city, large and quite new. Don Pedro de Cevallos, who accompanied the Prince, thought it horrible and unworthy of a royal personage. It was the intendant's house. An hour after Ferdinand's arrival, the Emperor went to see him, and found him at the entrance of the street. He held out his arms at the approach of His Majesty, who embraced and went to his apartments with him. They remained together about half an hour. When they separated, the Prince seemed rather thoughtful. On returning to Marrac, His Majesty sent the grand marshal to invite the Prince and his brother, Don Carlos, the Duc de San Carlos, the Duc de l'Infantado, Don Pedro de Cevallos, and two or three other members of the suite, to dinner with him. At dinner-time, the Emperor's carriages brought the illustrious guests. His Majesty went as far as the foot of the front steps to receive the Prince. This was the limit of the honors paid him. Not once during the dinner did the Emperor address Prince Ferdinand, who was King at Madrid, as Majesty, nor even as Highness; when he went away, he accompanied him no further than the first door of the salon, and afterwards sent him word that he would have no rank but that of Prince of the Asturias, until the arrival of his father, King Charles. At the same time the order was given to have the sentry duty at the house of the princes performed by the Bayonne guard of honor and the im-

perial guard together, plus a detachment of choice gendarmerie.

The Empress arrived from Bordeaux at seven o'clock in the evening, April 27. She only passed through Bayonne, where her arrival excited little enthusiasm, possibly because people were dissatisfied that she did not stop longer. His Majesty received her very affectionately, questioning her with much solicitude concerning the fatigues she must have experienced on a road difficult at best and horribly spoiled by rains. In the evening, the city and the château were illuminated.

Three days later, April 30, the King and Queen of Spain arrived at Bayonne. It is impossible to give an idea of the respect, the attentions, with which they found themselves surrounded by the Emperor. Duke Charles de Plaisance had gone to Irun, and the Prince de Neufchâtel to the banks of Bidassoa, in order to offer Their Catholic Majesties the compliments of their powerful friend. The King and Queen seemed to feel these marks of consideration deeply. A detachment of choice troops, in superb uniforms, awaited them on the frontier and acted as their escort. The garrison of Bayonne had been put under arms, all the vessels in the harbor hung with flags, all the bells were ringing, and the batteries of the citadel fired noisy salutes.

Learning the arrival of the King and Queen, the Prince of the Asturias and his brother had left Bayonne and gone to meet their parents. At some dis-

tance from the city they encountered two or three body-guards coming from Vittoria, who related to them the following incident.

When Their Spanish Majesties entered Vittoria, a detachment of one hundred Spanish body-guards who had accompanied the Prince of the Asturias were in the city, and had taken possession of the palace which the King and Queen were to occupy while there. On the arrival of Their Majesties they put themselves under arms. As soon as the King perceived them, he said in a severe tone: "You would like to have me beg you to quit my palace; you were faithless to your duties at Aranjuez: I have no need of your services, and I will not have them; out with you!" These words, spoken with an energy to which they were not accustomed on the part of King Charles IV., admitted of no reply. The body-guards withdrew, and the King asked General Verdier to give him a French guard, saying that he was sorry not to have retained his brave carbineers, whose colonel was with him as his captain of guards.

This news could hardly have given the Prince of the Asturias a high opinion of the reception he was likely to get from his father. He was, in fact, very badly received, as I am about to show.

On alighting from their carriage at the government palace, the King and Queen of Spain found the grand marshal, Duc de Frioul, who conducted them to their apartments and presented General Count Reille, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, charged

with the functions of governor of the palace; M. d'Audenarde, equerry; M. Dumanoir and M. de Baral, chamberlains, charged with the service of honor near Their Majesties.

The grandees of Spain whom Their Majesties found at Bayonne were those who had followed the Prince of the Asturias. The sight of them did not please His Majesty, as might have been expected, and when the ceremony of kissing the hand took place, everybody noticed the painful emotion of the unfortunate sovereigns. This ceremony, which consisted in kneeling to kiss the hand of the King and that of the Queen, was performed in profound silence. Their Majesties spoke to nobody but the Count de Fuentes, who was at Bayonne by chance.

The King hastened this ceremony, which fatigued him horribly, and retired with the Queen into his apartments; the Prince of the Asturias wished to follow them; but his father stopped him at the door of his chamber, and making a gesture as if to push him away, said to him in a trembling voice: "Prince, do you wish to outrage my white hairs again?" These words, they say, were like a thunderbolt to the Prince. For a moment he was overcome, and he withdrew without uttering a single word.

Far different was the reception given by Their Majesties to the Prince of the Peace when he rejoined them at Bayonne. He might have been taken for the nearest and dearest relative of Their Majesties. All three shed abundant tears on meeting; so at

least I was told by one of the attendants, of whom I learned all I have just related.

At five o'clock, His Majesty the Emperor came to visit the King and Queen of Spain. In this interview, which was very long, the two sovereigns recounted to His Majesty the outrages to which they had been subjected and the dangers they had incurred during a month; they complained sharply of the ingratitude of many men loaded with their benefits, and especially of the body-guards who had so shamefully betrayed them. "Your Majesty," said the King, "does not know what it is to have to complain of a son; please Heaven such a grief may never befall you! Mine is the cause of all that we have suffered."

The Prince of the Peace had come to Bayonne accompanied by Colonel Martès, aide-de-camp to Prince Murat, and a valet de chambre, the only domestic who had remained faithful to him. I had occasion to chat with this loyal servant; he spoke French very well, having been brought up near Toulouse. He told me he had not been able to obtain permission to remain with his master during his captivity; that this unhappy prince had suffered unimaginable torments; that never a day went by without some one coming to his dungeon to tell him to prepare for death, because he would undergo the last penalty that very evening or the following morning. He told me that they sometimes left the prisoner thirty hours without nourishment; that he had

nothing for his bed but straw, no linen, no books, no light, and no communication with the outside world. When he issued from his dungeon to be handed over to Colonel Martès, he was frightful to look at on account of his long beard, and the lankness to which he had been reduced by chagrin and bad food. His eyes had grown unaccustomed to sunlight; he was obliged to close them, and the fresh air made him faint.

On the road to Bayonne, the Prince was handed a letter from the King and Queen. The paper was all blotted with tears. After reading it, the Prince said to his valet de chambre: "This is the first consolation I have received for a month; everybody abandons me except my excellent masters. The body-guards who have betrayed and sold their King will betray and sell his son also. As for myself, I no longer hope for anything; let me but find an asylum in France for my children and myself." M. Martès having shown him the public papers in which it was said that the Prince possessed a fortune of five millions, he loudly denied it, saying that it was an atrocious calumny which he defied his worst enemies to prove.

As has been shown, Their Majesties did not have a numerous suite; on the other hand, they were followed by a quantity of baggage-wagons filled with furniture, stuffs, and precious objects. Their carriages were old-fashioned, but Their Majesties were very comfortable in them, especially the King, who was even very much embarrassed when, being

invited to dinner by the Emperor the day after his arrival at Bayonne, he was obliged to get into a modern vehicle with double foot-boards. He was afraid to step on these frail machines, which he dreaded to break by leaning his weight on them, and the oscillatory movement of the box made him tremble lest it should upset.

At table I had an opportunity to examine the King and Queen at my ease. The former was of medium height; he was not handsome, but he looked good-natured, had a long nose, and was loud and curt in speech. He walked in a slouching fashion and without the least majesty, which I attributed to his gout. He ate a great deal of everything that was served him, excepting vegetables, which he always refused, saying that *herbs were only good for beasts.* He drank nothing but water; it was served in two carafes, one of which was iced; he took them both together. His Majesty had advised that care should be taken with the dinner, knowing that the King was something of an epicure. He did honor to French cooking, which seemed to be much to his taste, for at each new dish served him he would say to the Queen: "Louise, eat some of that, it is good;" which greatly amused the Emperor, whose moderation is well known.

The Queen was short and stout, dressed very badly, and had neither grace nor figure; her face was red, her glance hard and haughty; she held her head up, talked very loud, and in a tone still more

brief and cutting than that of her husband. She was generally believed to have more character and abilities than he.

Before dinner that day, there was a question of dressing a little. The Empress proposed to the Queen that her hair-dresser, M. Duplan, should give her ladies some lessons in French toilet. This proposition was accepted, and the Queen soon issued from the hands of M. Duplan, better gowned doubtless, and better hair-dressed, but not beautified; his talent could not go so far as that.

The Prince of the Asturias, now King Ferdinand VII., had few exterior graces; he walked heavily, seemed anxious, and scarcely spoke.

Their Spanish Majesties had brought with them the Prince of the Peace, whom the Emperor had not invited, and whom the usher on duty detained outside the dining-room on that account. But just as they were about sitting down, the King observed that the Prince was absent. "And Manuel?" said he briskly to the Emperor, "and Manuel, Sire?" Then the Emperor, smiling, made a sign, and Don Manuel Godoy was introduced. It is said he had been a very handsome man; he hardly looked it. Perhaps this was because of the bad treatment he had received.

After the abdication of the princes, the King and Queen, the Queen of Etruria, and the Infante Don Francisco left Bayonne for Fontainebleau, the place designated by the Emperor as their residence until

the château of Compiègne should be put into suitable condition for them. The Prince of the Asturias left the same day with his brother, Don Carlos, for the estate of Valençay, belonging to the Prince of Benevento. In passing through Bordeaux, they published a proclamation to the Spanish people in which they confirmed the transmission of all their rights to the Emperor Napoleon.

King Charles, thus disembarrassed of a throne which he had always regarded as a burden too heavy for him, could thenceforward yield himself without constraint to his favorite and tranquil tastes. He loved nothing in the world but the Prince of the Peace, copes, watches, and music. The throne he did not care for. After what had passed, the Prince of the Peace could not return to Spain, and how could the King consent to be parted from him, even if the memory of the outrages to which he had personally been subjected were not enough to disgust him with his kingdom? What he wanted was the life of a private person; hence he found himself much happier when he was at liberty to follow his own simple inclinations. On his arrival at Fontainebleau, he found there M. de Rémusat, first chamberlain; M. de Caqueray, officer of the chase; M. de Luçay, prefect of the palace, and an establishment all in readiness. Mesdames de La Rochefoucauld, Duchâtel, and de Luçay had been designated by the Emperor to perform the service of honor to the Queen.

The King of Spain only stayed at Fontainebleau so long as was necessary to complete the repairs at Compiègne. He soon found the climate of that part of France too cold for his health, and at the end of a few months he went to establish himself at Marseilles, with the Queen of Etruria. In 1811, he left France for Italy, finding himself still unwell at Marseilles. Rome was the residence he selected.

I just now mentioned the King of Spain's fondness for watchmaking; I have been told that at Fontainebleau he made his valet de chambre wear half a dozen of his watches, and that he carried as many himself, alleging as a reason that pocket watches lose by not being carried. I have been told, also, that he always had his confessor close by him, in the antechamber, or else in the salon leading into that in which he found himself, and that when he wished to speak to him he whistled for him, as one whistles to a dog. The confessor never failed to hurry in at this royal summons, and to follow his penitent into the embrasure of a window. In this improvised confessional the King would say what he had on his conscience, receive absolution, and then send away the priest until he felt obliged to whistle for him again.

When the health of the monarch, enfeebled by age and gout, no longer permitted him to follow the chase, he began to play the violin more than he had ever done before, *in order*, said he, *to perfect himself*. This was beginning rather late. It is

known that he had the celebrated Alexandre Boucher for his first violin; he greatly liked to play with him, but he had a mania for beginning first, without disturbing himself in the least about the time. If it occurred to M. Boucher to make any remark upon this subject, His Majesty would reply with great coolness: *Monsieur, it seems to me I was not made to wait for you.*

Between the departure of the royal family and the arrival of King Joseph of Naples the time was spent in reviews and military fêtes, which the Emperor frequently honored by his presence. June 7, King Joseph reached Bayonne. It had long been known that his brother was summoning him to exchange his crown of Naples for that of Spain.

On the very evening of King Joseph's arrival the Emperor sent invitations to the members of the Spanish Junta, who for the last fortnight had been coming to Bayonne from all quarters of the kingdom, to assemble at the château of Marrac for the purpose of congratulating the new King.

The deputies accepted this somewhat abrupt invitation without having had time to consult together as to what must be done. On arriving at Marrac, the Emperor presented the sovereign to them, whom they recognized in the name of the grandees of Spain, after a rather lively opposition from the Duc de l'Infantado solely. As to the deputations from the council of Castile, the inquisition, the army, etc., they submitted without the slightest

observation. A few days afterward, the King formed his ministry, among whom people were amazed to see M. de Cevallos figuring,—him who had accompanied the Prince of the Asturias to Bayonne and made such a parade of inviolable attachment to the person of him whom he styled his unfortunate master; the same Duc de l'Infantado who had opposed as far as he was able the recognition of the foreign monarch was appointed captain of guards. The King then departed for Madrid, after having appointed the Grand Duke of Berg lieutenant-general of the realm.

CHAPTER XXII

Death of Monseigneur de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris — A life of a century, and yet too short — Fine trait of the Archbishop of Genoa — The executioner's child — Return of the Grand Duke of Berg from Spain — Departure from Marrac — Snuff-boxes lavished by the Emperor — The chamber of the first Bourbon king — Souvenir of Egypt — The pyramid and the Mamelukes — The *balladeurs* — The Emperor's visit to the Grand Duke of Berg — Useless preparations — The oldest soldier of France — The centenarian — The Emperor's homage to old age — The soldier of Egypt — Arrival at Saint-Cloud — August 15 — The Emperor chary of praise — Bad humor of the Emperor — Napoleon and the god Mars — The Persian ambassador — Formal audience — Elegance and generosity of Asker-kan — The sabres of Tamerlane and of Koulikan — Persian gallantries — Taste of Asker-kan for the sciences and arts — The long price and the short one — Printed calicoes preferred to cashmeres — Oriental diversion — The arms of the Sophi and the monogram of Napoleon — Asker-kan at the Imperial Library — The Koran — Portrait of the Sophi — The grand order of the Sun given to the Prince of Benevento — Asker-kan's fall at the concert of the Empress — M. de Barbé-Marbois, doctor in spite of himself.

AT this time we learned at Bayonne that Monseigneur de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, had just died of a cold, at the age of more than ninety-eight years. The next day after the arrival of this sad news, the Emperor, to whom it caused sincere sorrow, spoke of the great and good qualities of the venerable prelate. His Majesty related that, having

said one day unthinkingly to Monseigneur de Belloy, who was already more than ninety-six, that he would live a century, the good archbishop exclaimed with a smile: "Why does Your Majesty wish me to live only four years longer?"

I remember that one of those who were present at the Emperor's levee told, apropos of Monseigneur de Belloy, the following anecdote concerning the virtuous Archbishop of Genoa, for whom His Majesty professed the most profound respect. The wife of the public executioner of Genoa was delivered of a daughter, who could not be baptized because no one was willing to act as godfather. The father vainly prayed and entreated the few persons of his acquaintance, even offering them money without success; the thing was impossible. Hence the poor little girl remained unbaptized four or five months; fortunately, her health gave no cause for anxiety. Finally this singular circumstance was mentioned at the archbishop's palace. The good prelate listened to the account with much interest, complained of not having been told about it sooner, and instantly gave orders that the little girl should be brought to him. He had her baptized in his palace and was her godfather himself.

In the beginning of July, the Grand Duke of Berg returned from Spain, tired, sick, and in bad humor. He stayed only two or three days; he had about as many interviews with His Majesty, which appeared to result in mutual dissatis-

faction, and he afterwards set off for the waters of Barèges.

Their Majesties the Emperor and Empress quitted the château de Marrac July 20, at six in the evening. This journey of the Emperor was one of those that cost the most in snuff-boxes surrounded by diamonds. His Majesty was not economical with them.

Their Majesties arrived at Pau the 22d, at ten in the morning. They alighted at the château de Gelos, about a quarter of a league from the birthplace of the good Henri, on the bank of the river. The day was spent in receptions and excursions on horseback. The Emperor went to see the château in which the first king of the Bourbon family was brought up, and he took much interest in this visit, which he prolonged until dinner-time.

On the boundary of the department of the Upper Pyrenees, and in precisely the most arid and miserable part of it, was erected a triumphal arch in foliage, which looked as if it might have been a prodigy fallen from the sky into the midst of these barren and sun-scorched moors. A guard of honor was awaiting His Majesty, drawn up around this rural monument, under the command of a former major-general, M. de Noë, who was upwards of eighty. This worthy officer at once took his place beside the carriage, and performed his service on horseback for a day and two nights without evincing the least fatigue.

Further along, on the plateau of a little mountain, we found a stone pyramid of between forty and fifty feet in height, covered with inscriptions in praise of Their Majesties on all its four faces; some thirty children, dressed as Mamelukes, seemed to be guarding this monument, which reminded the Emperor of glorious souvenirs. At the moment when Their Majesties appeared, some *balladeurs* or dancers of the country, costumed in the most picturesque manner, darted from an adjoining wood, carrying banners of different colors, and reproducing with uncommon suppleness and vigor the traditional dance of the southern mountaineers.

Nearer the city of Tarbes was an artificial mountain, planted with firs, which opened to allow the cortège to pass, and gave place to an imperial eagle suspended in air and holding a streamer on which was inscribed: *He will open our Pyrenees.*

On arriving at Tarbes, the Emperor at once went on horseback to visit the Grand Duke of Berg, who was ill in one of the faubourgs. We set off again the next day without seeing Barèges and Bagnères, where most brilliant preparations for receiving Their Majesties had been made.

On his road to Agen, some one presented to the Emperor a worthy man named Printemps, aged one hundred and fourteen; he had served under Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., and although laden with years and fatigues, when he found himself in presence of the Emperor he gently repulsed

two of his grandsons who were supporting him, saying with a little display of temper that he could walk very well alone. Much affected, the Emperor went half-way to meet him, and bent kindly toward the centenarian, who, on his knees, his head bare and his eyes filled with tears, said to him in a trembling tone: "Ah! Sire, I was very much afraid I should die without seeing you." Having raised him, the Emperor conducted him to a chair which he aided him in sitting down on, and then sat beside him on another, which he signed me to bring forward. "I am glad to see you, Father Printemps," said he, "very glad. Have you heard people talking of me lately?" (His Majesty had given this worthy man a pension, with a reversion to his wife.) Printemps laid his hand on his heart. "Yes! I have heard talk of you!" The Emperor took pleasure in making him speak of his campaigns, and dismissed him after a rather long interview, with a present of fifty napoleons.

There was also presented to Their Majesties a soldier born at Agen, who had lost his sight in consequence of the Egyptian expedition. The Emperor gave him three hundred francs and promised him a pension, which he afterwards granted.

The next day after their arrival at Saint-Cloud, the Emperor and Empress went to Paris to witness the fêtes of August 15. I need not say they were magnificent. Hardly had he entered the Tuileries, when the Emperor began going though the château

to look at the repairs and embellishments that had been made during his absence. As usual, he criticised more than he praised all that he saw; looking out of the window of the hall of marshals, he asked M. de Fleurieu, governor of the palace, why the upper part of the arch of triumph on the Carrousel was covered with a cloth. He was told that it was on account of the arrangements necessary for posing his statue in the car to which the Corinthian horses were harnessed, as well as for the completion of the two Victories who were to lead the four horses. "How!" quickly exclaimed the Emperor, "but I won't have that! I never spoke of that! I did not ask for it!" Then, turning toward M. Fontaine, he added: "Monsieur Fontaine, was my statue in the design you presented to me?" "No, Sire; it was that of the god Mars."—"Well, then, why have you put me in the place of the god Mars?" "Sire, it was not I. The director-general of museums . . ."—"The director-general was wrong," the Emperor interrupted impatiently; "I wish that statue to be taken out, do you hear, Monsieur Fontaine? I wish it to be taken out . . . it is the most unsuitable thing. What! is it for me to raise statues to myself? Let the car and the Victories be finished, but let the car . . . let the car remain empty!" The order was obeyed, and the statue of the Emperor, taken down and hidden in the orangery, is perhaps still there. It was of gilded lead, very fine and very like.

On the Sunday following the arrival of the Emperor, His Majesty received at the Tuileries the Persian ambassador, Asker-kan. M. Jaubert accompanied him and acted as his interpreter; by the Emperor's orders, this learned Orientalist had gone to receive His Excellency at the frontiers of France, with M. Outrey, vice-consul from France to Bagdad. Later on, His Excellency had a second audience. The latter was ceremonious and at the palace of Saint-Cloud.

The ambassador was a very handsome man, tall, with an amiable, regular, and noble countenance. His manners, full of politeness and ease, especially toward ladies, had a touch of French gallantry. His suite, composed of picked men, all magnificently dressed, comprised more than three hundred persons at his departure from Erzeroum, but the innumerable difficulties of the journey had obliged His Excellency to leave a good many of them behind him along the way. Even thus reduced, his suite was still one of the most numerous that any ambassador had ever brought to France. The ambassador lodged with his followers in the rue de Fréjus, in the former hotel of Mademoiselle de Conti.

The presents which his sovereign had charged him to offer to the Emperor were very precious. There were more than eighty cashmeres of every sort; a large quantity of fine pearls of different sizes, some of them enormous; an Oriental bridle

with its bit ornamented with pearls, turquoises, emeralds, etc.; and finally the sabre of Tamerlane and that of Thamas-Kouli-kan, the first covered with pearls and precious stones, the second very simply mounted, and both having Indian blades of extraordinary fineness, with arabesques inlaid in gold.

I took pleasure at this time in collecting some details concerning this ambassador. His character was very mild, and he was full of kindliness and attention to all who went to see him, giving the ladies essence of roses, and the men tobacco, perfumes, and pipes. He liked to compare French ornaments with those he had brought from his own country, and he sometimes carried gallantry so far as to propose to the ladies exchanges, which were always advantageous to them; a refusal chagrined him greatly. When a pretty woman entered his apartments, he smiled at first, and listened to her talking in a sort of silent ecstasy; then he would press her to sit down, putting cushions and cashmere rugs under her feet; he had no other sort of stuffs with him, his body-wear, and even the sheets of his bed, being made of an extremely fine tissue of cashmere. It did not embarrass Asker-kan to wash his face, his beard, and hands before everybody; he would sit down for this operation in front of a slave, who would present him on his knees with a porcelain water basin.

The ambassador had much taste for the sciences

and arts; he was even very learned himself. MM. Dubois and Loyseau kept a school next door to his house, which he visited very often. He especially liked to be present at the experiments in physics, and the questions he asked through his interpreter proved him to possess a very extensive knowledge of the phenomena of electricity. Dealers in curiosities and objects of art liked him very much, because he bought without too much bargaining. However, one day when he wanted a telescope he sent for a famous optician, who thought he could overcharge him greatly. But Asker-kan, after having examined the instrument, which he found very suitable, remarked to the optician through his interpreter: "You have given me your *long price*, now give me your *short one*."

He especially admired the printed muslins of the Jouy manufactory, the tissue, designs, and colors of which he thought preferable even to cashmeres; he bought several robes of it to send to Persia as models.

On the day of the Emperor's fête, His Excellency gave an entertainment in the Oriental fashion in the gardens of his hotel. The Persian musicians attached to the embassy executed warlike chants astonishing for vigor and originality. There were fireworks, in which were noticed the arms of the Sophi, above which the cipher of Napoleon was outlined with much art.

His Excellency visited the Imperial Library, where

he had been introduced by M. Jaubert. He was struck with admiration at seeing the order that reigns in this immense collection of books. He remained for half an hour in the hall of manuscripts, which he thought very fine, and among which he recognized several as having been copied by writers much renowned in Persia. A copy of the Koran struck him especially, and he said while looking at it that there *was not a man in Persia who would not sell his children to acquire such a treasure.*

On leaving the library, Asker-kan complimented the curators, and promised to enrich it with several precious manuscripts which he had brought from his country.

Several days after his presentation, the ambassador went to visit the museum. The sight of a picture representing the King of Persia, his master, made a strong impression on him, and he knew not how to express his joy and gratitude when he was presented with several proofs from the engraving of this picture. The historical scenes, especially the battles, afterwards captivated his entire attention; he remained a quarter of an hour in front of that which represents the surrender of the city of Vienna.

On reaching the end of the gallery of Apollo, Asker-kan sat down to rest, and asking for a pipe, began to smoke. Having finished, he rose, and seeing around him a great many ladies, attracted by curiosity, he paid them some extremely flattering compliments through M. Jaubert. Then, quitting

the museum, he went to promenade at the Tuileries, where he soon found himself surrounded and followed by an immense crowd. On that day His Excellency sent to the Prince of Benevento, on behalf of his sovereign, the grand order of the Sun, a magnificent decoration, consisting of a sun of diamonds attached by a cordon of red stuff covered with pearls.

Asker-kan produced more effect at Paris than the Turkish ambassador; he was more generous, more gallant, paid his court with more address, and conformed more easily to French usages and manners. The Turk was irascible, austere, and boorish, while the Persian could understand a joke very well. One day, however, he got very angry, and it must be owned he had cause for it.

It was at a concert given in the apartments of the Empress Josephine. Asker-kan, whom this music did not amuse greatly, nevertheless began to applaud it by gestures and rolling his eyes. But nature finally got the better of politeness, and the ambassador dropped off into a profound slumber. His Excellency's attitude, however, was not the most convenient in the world for slumber; he was standing, with his back to the wainscoting, and both his feet propped against an armchair in which a lady was seated. Some of the officers of the palace thought it would be amusing to deprive Asker-kan suddenly of his point of support. The thing was very easy; they arranged it with the lady who occupied the armchair. She rose abruptly, the chair slipped for-

ward, the feet of His Excellency followed the movement, and the ambassador, losing the counterpoise which had kept him in equilibrium, was about to measure his length on the floor when, awaking suddenly, he prevented himself from falling by clutching at his neighbors, the furniture and draperies, but not without making a frightful racket. The officers who had played him this sorry trick urged him with the most laughable solemnity to establish himself in a good armchair, so as to avoid the recurrence of a similar accident, while the lady who had made herself their accomplice had the greatest difficulty in stifling her bursts of laughter and His Excellency was filled with a rage he was unable to express save by looks and gestures.

Another adventure of Asker-kan's was long talked of at court. Having been unwell for some days, he thought that French medicine might perhaps effect his cure sooner than Persian, and he sent for M. Bourdois, one of the most skilful physicians of Paris, whose name he knew, because he had taken pains to inform himself concerning all our celebrities of whatever kind. His orders were speedily executed, but, by a singular mistake, it was not Doctor Bourdois who was begged to visit Asker-kan, but the president of the court of accounts, M. Marbois. The latter was greatly astonished by the honor done him by the Persian ambassador, as at first glance he was unable to see what they could have in common. However, he went promptly to the house of Asker-kan, who

found no difficulty in supposing the severe costume of the president of the court of accounts to be that of a physician. M. Marbois had scarcely entered when the ambassador presented his hand, put out his tongue, and looked at him. M. Marbois was slightly surprised by this reception, but thinking doubtless that it was the Oriental manner of saluting magistrates, he bowed profoundly, and humbly pressed the hand extended to him. He was still in this respectful position when four of the ambassador's attendants fetched and placed under his nose, by way of information, a gold vase of unequivocal character. M. Marbois recognized its use with inexpressible surprise and indignation. He angrily drew back, demanding the meaning of all this, and hearing himself called Doctor: "What!" exclaimed he, "Doctor!" "Surely, Doctor Bourdois." M. Marbois was dumfounded. It was the similarity in the terminations of their names which had exposed him to this disagreeable visit.

CHAPTER XXIII

Translation of the colossal statue of the Place Vendôme — The brewers' horses — Napoleon's last game of prisoner's base — Departure for Erfurt — Quarters of the emperors — Garrison of Erfurt — Actors and actresses of the Théâtre-Français at Erfurt — Antipathy of the Emperor for Madame Talma — Mademoiselle Bourgoin and the Emperor Alexander — Fatherly advice from the Emperor to the Czar — Disappointment — Entry of the Emperor at Erfurt — Arrival of the Czar — Attentions of the Czar to the Duc de Montebello — Meeting of the Emperor and the Czar — Entry of the two emperors into Erfurt — Reciprocal deference — The Czar dining at the Emperor's quarters every day — Intimacy between the Emperor and the Czar — Dressing-case and bed given by Napoleon to Alexander — The Emperor of Russia's gift to Constant — The Czar dressing at the Emperor's — Exchange of presents — The three sable pelisses — History of one of the pelisses — The Princess Pauline and her protégé — The Emperor's anger — Exile.

THE day following the Emperor's fête, or the next day after that, the colossal bronze statue which was to be placed on the column of the Place Vendôme was transported thither from the studios of M. Launay. The brewers of the faubourg Saint-Antoine offered their finest horses to draw the chariot which supported the statue. A dozen were selected, one from each brewer, and their masters wished to mount them in person. Nothing was more singular than this cortège, which arrived at the place

at five o'clock in the evening, followed by an immense crowd shouting *Long live the Emperor!*

Some days before His Majesty's departure for Erfurt, the Emperor, the Empress, and their intimates, played at prisoner's base for the last time. It was in the evening. Footmen carried lighted torches, and followed the players whenever they went beyond the reach of the light. The Emperor fell once while running after the Empress; he was made prisoner, but soon broke his ban and began to run again; and when he was tired, he took away Josephine, in spite of the complaints of the players. Thus ended the last game of prisoner's base that I ever saw the Emperor play.

It had been decided that the Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Napoleon should meet at Erfurt, September 27; and the majority of the sovereigns forming the confederation of the Rhine had been invited to be present at this interview, which was to be majestic and brilliant. Consequently, the Duc de Frioul, grand marshal of the palace, despatched M. de Canouville, quartermaster of the palace, M. de Beausset, prefect of the palace, and two assistants, in order to prepare at Erfurt the lodgings necessary for so many illustrious travellers, and to organize the service of the grand marshal.

For the quarters of the Emperor Napoleon the government palace was selected, the size of which adapted it perfectly to the Emperor's intention of holding his court there. The house of M. de Triebel,

the finest in the city, was made ready for the Emperor Alexander, and that of Senator Remann for S.A.I. the Grand Duke Constantine. Other residences were likewise reserved for the princes of the confederation, as well as for the members of their suites; a detachment from all the services of the imperial household was established in each of these different lodgings.

Magnificent furniture in immense quantities had been sent from the magazines of the crown; carpets and tapestries from the Gobelins and the Savonnerie, bronzes, chandeliers, candelabras, girandoles, Sèvres porcelains; in a word, all that could contribute to the luxurious furnishing of the two palaces, and those which were to be occupied by the other sovereigns. A crowd of workmen was brought from Paris.

General Oudinot was appointed governor of Erfurt. He had under his orders the 1st regiment of hussars, the 6th of cuirassiers, and 17th of light infantry, designated by the major-general to form the garrison. Twenty picked gendarmes with a battalion selected from among the finest grenadiers of the guard, were sent to perform the service of the imperial palaces.

The Emperor, who was considering how to render this meeting at Erfurt as agreeable as possible to the sovereigns for whom he had conceived a liking at Tilsit, hit on the plan of having the masterpieces of the French theatre played for them. This was doubtless the most dignified amusement he could provide. He gave orders therefore to have the theatre embel-

lished and repaired. M. Dazincourt was appointed theatrical director, and he left Paris with MM. Talma, Lafon, Saint-Prix, Damas, Després, Varennes, Lacave; and Mesdames Duchesnois, Raucourt, Talma, Bourgoin, Rose Dupuis, Gros, and Patrat. Everything was organized before the arrival of the sovereigns.

Napoleon could not endure Madame Talma, although she gave evidence of remarkable talent. This aversion, the motive of which I could never discover, was known; hence there was an unwillingness at first to include her in the list of players who were to go to Erfurt; but M. Talma was so urgent about it that it was finally consented to. That followed which everybody had foreseen, excepting perhaps M. Talma and his wife, namely, the Emperor having seen her play once, complained a great deal about her having been allowed to come, and had her stricken off the list.

Mademoiselle B——, young then and extremely pretty, had at first better success. It must be said also that she adopted other means than those of Madame Talma. As soon as she appeared at the theatre of Erfurt, she excited admiration and became the object of the attentions of all the illustrious spectators. This marked preference created jealousies which pleased her greatly, and which she kept up as well as she could by all sorts of means. Whenever she did not play, she came into the theatre magnificently dressed; at once all eyes would turn to her

and away from the stage, which greatly displeased the actors. The Emperor one day noticed these frequent distractions, and put an end to them by forbidding Mademoiselle B—— to appear in the theatre except on the stage.

This measure taken by His Majesty, very wisely in my opinion, must have put him in Mademoiselle B——'s black books. Another incident increased the displeasure of the actress. The two sovereigns went together nearly every evening to the play. The Emperor Alexander found Mademoiselle B—— charming and did not conceal it. She knew it, and put in practice whatever she thought capable of exciting the monarch's inclinations. Finally the amorous Czar one day acquainted the Emperor with his dispositions in regard to Mademoiselle B——. "I don't advise you to make advances," said the Emperor Napoleon. "Do you think she would refuse?"—"Oh! no; but it is post day to-morrow, and in five days all Paris would know how Your Majesty is made from head to foot; besides I am interested in your health. . . . Hence I hope you may be able to resist the temptation." These words singularly dampened the ardor of the autocrat, who thanked the Emperor for his timely warning, and added: "But by the manner in which Your Majesty speaks, I am tempted to believe that you retain some personal spite against this charming actress." "No, truly," replied the Emperor, "I know nothing about her but what people say." This conversation took place in

the bedchamber, during the toilet. The Emperor Alexander left His Majesty perfectly convinced, and Mademoiselle B—— made nothing by her oglings and her expectations.

His Majesty made his entry into Erfurt in the morning of September 27, 1808. The King of Saxony, who had arrived the first, followed by the Count de Haag and the Count de Boze, were awaiting the Emperor at the foot of the staircase of the government palace. Then came the members of the regency and the municipality of Erfurt, who complimented him in the usual formulas. After some minutes of repose, the Emperor mounted a horse and went out of Erfurt by the Weimar gate, after having made a call in passing on the King of Saxony. Outside of the town, he found the whole garrison drawn up in battle array. The grenadiers of the guard were commanded by M. d'Arquies; the 17th infantry by M. de Cabannes-Puymisson ; the 1st regiment of hussars by M. de Juniac, and the 6th cuirassiers, the handsomest men it is possible to imagine, by Colonel d'Haugeranville. The Emperor held the review, had some positions changed, and then went on to meet the Emperor Alexander.

The latter had started from Saint Petersburg, September 14. The King and Queen of Prussia were waiting for him at Kœnigsberg, where he arrived on the 18th. The Duc de Montebello had the honor of receiving him at Bromberg to the thunder of a salvo of twenty-one cannon. Having alighted from his

carriage, the Emperor Alexander mounted a horse, accompanied by marshals of the empire Soult, Duc de Dalmatia, and Lannes, Duc de Montebello, and set off at a gallop to join the Nansouty division, which was awaiting them in line of battle. He was received by another salvo of twenty-one cannon and by a thousand-fold repeated cries of *Long live the Emperor Alexander!* The monarch, while surveying the different corps composing this fine division, said to the officers: "I think it a great honor, gentlemen, to find myself among such brave men and such fine soldiers."

By the orders of Marshal Soult, who however was merely executing those given to him by the Emperor Napoleon, relays of post-horses had been prepared along the route which the monarch of the north was obliged to take. It was forbidden to receive anything for them. At each relay were found escorts of dragoons or of light cavalry, who paid military honors to the Czar as he passed by.

After dining with the generals and colonels of the Nansouty division, the Emperor of Russia got into his carriage again; it was an open barouche with seats for two, and he offered one of them to the Duc de Montebello, who has since related the many marks of esteem and kindness heaped upon him by the Czar during the journey; he even arranged the marshal's mantle over his shoulders while he was sleeping.

His Imperial Russian Majesty, arriving at Weimar in the evening of September 26, continued his route to Erfurt the next day, escorted by Marshal Soult,

his staff and the superior officers of the Nansouty division, who had not quitted him since leaving Bromberg. A league and a half from Erfurt Alexander found Napoleon, who had come to meet him on horseback.

The moment that the Czar perceived the Emperor, he left his carriage and advanced toward His Majesty, who had also set foot to the ground. They embraced each other with the affection of two college friends who meet after a long absence; then they each mounted on horseback, as well as the Grand Duke Constantine, and passing at a gallop in front of the regiments, which presented arms, they entered the city, the troops and an immense throng of people from twenty leagues around meanwhile splitting the air with their acclamations. As they entered Erfurt, the Emperor of Russia wore the grand decoration of the Legion of Honor, and the Emperor of the French that of St. Andrew of Russia. The two sovereigns continued to give each other this mark of mutual deference throughout their stay. It was also noticed that in his palace the Emperor always gave the right to Alexander. The evening of the arrival of this sovereign, it was he who, at His Majesty's invitation, gave the watchword in place of the grand marshal. Afterwards it was alternatively given by the two monarchs.

They went at first to the Russian palace, where they rested for an hour. Then Alexander came to pay a visit to the Emperor, who received him at the

NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT ERFURT

foot of the staircase, and, when he retired, went with him as far as the entrance door of the guard-room. At six o'clock, the two sovereigns dined together at His Majesty's palace, as they did every day. At nine o'clock, the Emperor took the Emperor of Russia back to his own palace, where they had a *tête-â-tête* conversation which lasted more than an hour. The whole city was illuminated that evening.

On the day following his arrival, the Emperor received at his levee the officers of the Czar's household, and accorded them the grand entrée for the entire time of the stay. The Emperor Alexander did the same with regard to the French officers.[1]

[1] Here is a list of the persons who composed the suite of the two emperors. The French suite included: Grand Marshal Duc de Frioul; Prince de Neufchâtel; General Caulaincourt, Duc de Vicenza, grand equerry, ambassador of France at Saint Petersburg; Prince de Benevento, grand chamberlain; Duc de Bassano; Duc de Cadore, minister of exterior relations; General Nansouty, first equerry; M. de Rémusat, first chamberlain; General Lauriston, aide-de-camp to the Emperor; General Savary, Duc de Rovigo, aide-de-camp to the Emperor; Count Daru; M. Cavaletti, equerry; M. Eugène de Montesquiou, chamberlain; M. de Canouville, quartermaster of the palace; M. de Menneval, secretary of His Majesty's cabinet; M. Fain, another secretary; M. de Beausset, prefect of the palace; M. Yvan, surgeon to His Majesty; eight pages; a gentleman in waiting. The Russian suite included: Count Tolstoï, grand marshal of the palace; Prince Galitzin, secretary of His Majesty; Count Romanzoff, minister of foreign affairs; General Count Tolstoï, ambassador of Russia in France, *coming from Paris;* Count Speranki, Prince Wolkonski, Count Oggeroski, Prince Trubetskoi, Prince Gargarin, Count Oraklscheff, Count Schouvaloff, aides-de-camp to His Majesty; General Kitroff, aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine; M. Apraxin, aide-de-camp to the minister of war; M. Balabin, colonel of horse-guards;

The two sovereigns testified the most sincere mutual confidence and friendship. The Emperor Alexander came to visit His Majesty nearly every morning, entering his bedchamber, where he talked familiarly with him. One day he examined the Emperor's dressing-case, which had cost six thousand francs, and was furnished in silver-gilt, very well arranged and chased by Biennais the goldsmith, and found it to his liking. As soon as he had gone away, the Emperor ordered me to take a dressing-case resembling it, which had just been received from Paris, and carry it to the palace of the Czar.

Another time, the Emperor Alexander having remarked the elegance and solidity of His Majesty's iron bedstead, the very next day, by Napoleon's orders and my exertions, one like it, furnished with all that was necessary, was set up in the chamber of the Emperor of Russia, who was enchanted with this civility, and who, two days afterward, commissioned M. de Rémusat to present me in his name with two valuable diamond rings.

The Czar remade his toilet one day in the chamber

M. Alkoukieff; Prince Olgorouki, officer of guards; Count Ozanski, chamberlain attached to the exterior relations; M. Gervais, M. Creidmann, M. Sculpoff, counsellors of state attached to the exterior relations; Count de Nesselrode, M. Bouhagin, secretaries of the embassy, *coming from Paris;* M. de Lebanski, consul of Russia in France, *idem;* General Kanikoff, minister of Russia in Saxony, *coming from Dresden;* M. Schoodes, secretary of legation, *idem;* M. Bethmann, consul of Russia at Frankfort, *coming from Frankfort.*

of the Emperor, and I aided the monarch in so doing. I took a white cravat and a batiste handkerchief from the Emperor's linen and gave them to him. He thanked me much; he was an extremely gentle prince, good, amiable, and of perfect politeness.

There was an exchange of presents between the illustrious sovereigns. Alexander gave the Emperor three superb sable pelisses. One of them the Emperor gave to his sister, the Princess Pauline, and another to Madame the Princess de Ponte-Corvo. The third he had covered with green velvet and trimmed with gilt frogs. It was this pelisse that he constantly wore in Russia. The history of the one I took from him to the Princess Pauline is sufficiently curious for me to relate it here, although it has already been told elsewhere.

The Princess Pauline had expressed great joy on receiving the Emperor's present, and it pleased her to have the members of her household admire it. One day when she was showing it to a circle of ladies and calling their attention to the fineness and rarity of the fur, M. de Canouville came in, and she asked his opinion concerning it. The handsome colonel did not seem as much amazed as she expected, and she was piqued about it. "How, sir, you don't find that delicious?" "Well, no, Madame." — "Indeed! oh well, to punish you, I wish you to keep this pelisse, I give it to you, and I require you to wear it; I wish it, do you hear?" It is probable that there had recently been some quarrel between Her

Imperial Highness and her protégé and that the Princess was seizing the first occasion to restore peace. However that might be, M. de Canouville allowed himself to be coaxed a little for form's sake, and then the costly fur was taken to his house.

A few days later, while the Emperor was holding a review on the Place du Carrousel, M. de Canouville made his appearance, mounted on a skittish horse which he had great ado to keep still. This caused some disorder and attracted the attention of His Majesty, who, on looking at M. de Canouville, recognized the pelisse he had offered his sister metamorphosed into a hussar's jacket. It cost the Emperor something to restrain his anger: "Monsieur de Canouville," he shouted in a voice of thunder, "your horse is young, his blood is too hot; you will go and cool him off in Russia." Three days later M. de Canouville had quitted Paris.

CHAPTER XXIV

Kindliness of the Czar toward the French actors — Fine parties — Comradery of the King of Westphalia and the Grand Duke Constantine — Schoolboy tricks — Singular *commission* of Prince Constantine — Souvenirs of the Erfurt theatre — Deafness of the Czar, attention of the Emperor — *Cinna*, *Œdipe* — An allusion seized by the Czar — Nocturnal alarm — Constant's terror — Napoleon's nightmare — A bear devouring the heart of the Emperor — Singular coincidence — Hunting party — Suite of the two emperors — A slaughter of game — The Czar's début in hunting — Ball opened by the Czar — Astonishment of the Muscovite nobles — Breakfast on the *Mont Napoléon* — Visit to the battle-field of Jena — Inhabitants and proprietors of Jena indemnified by the Emperor — Gift of one hundred thousand écus made by the Emperor to the victims of the battle of Jena — A lesson in strategy given by Napoleon to his allies — Representation of Marshal Berthier — The Emperor's response — Conversation between the Emperor and the allied sovereigns — Erudition of the Emperor — Decorations and presents distributed by the two emperors — Close of the meeting at Erfurt — Separation.

THE Emperor Alexander did not cease to express his satisfaction with the actors by making them presents and compliments, and as to the actresses, I have said above how far he would have gone with one of them if the Emperor Napoleon had not dissuaded him. The Grand Duke Constantine, along with Prince Murat and other distinguished personages, daily formed pleasure parties in which nothing was spared, and the honors of which were done by

some of these dames. And what furs and diamonds they took back from Erfurt! The two emperors were not ignorant of what was going on and it amused them much. It formed the favorite subject of the morning conversations. It was chiefly King Jérôme for whom the Grand Duke Constantine had conceived a liking. On his side, the King pushed his familiarity with the Grand Duke so far as to thee and thou him, and he wanted him to do the same. "Is it because I am a king," he said to him one day, "that you seem afraid to thee and thou me? Come on, why stand on ceremony with a comrade?" They played real schoolboy tricks together, even running through the streets at night, ringing and knocking at all the doors, and enchanted when they had routed up some honest burghers. As the Emperor was departing, King Jérôme said to the Grand Duke: "See here, what would you like to have me send you from Paris?" "Nothing," returned the Grand Duke; "your brother has made me a present of a magnificent sword; I am satisfied and desire nothing further." — "But still, I want to send you something; tell me what would give you pleasure." "Oh well, send me six *damsels* from the Palais Royal."

The hour fixed for the play at Erfurt was seven, but the two emperors, who always came there together, never arrived before half-past seven. At their entry, the whole *parterre of kings* rose to salute them, and the first piece began at once.

At the representation of *Cinna*, the Emperor

thought he observed that the Czar, who sat beside him in a box of the first tier, facing the stage, lost some of the play on account of the weakness of his hearing. Consequently he gave orders to Count de Rémusat, first chamberlain, to have a platform raised on the site of the orchestra. Two armchairs were placed on it for Alexander and Napoleon; and to left and right stuffed seats for the King of Saxony and the other sovereigns of the confederation. The princesses took the box abandoned by Their Majesties. This arrangement made the two emperors so conspicuous that they could not make a movement that everybody did not see. *Œdipe* was performed October 3; and all the sovereigns, as the Emperor used to say, were present at this representation. At the moment when the actor pronounced this verse from the first scene:

"The friendship of a great man is a benefit from the gods,"

the Czar rose and gracefully extended his hand to the Emperor. Bursts of applause, which the presence of the sovereigns could not restrain, rose at once from every quarter of the theatre.

That evening I assisted the Emperor to bed as usual. All the doors leading into his chamber were carefully closed, as well as the shutters and windows. Hence no one could approach His Majesty except through the salon where I slept with Roustan. A sentry was stationed at the foot of the staircase. I always went to sleep very tranquilly, sure that noth-

ing could happen to Napoleon without awakening me. About two o'clock that morning, when I was sleeping very profoundly, a strange noise suddenly awaked me. I rubbed my eyes, listened with the closest attention, and hearing absolutely nothing, I concluded that I had been dreaming, and was getting ready to go asleep again, when my ears caught the sound of muffled and plaintive cries such as might be uttered by a man who was being strangled. I heard them twice. I was sitting up, motionless, my hair standing up on my head, and my limbs bathed in a cold perspiration. Suddenly it occurred to me that they were assassinating the Emperor. I sprang out of bed and woke Roustan. . . . The cries began anew with alarming force. Thereupon I opened the door with all the precautions that my trouble permitted me to take, and entered the bedchamber. A hasty glance convinced me that no one had come in. Advancing toward the bed, I perceived His Majesty stretched across it in a convulsive attitude, his sheets and coverlets tossed to one side, and his entire person in a frightful state of nervous contraction. Inarticulate cries were escaping from his half-open mouth, his chest seemed greatly oppressed, and one of his tightly closed hands lay on the pit of his stomach. It frightened me to look at him. I called him and he did not answer; I called him again, and yet again . . . the same silence. At last I gave him a gentle push. This roused the Emperor and he awoke with a loud cry, and saying: "What is it? what is it?" Then

he sat up and opened his eyes wide. I made haste to tell him that, seeing him tormented by a horrible nightmare, I had ventured to waken him. "And you did well, my dear Constant," interrupted His Majesty. "Ah! my friend, what a frightful dream! a bear tore open my breast and was devouring my heart!" Thereupon the Emperor got up, and while I was remaking his bed, he walked about the room. He was obliged to change his shirt, for that he had on was all wet with perspiration. At last he lay down again.

He told me the next morning on awaking, that he had had all the trouble in the world to go to sleep again, so vivid and terrible had been the impression he had experienced. He was haunted for a long time by the memory of this dream. He often spoke of it, trying each time to draw different conclusions from it, to compare its circumstances. I was struck, for my own part, by the coincidence between Alexander's compliment at the play and this frightful nightmare, all the more because the Emperor was by no means subject to nocturnal disturbances of this sort. I do not know whether His Majesty related his dream to the Emperor of Russia.

On October 6, Their Majesties attended a great hunting party given by the Grand Duke of Weimar in the forest of Ettersburg. The Emperor started from Erfurt at noon, with the Emperor of Russia, in the same carriage. They reached the forest by one o'clock, where they found a hunting pavilion which

had been constructed expressly for their use and decorated with much care. It was divided into three rooms separated by open columns. The middle one, which was raised above the others, formed a charming salon, arranged and furnished for the two emperors. Numerous orchestras were ranged around the pavilion, playing fanfares which blended with the acclamations of the immense crowd drawn thither by the desire to see the Emperor.

On alighting from their carriage the two sovereigns were received by the Grand Duke of Weimar and his son, the Hereditary Prince Charles Frederick. The King of Bavaria, the King of Saxony, the King of Würtemberg, Prince William of Prussia, the Princes of Mecklenburg, the Prince-primate and the Duke of Oldenburg awaited them at the entrance of the salon.

The Emperor had in his train Prince de Neufchâtel; Prince de Benevento; the Duc de Frioul, grand marshal of the palace; General Caulaincourt, Duc de Vicenza; the Duc de Rovigo; General Lauriston, aide-de-camp to His Majesty; General Nansouty, first equerry; chamberlain Eugène de Montesquiou; Count de Beausset, prefect of the palace, and M. Cavaletti.

The Emperor of Russia had with him the Grand Duke Constantine, Count Tolstoï, grand marshal, and Count Oggeroski, aide-de-camp to His Majesty.

The chase lasted nearly two hours, in which time sixty deer were slaughtered. The space these poor beasts had to cover was enclosed by canvas, so that

the monarchs could fire at pleasure, without disturbing themselves, sitting in the windows of the pavilion. I have never in my life seen anything more absurd than this kind of hunting, but those who practise it gain the reputation of being skilful marksmen. Great skill, to be sure, to kill an animal that the huntsmen take by the ears, so to say, and set in front of the gun!

The sight of the Emperor of Russia was very poor, and this infirmity had always deterred him from an amusement which otherwise he might have liked. On this day, however, he had an inclination to try it; he expressed the wish, and the Duc de Montebello at once handed him a gun. M. de Beauterne had the honor of giving the Emperor his initial lesson; a stag was hustled within some eight paces of Alexander, who brought him down at the first shot!

After the hunt, Their Majesties repaired to the palace of Weimar; the reigning Duchess received them as they alighted from their carriage, followed by all her court. The Emperor affectionately saluted the Duchess, recollecting that he had seen her two years before in a very different circumstance, of which I have spoken in its proper place. The Duke of Weimar had asked the grand marshal, Duc de Frioul, for some French cooks to prepare the Emperor's dinner; but His Majesty preferred to eat in the German style.

Their Majesties admitted to their table the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, the Queen of Westphalia, the King of Würtemberg, the King of Saxony, the

Grand Duke Constantine, Prince William of Prussia, the Prince-primate, Prince de Neufchâtel, the Duke of Oldenburg, the Hereditary Prince of Weimar, and the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

After the dinner there was a play and a ball, the former at the town theatre, where the ordinary comedians of His Majesty played *La Mort de César*, and the latter at the ducal palace. Alexander opened the ball with the Queen of Westphalia, to the great astonishment of everybody; for it was known that this monarch had never danced since his accession to the throne, a reserve thought very praiseworthy by the elders of the Russian court, who believe that a sovereign is too high-placed to share the tastes and take pleasure in the amusements of the commoner sort of men. For that matter, there was nothing to scandalize them at the Duke of Weimar's ball; people did not dance, they promenaded in couples while the orchestra played marches.

The next morning, Their Majesties went in a carriage to the *Mont Napoléon*, near Jena. A splendid breakfast was ready for them under a tent which the Duke of Weimar had had set up on the very spot where the Emperor had bivouacked the day of the battle of Jena. After breakfast the two Emperors climbed up to a wooden pavilion which had been constructed on the *Mont Napoléon*. It was very large, and had been decorated with plans of the battle. A deputation from the city and the university of Jena went thither and was received by Their

Majesties. With the deputies the Emperor entered into great details concerning their city, its resources, and the manners and character of its inhabitants. He questioned them as to the approximate value of the damages which might have been inflicted on the people of Jena by the military hospital which had so long remained in permanence amongst them. He wanted to know the names of those who had suffered most from the conflagration and the war, and gave orders for gratuities to be distributed among them. The small proprietors were to be completely indemnified. His Majesty informed himself with interest of the condition of Catholic worship, and promised to endow the presbytery in perpetuity. He granted three hundred thousand francs for the chief necessities, and promised to give still more.

After visiting on horseback the positions which the two armies had held on the eve and the day of the battle of Jena, as well as the plain of Aspolda, in which the Duke had arranged a shooting match, the two emperors returned to Erfurt, where they arrived at five o'clock in the evening, almost at the same time as the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden and the Princess Stéphanie.

During the whole time of the excursion made by the two sovereigns to the battle-field, the Emperor had been extremely obliging in giving explanations to the young Czar, which the latter listened to with an equally extreme curiosity. His Majesty seemed to take pleasure in developing before his august ally,

and in the presence of the sovereigns surrounding them, firstly the plan which he had formed and followed at Jena, and afterwards the various plans of his other campaigns, the manœuvres which he deemed the best, his habitual tactics, and in fine his ideas on the art of war. The Emperor in this way bore the whole brunt of the conversation during several hours, and his audience of kings paid him as much attention as pupils eager to learn give to the instructions of their master.

When His Majesty returned to his apartment, I heard Marshal Berthier say to him: "Sire, are you not afraid that the sovereigns may some day turn against you all that you have just been teaching them? Your Majesty seems to have forgotten what you have sometimes told us, namely, that we ought to act with our allies as if they were later to become our enemies." "Berthier," replied the Emperor, smiling, "that is a courageous observation on your part, and I thank you for it; I fear, God forgive me! that you must have thought me a rattle-pate. You think then," pursued His Majesty, seizing one of the Prince de Neufchâtel's ears, "that I have been silly in giving them the whips with which they may come back and scourge us? Don't be alarmed, I do not tell them everything."

The table of the Emperor at Erfurt was semi-elliptical in form. At the upper end, and consequently at the rounded part of this table, Their Majesties were seated; to left and right the sovereigns of the

confederation according to their rank. The side opposite Their Majesties' places was always vacant. There remained standing the prefect of the palace, M. de Beausset, who relates in his Memoirs that he one day listened to the following conversation:

"That day (October 7) the conversation turned on the Golden Bull which, up to the establishment of the confederation of the Rhine, had served as constitution and regulation for the election of emperors, the number and quality of the electors, etc. The Prince-primate entered into some details concerning this Golden Bull, which he said was made in 1409. The Emperor Napoleon called his attention to the fact that the date he assigned to the bull was not exact, and that it was proclaimed in 1336, under the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. "True, Sire," responded the Prince-primate, "I was mistaken; but how does it happen that Your Majesty is so well acquainted with such things?" "*When I was a simple second lieutenant of artillery*," said Napoleon. . . . At this beginning there was a movement of very marked interest on the part of the illustrious guests. He resumed, smiling: . . . "When I had the honor to be a simple second lieutenant of artillery, I was in garrison for three years at Valence. I cared little for society and lived in great retirement. A happy chance had lodged me near a bookseller who was learned and obliging. . . . I read and re-read his library during those three years in garrison, and have forgotten nothing, even matters bearing no

relation to my position. Nature, moreover, had endowed me with a memory for figures; it often happens when with my ministers that I cite for them the details and numerical total of their oldest accounts."

Some days before his departure from Erfurt, the Emperor gave the cross of the Legion of Honor to M. de Bigi, commandant at arms of the place; to M. Vegel, burgomaster to Jena; to MM. Wieland and Goethe, and to M. Starlk, senior physician at Jena; to General Count Tolstoï, ambassador from Russia, recalled from this post by his sovereign to be employed in the army, the grand decoration of the Legion of Honor; to Dean Meimung, who had twice said Mass at the palace, a ring of brilliants with the cipher *N* crowned, and a hundred napoleons for the two priests who had assisted him; and finally to the grand marshal of the palace, Count Tolstoï, the fine Gobelins tapestries, Savonnerie carpets, and Sèvres china which had been brought from Paris to furnish the palace of Erfurt. The ministers, great officers, and officers of Alexander's suite received magnificent presents from His Majesty. The Emperor Alexander acted in the same manner toward the persons attached to His Majesty. To the Duc de Vicence he gave the broad ribbon of Saint Andrew, and the plaque of the same order in diamonds to the Princes of Benevento and Neufchâtel.

Charmed with the talent of the French comedians, and chiefly with Talma, he sent fine presents to him

and all his companions; he complimented the actresses and the director, M. Dazincourt, whom he did not forget in his largesses.

This interview at Erfurt, so dazzling for its illuminations, wealth, and luxury, terminated October 14. All of the great persons[1] whom it had attracted thither left between the 8th and 14th of the month.

On the day of his departure, the Emperor gave audience after his levee to Baron de Vincent, envoy extraordinary of Austria, and remitted to him a letter for his sovereign. At eleven o'clock the Emperor of Russia came to see His Majesty, who re-

[1] This is a list of the chief among them: the King of Bavaria, the King of Würtemberg, the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the Prince-primate, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, the Hereditary Prince of Weimar, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, Prince William of Prussia, the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, the Prince of Waldeck, the Prince of Laleyen, the Prince of Reuss, the Prince of Ebersdorf, the Prince of Gera, the Prince of Schleitz, the Princess of Tour and Taxis, the Prince of Salm-Dick, aide-de-camp to the King of Würtemberg; the Prince of Hohenlohe-Kirhberg, *idem;* the Prince of Salm-Salm, the Prince of Schaumburg, the Prince of Bernburg, the Prince of Isemburg, the Prince of Rudolstadt, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Duke William of Bavaria, the Duchess of Hilburghausen, the Countess of Truxès, the Count and Countess of Bochols, the Count of Mongellaz, the Count of Würtemberg, the Count of Reuss, the Baron of Vincent, the Duke of Mondragone, the Duke of Birkenfeld, the Count of Goerlitz, grand equerry to the King of Würtemberg; the Count of Taube, prime minister, *idem,* etc.

ceived and showed him out again with the greatest ceremony. Shortly afterwards His Majesty repaired to the palace of Russia, accompanied by all his court. After mutual compliments, the two sovereigns entered a carriage and did not leave each other until they had reached the spot where they had met on arriving, on the road to Weimar. There they embraced affectionately and separated. At half-past nine o'clock in the evening, October 18, the Emperor was at Saint-Cloud, having made the entire journey incognito.

END OF VOLUME II.

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